

SENIOR **OSMEC075** **YEAR BOOK**



Table of Contents

Items

Foreword	7
In Memory Of The Departed...	8
B Gopinath – Fifty years of medicine, memories and milestones	14
Kalpana Rao - A life intertwined with love, courage and resilience	16
S Dattatreya A life of strength, love and resilience	18
Harish Kidambi – The metamorphosis	20
Sivanand Veluri	23
Deepa Khushlani	24
Vidya Rao - Our unique batch.	26
Ramki Kanuri	28
Madhubala Parikh née Gupta	30
Mohit Parikh	32
Sushil Chander	34
Vasantha Kumari - From Telugu medium and rural background to OMC	36
Surinder S Raron né Surinder Singh – The lone ranger and second chances	38
Meera Reddy	40
Kamini Singh	42
Rajendran Nair	44
Jagannadha Avasarala	46
Rama Bojedla née Narla	48
Hema Raghavan – A rolling stone that has gathered some moss	50

Jyothi Racha	52
Ananth Puranik – OMC and beyond	53
Manohar Siddula	55
Tripura Sundari Five decades , still batting, not out!	57
Ather Pervez	59
M S Christopher – A journey down memory lane	61
D Rajashree – A journey through time - My life in medicine	63
Aruna Reddy	65
Padmini Chandupatla née Neelam	67
Vijay Chandupatla	69
Bapurao Saive – An enriching journey to fulfillment	71
Upendra Karne – My journey from a village boy's dream to a life of service	73
Mohammed Musaddiq – Journey from Personal Growth to Resilience and Maturity!	75
Anjali Sanjeev Chitnis née Santosh Dandawate – The journey	77
Naveed Tippu – 50 years on – A reflection	79
Jagadish Adyar	81
Raja Reddy	83
Usha Mary Itticheria née George - Fifty years of cherished moments and memories.	84
Balu Savla- My journey – A life of service, learning and purpose	86
Aruna Giridhar née Rao	88
Buchi Reddy – An unlikely journey from rags to riches	89
Jai Prakash (JP) Agarwal – The path less chosen - From KMC to OMC to Diagnostic Center	91
Mohammed Akber – A journey called life	93
T Ananth – Reminiscences of my life	95
Uma Gogineni née Doddapaneni	97
Sameena Humayun - From scalpel to strokes: A Journey from Medical College to Artistic Awakening	99



L T Kishore – The making of LTK by RRR	101
Mir Nizam Ali	103
M Soma Sekhar	105
Venkatraman Chandra-Mouli – I am deeply grateful	107
Putta Srinivas - Reflections of a life shaped by medicine and purpose	110
Where Medicine Meets Imagination	113

Moving on

Geetha Prasad	125
Purushottam Prasad Kalvala	127
Ashok Vardhan Reddy	128
Suresh K Reddy – A Journey Of Professional And Family Satisfaction With No Regrets	130
Sudha Madipalli née Molugu – My Days At Medical College	132
Pramod Reddy	135
Suganeshwar Pendyala	137
Parijatha Pendyala: Then, Now... And Still Loving The Ride	139
Radha Putcha	141
Sanjay Srirampur – The Days That Made Us	143
Swarna Surasi – A Journey Of Dreams, Dedication, and Love	145
Mujtaba Khan	147
Asima Hussein	149
Chakrapani Ranganathan	151
Subrahmanyam Nukala: Nuclear Medicine	153
Sayeeda Sultana	155
Deepika Reddy	157
Indira Reddy Samala – Moments To Cherish	159
Raghunandan Raj Kasinchetty	161
Laxminarayana Veligati	163
Shekhar Sharma – A Concise Journey of My Life	165
Nirmala Reddy	167

Amita Rao	169
Mohammed Azhar Ali	171
Imtiaz Ahmed	173
Jijiya Bai	175
Aruna Lakka	177
A Ramana Devi	179
Ramgopal Sarabu	181
Ahmed Malik Arif	182
Anita Kaveri née Mitra – Fifty Years of Life: Past, Present and Future	184
Sriraman Chandrashekar	166
Prabhakar Chiluveru – A Life of Purpose and Legacy	188
Durga Nagamani Peesapati	190
BT Seeta	192
Satyanarayana Gundlapalli	194
G Venkateshwarlu	196
Maria Kala – Who Am I, and Where Am I Going ?	198
Girija Menon –The Journey of Life: OMC 1975 to the Present Day	201
Ajoy Kumar – A Dream Come True	203
Meherbala Medavaram – My Journey Through OMC and Beyond	206
Sandhya Sanda – A Life of Purpose: My Memoirs	208
Kiran Vaswani née Chandra Hassanand	210
E Shashikala	212
Nagender Devulapally – A Fifty-Year Journey: From Dreams to Dedication	214
Perumala Devadass – The Last Bench Dream – Fifty Years of Healing	216
Gowri Gajendran – 50th Anniversary Memoirs	218
Santosh Reddy Munugula	220
Gurunath Reddy	222
Krishna Tripuraneni	224
Pari Plavi Mokapati	227
And the countdown begins	230
Closing reflections and acknowledgements	251





 **OSMANIA MEDICAL COLLEGE**

Foreword

Let's sit back and enjoy the stroll through the scroll forward!

I'm your yearbook - the 'Yearbook for the Class of 1975', but I'm a different kind of yearbook - I look back to encapsulate the past 50 years of your life.

I am a kaleidoscope of your memories of life, starting with Year I as a medical student, through Year 5 finalist and Year 6 house surgeon, to the years beyond.

I am a 'glimpse into the past', a walk down memory lane, a stroll through perspectives, experiences and anecdotes as remembered by friends and colleagues.

I'm an album of sorts and will be the closest thing to the real thing as reconstructed by a piece of everyone's memories and pictures posted.

We began our medical school lives as teenagers ... naive, green and innocent. We have come a long way since then - some have completed their careers and some are still going on! Some have achieved what they wanted and more, some not what they hoped and dreamed, but we have all lived our lives - bold and determined as ever!

So let's sit back and enjoy the scroll forward!

There were two batches of students in 1975. We were the first batch. We joined OMC in April 1975. The second batch did so six months later.



IN MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED...



Rest in peace dear friends

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

To those of our classmates who have left us
To those who graced our lives with your presence albeit brief
To those of you who got an early recall
Thank you for your company, your joy and your laughs
Thank you for the lovely memories that you left behind
Indeed it was a pleasure and honour knowing you all
Hope you are free of earthly troubles and are resting in peace

Whilst we all know we are here but for a short span
It's what we do in that short span of life that matters
Each one of you had walked, giggled and laughed with us
Dreamt with us, worked hard and burnt the midnight oil with us
We were comrades in that gruelling journey through medical school
for 6 long years
Now we hope you are enjoying the well deserved rest
A rest we all know, you are due

Rest in peace dear friends
Until we meet again some day, some place.
We hope we will all get a chance to catch up again
We hope we will get a chance to be reborn together again
A chance to reconnect and forge new bonds of friendship
Not knowing what strange attraction draws us close

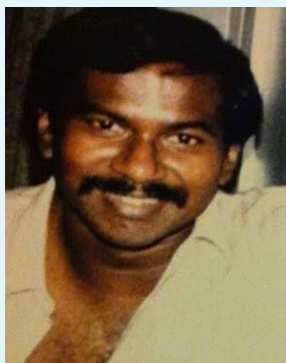
Until then, dear friends - rest well.

– By Kalpana Rao



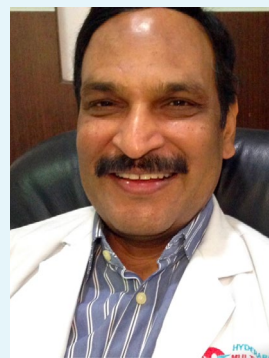
*Late Shri.
Dr. Prabhakar Chiluveru*

DOB: 05-01-1956 - DOD: 17-10-2014



*Late Shri.
S. Dattatreya*

DOB: 10-09-1957 - DOD: 06-08-2013



*Late Shri.
Dr. A. Vishnuvardhan Reddy*

DOB: 23-08-1957 - DOD: 20-01-2025



*Late Shri.
Dr. Yesender Matteda*

DOB: 12-05-1955 - DOD: 22-04-2024



*Late Shri.
Dr Sattar Khan. K.A*

DOB: 05-01-1956 - DOD: 17-10-2014



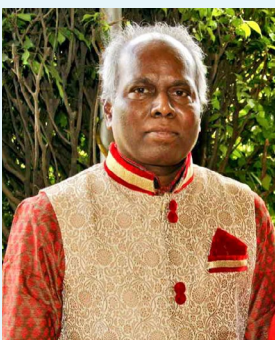
*Late Shri.
Dr. J. Ashok vardhan Reddy*

DOB: 09-11-1956 - DOD: 19-09-2025



*Late Shri.
Dr. Srinivasa Prasad*

DOB: 12-05-1955 - DOD: 22-04-2024



*Late Shri.
Dr. K. E. Jai Suryanarayana*

DOD: 26-02-2016



*Late Shri.
Dr. Yadiiah*

DOB: 19-06-1950 - DOD: 05-02-2016



DOB: 17/03/1955
DOD: 21/05/2019

*Late Shri.
Dr. V. Chinna Veera Swamy*

DOB: 17-03-1955 - DOD: 21-05-2019



*Late Shri.
Dr. Vallakati Hari Shankar*

DOB: 04-01-1955 - DOD: 27-04-2019



*Late Shri.
Dr. G. Usha Suresh*

DOB: 31-05-1957 - DOD: 18-08-2023



*Late Shri.
Dr. Narayan Ram Kumar*

DOB: 07-10-1958 - DOD: 23-03-2020



*Late Shri.
Dr. B. Vinay Kumar*

DOB: 07-04-1954 - DOD: 14-05-2005



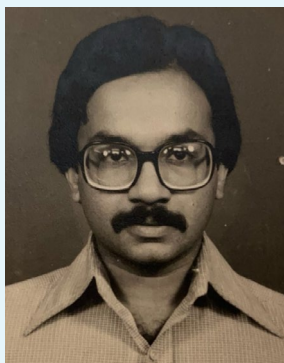
*Late Shri.
Dr. DV. Prasad*

DOD: 02-2020



*Late Shri.
Dr. Vaiduryam*

DOB: 05-02-1955 - DOD: 07-01-2017



*Late Shri.
Dr. Rajendran Nair*

DOB: 30-08-1957 - DOD: 02-01-2025



*Late Shri.
Dr. PY. Prakasham*

BOD: 02-04-1954 - DOD: 09-06-2020



*Late Shri.
Dr. G. Dwaraka Nath*

DOD: 15-01-2018



*Late Shri.
Bina Pani Atheli*

DOB: 01-11-1955



*Late Shri.
Dr. Mohammad Nadeem*

DOB: 23-08-1957 - DOD: 20-01-2025



*Late Shri.
Dr. Chandra Shekhar*

DOB: 12-05-1955 - DOD: 22-04-2024



*Late Shri.
Dr A. Prithviraj*

DOB: 05-01-1956 - DOD: 17-10-2014



*Late Shri.
Dr. Mohammed. Abdul Abbas*

DOB: 09-11-1956 - DOD: 19-09-2025

*'And thus our journeys began
We lost some along the way
Some have opted not to write
But come join those of us who did
Come join us on our journey through life.....'*



B Gopinath

Fifty years of medicine, memories and milestones

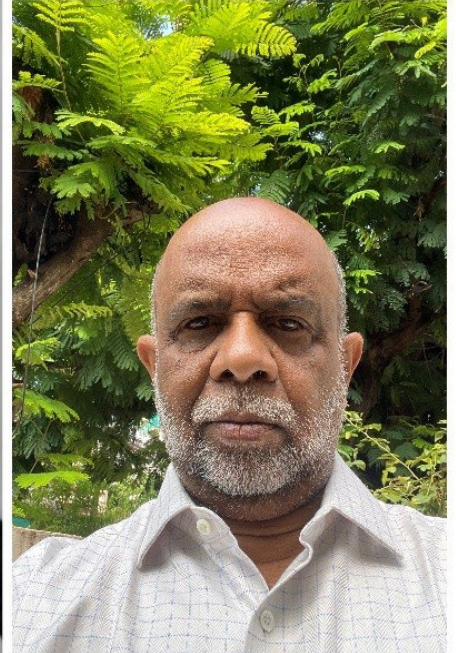
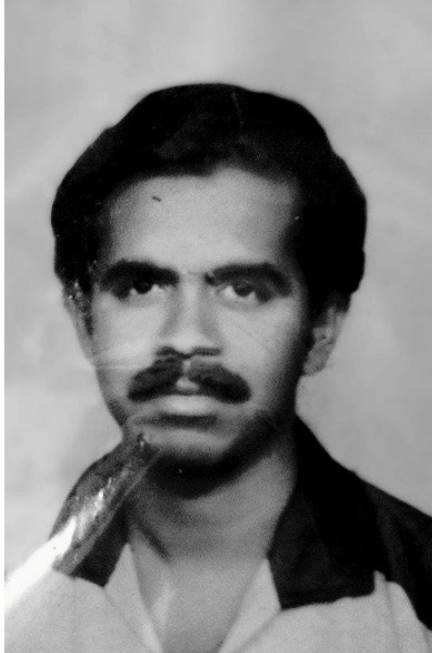
A humble beginning: Stepping into the unknown

Fifty years ago, we walked through the gates of medical college as wide-eyed students - ambitious, eager, and blissfully unaware of the challenges ahead. We envisioned ourselves as future lifesavers, only to quickly learn that medicine is as much about survival as it is about healing. The gruelling night shifts, the never-ending textbooks and the daunting responsibility of patient care transformed us from dreamers into determined doctors.

Our first Anatomy dissection was a defining moment - some of us were fascinated, others horrified, and at least

one of us fainted (a story that still comes up at every reunion). Pharmacology turned us into walking encyclopaedias of drug names, only for us to forget them just as quickly. Exams were a test not just of knowledge but of faith - praying that the one topic we had studied would miraculously appear on the question paper. And when we had no answer, the universal get-out clause was "Sir, it depends on the patient's condition", spoken with the confidence of an experienced doctor.

But beyond the academic rigour, it was the friendships that defined our journey. We were not just classmates - we were comrades-in-arms, covering for each other in the clinics, sharing handwritten notes (accuracy questionable!) and standing by each other through triumph and tragedy.



Carving a unique path: A life in occupational medicine

While many of our peers were pursuing mainstream specialisations, I decided to be the odd one out - I ventured into occupational medicine. My journey took me to the All India Institute of Hygiene and Public Health, a prestigious Rockefeller Foundation institution in Kolkata. It was a field with few mentors and even fewer colleagues to consult, so every challenge was a lesson in self-reliance. From industrial health hazards to occupational safety, I travelled across India, tackling complex medical problems in a variety of industries. With no precedent to follow, each problem required in-depth study, analysis and innovation. It was demanding, sometimes isolating, but deeply fulfilling.

Trials, triumphs and the power of friendship

Life's journey has never been smooth, and raising a family while juggling a demanding career came with its share of struggles. But nothing tested our resilience more than when my wife, Padmini, fell seriously ill and needed a liver transplant. During these uncertain times, the unwavering support of a close friend - more brother than classmate - became my pillar of strength. Through prayer, cutting-edge medical care and sheer determination, Padmini made a remarkable recovery, a testament to both science and the power of unwavering support. To this day, I remain indebted to each and every person who stood by us.

A family built on love and dedication

Throughout the challenges, my family has been my greatest source of strength. My beloved wife, Padmini, is my heart and soul. Her recovery has strengthened my commitment to her wellbeing, ensuring that she gets the best care, even though she sometimes finds my vigilance over her diet a bit overprotective! Our son, an Indian Police Services officer, is a model of selflessness - he offered to donate part of his liver for his mother's transplant, a gesture that speaks of boundless love. Now married to an Indian Administrative Services officer, his sense of duty extends beyond the family to serve the nation with the same dedication. Our daughter, an aspiring paediatric orthopaedic surgeon, juggles her medical studies at Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children in the UK, while keeping our family close, embodying resilience and compassion. Her support during our family crises is commendable. And then there was Bernie, our Saint Bernard - more than a pet, he was family. He felt our joys and sorrows and never left Padmini's side when she returned from hospital. Although he is no longer with us, his memory lives on as a reminder of unconditional love.

Vision for the future

Medicine, technology and innovation

Even after five decades in medicine, my thirst for knowledge remains unquenched. My current pursuit is the development of a wearable device for the early detection of myocardial infarction, stroke or central retinal artery occlusion, focusing on non-invasive methods using a bio-marker or an optical sensor with a smartphone interface for the early detection of myocardial infarction, stroke or central retinal artery occlusion, which will be a breakthrough and a game changer. In parallel, I am working on laser propulsion technology to contribute to environmentally friendly transport and space travel. The future excites me and science continues to be my playground.

Beliefs that guide me

Through life's ups and downs, my guiding philosophy has been karma - the belief that life reflects our actions. This perspective has kept me grounded and allowed me to face each challenge with resilience and gratitude.

Celebrating Fifty Years of Medicine and Memories

Today, as we gather to celebrate half a century of medicine, we realise how far we have come. Some of us have retired, while others refuse to slow down and enjoy the authority of senior doctors. The same patients we once treated as residents now bring their grandchildren to see us. And while we still prescribe calcium and vitamin D, we now take them ourselves!

But through it all, we remain the same spirited bunch that once crammed for exams, played hostel pranks and dreamed of making a difference. So, let's toast (with whatever our cardiologists approve) to fifty years of healing, humour and lifelong friendships. May we continue to meet - not as patients, but as proud doctors with stories to tell.



Kalpana Rao

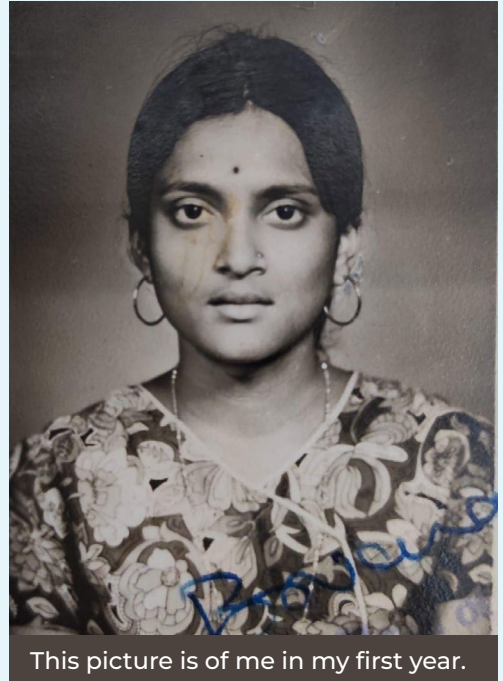
A Life Intertwined with Love, Courage and Resilience

Hi - I'm Kalpana Rao - your classmate from the class of 1975.

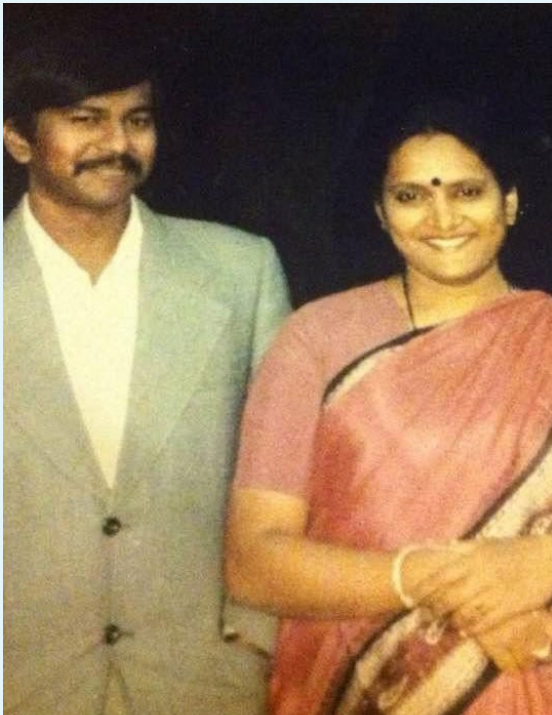
You probably remember me hanging around with my close friends Meera Reddy, Meherbala and Kamini Singh, with Rama Narla joining our group in the fourth year. Like all of you, I remember the pride and trepidation of entering Osmania Medical College as a teenager, suddenly expected to act like an adult.

Having studied in a strict all-girls school and college, OMC was a culture shock ~ the huge lecture halls, the towering wooden benches and the deafening stomping of the students during lectures. I remember sitting transfixed, wondering if this was what adult life was all about.

You will remember me as Datta's wife. He was my classmate, mischievous and full of life. We were opposites, which was probably the attraction. We were married in June 1979, at the beginning of our fourth year. Many of you were there - after all, our wedding was the first in our batch and the college bus even transported guests!



This picture is of me in my first year.



This photo is of the two of us in Delhi, where we had gone for a second opinion at the All India Institute of Medical Sciences, in 1987.

Datta used to joke that the highlight wasn't us, but the Telugu actress Jamuna, whose presence stole the show.

By 1981, Datta's health was failing and a lifelong battle began. Meanwhile, I pursued my MD - Obstetrics and Gynaecology, commuting daily between Hyderabad and Warangal, while managing a toddler and an ailing husband. It was tough, but I learnt that nothing worthwhile in life comes easy!

I worked at the Urban Family Welfare Centre, Municipal Corporation of Hyderabad, Rural Health Centre, Patancheru and Gandhi Hospital before moving to the UK in the hope of finding better medical care for Datta. There I completed my MRCOG, Post Graduate Diploma in Obstetric and Gynaecological Scanning and Colposcopic accreditation. I eventually retired as a Consultant Obstetrician and Gynaecologist in 2022; specialising in Emergency Gynaecology and Early Pregnancy Care Scanning and Colposcopy. I was the Clinical Lead of the Emergency Gynaecology Unit until I retired.

Life in the UK was relentless. I was Datta's full-time carer, the main breadwinner and a mother, all while working in a high-pressure, litigious specialty. The practicalities and necessities of life had to be met - bills had to be paid, food had to be put on the table and life had to go on. There was no time for self-pity.

Datta was diagnosed with Systemic Lupus Erythematosus with portal vein thrombosis and was advised to have a liver transplant. He underwent the procedure in 2000, but there were complications. He needed another operation, which required a prolonged stay in intensive care for eight months, then a hip replacement, which required another prolonged stay in hospital due to complications. To make matters worse, Datta developed IgA nephropathy, had a nephrectomy on his only functioning kidney, and started haemodialysis. It was a never-ending cycle of crises!

Life with Datta was never dull. It was an endless rollercoaster of medical challenges - each more daunting than the last: post-operative psoas haematoma, septic aneurysmal fistula with hyperkalemia and neutropenic sepsis with hypoglycaemic unresponsive hypothermia. I learned to be ever vigilant - always 'on call', though not officially 'on call'.

Life was stormy for Datta and has been stormy for my son and myself. But God gives us all incredible strength in difficult situations and makes us realise the value of self-confidence, courage and hope. So, resilience was born!

Through it all, friends from all over the world have been my safety net. Their support - be it Meher (Chicago), Sunila (New Zealand), Meera, Gautami, Susheela, my brother Shujaath and Ruhi (India), Chandra Mouli (Geneva), Sudha, Ananth and Naveed (UK) - helped me survive. Without them I wouldn't have made it and without me my son wouldn't have made it either.

In 2013, after another eight-month battle, Datta passed away. An elective splenectomy in preparation for a kidney transplant led to complications after a small tear in the tail of the pancreas, and after five repeat laparotomies, a tracheostomy and a bowel resection with a colostomy, Datta developed a CRE (Carbapenem Resistant Enterococcus) infection. And just like that, he was gone!

Datta died in August 2013 and with him a big part of me died with him! I felt like a dog whose master had died, adrift, lost. Rational explanations - grief cycles, responsibilities - meant nothing. I was hurting and I didn't care who knew or didn't know. I just needed space and plenty of it for my son and myself.

It took me many years to find life again but I got there. Work had lost its joy, but mentoring, teaching and quality improvement projects kept me afloat. Retirement in 2022 finally allowed me to breathe.

I have reconciled with life. I keep busy - gardening, swimming, water aerobics, reading, writing poetry, visiting art galleries, walking and entertaining my medical school classmates on Whatsapp!



My latest picture in Athens – October 2024! I have come a full circle!

S Dattatreya

A life of Strength, Love and Resilience

Written in Datta's name by Kalpana (classmate, wife and carer)

Early years...

I remember the day I got into Osmania Medical College, a moment of joy for my family. As a non-local candidate, securing a seat was no mean feat. I soon met Chandra Mouli and Ram Kumar and together we formed the terrible trio - inseparable, mischievous and always up for an adventure.

In my fourth year of medical college, I married Kalpana, my classmate and the love of my life. Our parents arranged the wedding and on 20 June 1979, surrounded by our friends and classmates, we tied the knot.

Life seemed set, but unexplained fevers plagued me. A long diagnostic journey led to the All India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi where I was diagnosed with autoimmune small vessel vasculitis – Systemic Lupus Erythematosus. Despite my illness, I continued with my MD in Social and Preventive Medicine, attracted by epidemiology. But when I was crippled by bilateral avascular necrosis of the femurs, I had to give up my dream. Meanwhile, our son Vidyuth arrived in 1985 to complete our little family.

I worked in the government sector in rural and semi-rural areas in Narsapur, Medak district and at the Rural Health Centre in Patancheru. My health continued to deteriorate and I struggled.

UK and beyond...

In 1996, Kalpana moved to the UK and I followed her. Soon after, I was diagnosed with liver failure and put on the transplant list. I was told I might never practise medicine again. Kalpana juggled her work and my medical care. Vidyuth, still very young, became my greatest source of strength.

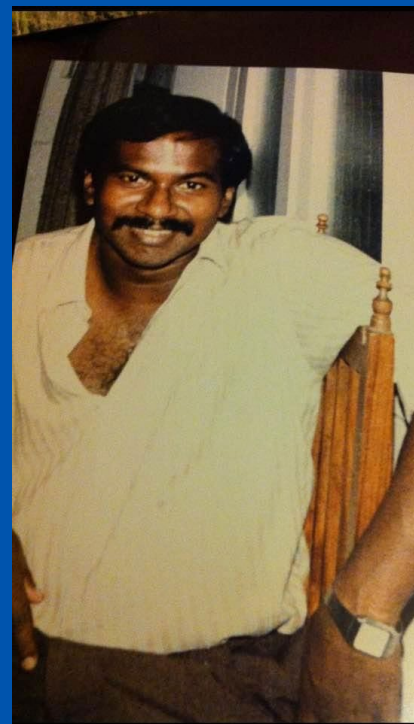
In February 2000, I received a liver transplant, but complications led to multiple operations. Despite this, I continued my education relentlessly, obtaining an MSc in Immunology (King's College, London); an MSc in Epidemiology (Colchester University); and a Diploma in Public Health (London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, London). I was too

unwell to complete my Masters in Public Health. I was on haemodialysis for IgA nephropathy, but I drove myself to class. There was some discussion with the Oxford team about doing a PhD but once my medication condition was known, there was no more talk. This was one of my greatest regrets.

Over the years, my body endured a long string of procedures - liver transplant, laparotomy and capsulotomy, post-transplant ventral hernia repair, strangulated inguinal hernia and small bowel resection, septic aneurysmal fistula repair, hip replacement, post-operative psoas haematoma, recurrent neutropenic sepsis, recurrent pulmonary emboli, and immune-suppression related lymphoma. Through it all, my family and friends stood by me.

Final battle

In January 2013, I went in for an elective splenectomy, but suffered complications and spent eight months in the Intensive Therapy Unit. Chandra Mouli often flew in from Geneva, breaking hospital rules to visit. Meher brought joy from Chicago. Sudhaker stopped by on his way to the USA. Dear friends from the UK – Ratna, Naveed, Anant, and Sudha – were a great source of support.



On 6 August 2013, after 8 months of hospitalisation following elective splenectomy, five repeat laparotomies, tracheostomy, bowel resection and colostomy for ischaemic colitis, I died of multiple-drug resistance infection, CRE. Kalpana, Vidyuth and my brother Vikram were by my side - as they were meant to be.

My life was never ordinary, but it was mine, lived with love, resilience and grace. I loved music, sports, especially tennis, cricket and football, and never stopped keeping up with current affairs, be it in India, the UK or elsewhere in the world. My dialysis room was full of cricket handbooks and biographies of Vivekananda. I loved life, never gave up and fought till I died! I would do it all again. Despite the struggles, I had no regrets. I was deeply loved and that was enough.



Written by Chandra-Mouli

When I close my eyes to think of Datta, a flood of memories come to mind. I would like to share five of them with you.

I remember the wonderful times spent with Datta and Ram – the meals we shared, the films we watched, the lively discussions we had. I recall sprouting wild schemes and Ram - our brilliant, soft-spoken Ram - gently bringing me to my senses with his logic, and Datta listening with a half smile and an occasional quip.

I have fond memories of Datta's visits to Geneva. He was not well then, but he loved a glass of chilled rosé, enjoyed a walk on the lakeside in the gentle sunshine, and charmed my friends and colleagues with his humour and can-do spirit.

Mid-1970s:

The second half of the 1970s:

First half of the 1980s:

The 2000s:

The early 2010s:

In my mind's eye I see Datta, strong as a bull, opening the bowling in an inter-year cricket match.

Datta came over to join me in Kitwe, Zambia. He quickly found his feet, got a job and was just settling in when he had to drop everything and return to India because his father died suddenly.

I recall my visits to London to see Datta as his health declined, first at home and then in hospital. I remember admiring his determination to live. My heart went out to him, to little Vidyuth and to rock-solid Kalpana. And I remember the terrible news of his passing, and of giving a eulogy at his funeral.

Ten years and more have passed since my friend Datta died, but he lives on in my heart and mind, and in the close friendship of our families.

Harish Kidambi

The metamorphosis

I vividly remember the eve of our Medical Entrance Examination results. Would it be a fateful day or the most eventful day of our lives was the only question on my mind; the ice was so thin with only 300 seats for the thousands of aspirants. Nizam and I rushed to the nearby Vishalandra Press where they had posted the results on their bulletin board. We were like sacks of mixed emotions, our minds swaying wildly between anxiety, apprehension, excitement, fear and so on. We gingerly looked at the list with our hearts in our incessant praying mouths, and when we found our numbers on the blessed list, the elation was so deafening that it still echoes in my memory 50 years later. The genial congratulatory embrace of Nizam's normally reserved and stern grandfather, the comical glee of my grandmother, who perhaps never imagined me as anything more than a bank clerk, and our own triumphant ecstasy at the success of not just one but all three of us, myself, Nizam and Arif, who had been burning the midnight oil together for months, have been indelibly etched in my memory.



With Nizam and Arif, the trio who had been burning the midnight oil...



Yours truly in the first and fifth years

After the initial period of terror and trepidation at the sight of the ragging groups of seniors, the first year was indeed full of excitement. At 17 odd years of age, both body and mind were confused as to which side of the threshold we were on, adolescence or adulthood. Some of us tried to impress with academics, some with pranks, some with extracurricular skills. Undeniably, in those

relatively conservative times, mixing with so many people of the opposite sex was a big deal indeed, and the added sense of self-worth of being in such a coveted academic course added to the excitement, at least for the first few years, after which it faded as we were all consumed by the rigours of medical training.

Fun times with classmates

Five years passed through a variety of times, romantic escapades interspersed with the tension of exams, successes and failures, occasionally punctuated by other cultural events, and so on, until the day of judgement, our final exam, arrived. Hard work masquerading as destiny (or the other way round?) rewarded each of us in a different way and set the course for our future careers.



The Osmeco 75 family thus grew into a kaleidoscope of specialists, some government employees and some private practitioners, some faculty and many non resident Indians (and even some politicians!), we had among us corporate hospital owners and medical college owners, we crossed the shores of the USA and UK and even reached the hallowed WHO. Ob-Gyns to Orthos, Otolologists to Ophthos, Radio to Patho, Uro to Neuro, we had them all. Lots of heroes and no zeroes! Decades later, from the time we parted, whenever we meet, even though we are now over the threshold of senescence, the youthful exuberance resurfaces and the barriers of our different abilities and disabilities evaporate.

Each of us deserves to celebrate our own successes, and together we deserve to celebrate each other's successes and our enduring camaraderie.

Happy golden jubilee to all!



Harish Kidambi

The Picture Post – My Pictorial Storyboard

Over the decades - infancy to teens



30 to 60



The college days



Jab jab we met – over the years



Sivanand Veluri



- 1 First in the family to dare dream of medical school
- 2 Kakatiya Medical College admission reflects parents' sacrifice beyond comfort and cool
- 3 Re-entry to Osmania Medical College was like a God blessed dream.
- 4 Paving the way to be part of the fabulous '75 cream.

In 1975, I vividly remember that our entrance examination results were announced the day after Maha Shivaratri. I fasted and did jagaran all night and the next morning, as expected, feeling very, very sleepy, I took a bath, went to the temple and from there to the local library. The moment my eyes fell on the medical entrance results, my heart rate galloped, my eyes raced in search of my number and once found, yaaaahuuuu, I was on top of the world!

The next thing I did was a cinematic (in those days) run back home, oblivious to traffic or any other thought except to deliver the news to my parents and siblings and make them as happy as I was. We didn't buy a newspaper in those days as it was beyond our means. The moment I reached home, the pleasant anti-climax was that my parents were already aware of my success, thanks to my childhood friend (who is now the president of a large multinational company).

So, I became part of this fabulous, romantic, successful, beautiful, cheerful, loving, cohesive and friendly group of OSMECO 75.



Deepa Khushlani

I graduated from Osmania Medical College in September 1980. I immigrated to the USA in 1982 after my marriage I am a Child and Adolescent Psychiatrist with over 35 years experience, with expertise in residential treatment, school consultation, emergency child psychiatry and paediatric consultation liaison psychiatry as well as inpatient/outpatient treatment of children and adolescents. I have a special interest in feeding and eating disorders in infants, children and adolescents. I retired recently.

I am pleased to share a photo of my parents and one with Amita and Anu, below.

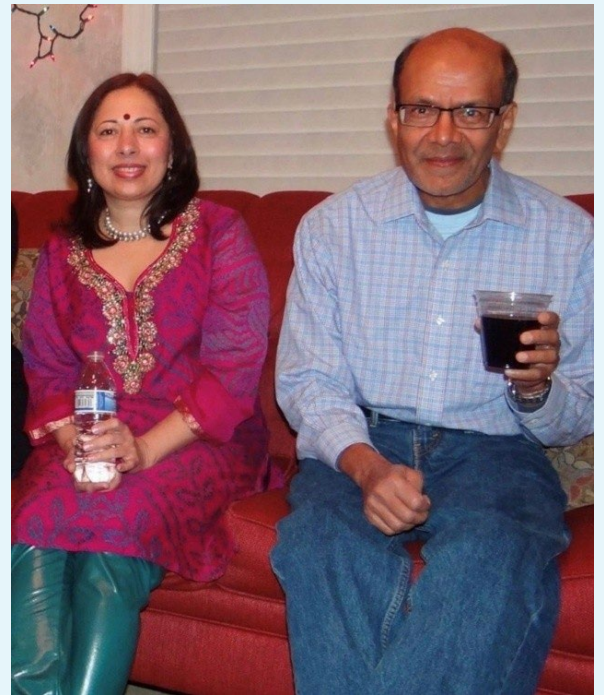




I have two adult 'children' who are married, and four lovely grandchildren. Here are photos of my son, daughter-in-law and their children, including the latest one in my arms; and of my daughter and her husband.

I am happily divorced and remarried to a cardiologist, whose name is Kris.

I am part of a women's group. I enjoy reading, swimming, birdwatching, travelling, hiking, visiting museums and watching classical Indian dance performances.



Vidya Rao

– Our unique batch

We were indeed a special batch!

Our batch was unique in that we sat two entrance examinations - 1974 and 1975. This was through no fault of our own, but due to a court case in which 15 year-olds fought through the legal system to be allowed to sit for the entrance examination, which until 1974 had been restricted to 16 year olds. The 1974 entrance examination was cancelled and we had to retake it in 1975, which meant a delay in the start of our academic year, with the next batch only six months behind us.

This period is particularly special to me because of the tender memories it brings with it. My brother got a place in the batch six months after me along with my husband Ranga Rao who was my classmate in secondary school. I have had the best of both batches and to this day I am addressed as 'Akka' (big sister) by their batchmates.

Here are photos with my husband in the early days and now



My professional journey

I started my journey as an innocent teenager in Osmania Medical College. I did my undergraduate and postgraduate studies in Obstetrics and Gynaecology in Hyderabad. I worked in the Andhra Pradesh government service and did my rural posting in a primary health centre. I worked overseas - in Iran - for a few years, returned to India, worked at the Employees' State Insurance Hospital and set up a private nursing home where I still work; I plan to retire soon. My passion for the subject, sincerity, hard work and personal discipline have been the driving forces of my career.

My family

We got married during our house surgeons period. I have two children – a son and a daughter- who were brought up mainly by my parents.

Here are pictures of my son M.Karthik, M Tech,MBA who works for Si Time,USA, and my daughter, M. Kavya, MS, FMAS, who is an obstetrician and gynaecologist.



Way forward and life

We tried to evolve and catch up with new practices in medicine but could not compete with corporate hospitals. I feel good when my old patients visit us and appreciate us sincerely. The changing times have taught me a lot of life lessons, I'm still learning and evolving, I'm always grateful to God and have no complaints.

Social media has revolutionised everything from building relationships with family, friends, schoolmates, college mates and colleagues. In addition, we are truly privileged to share our old and new times with our grandchildren who bring sunshine and complete the family.

Golden reunion

It would be nice to meet all the classmates with whom I started my professional journey. I am eagerly awaiting the golden reunion of OSMECO75!



Ramki Kanuri

Honestly, I wasn't sure I was going to write this. I didn't know many of you well then, and I've kept in touch with even fewer of you since. But 50 years is a long time, and if you've made it this far, you've earned the right to say a few things - so here goes.

Much of who I am today was formed long before medical school - during my boarding years at the Hyderabad Public School and the early days in Kakinada. Discipline, respect, order, cleanliness, moderation - and yes, a little bit of Obsessive Compulsive Disorder - were hardwired during those years. I was a top student all through school and thrived in Kakinada during the early years of medical school. But moving to Osmania Medical College was a turning point, and not necessarily a good one. I found myself lost in a new culture, among classmates I barely knew, and it was easily the lowest point in my academic life. It was a real disappointment - so much so that it became the push I needed to leave the system altogether.

USA and beyond

Coming to the USA was a leap of faith. The visa hurdles, the exams, the constant self-doubt - I had to learn medicine almost from scratch. But I was lucky. I met faculty who took a chance on me based purely on trust and the promise they saw in me. I passed all my exams on the first try, got into a strong residency and one of the top Gastro Intestinal (GI) fellowship programmes, and over time built the kind of life I had once only imagined.

In 1991, just a few years into my private practice in Florida, I was involved in a serious car accident. The car went off the road into a ditch and I suffered severe head and facial trauma. The doctors told Radha that I might never work or be 'normal' again. But with her strength and everyone's prayers, I made a full recovery within three months. The experience was a jolt - a reminder of how fragile life is and how blessed I was to be given a second lease on life. I made a promise to myself that I'd take care of my body and mind. I took up long-distance running and have been running at least one marathon a year ever since - and still do.

My GI Practice

Establishing and growing my GI practice has been a source of pride and purpose. Over 35 years, we have built it into a comprehensive centre with in-house endoscopy, anaesthesia and pathology - serving a largely retired, blue-collar population who appreciate the personalised care they receive. It has been an honour to serve them, and I have learned as much from my patients as they have from me.

My family

My wife Radha and I have been married for over 40 years. She has a master's degree in business, but chose to focus her energy on raising our family - and she has done a phenomenal job. She's also the heart and soul behind our lush tropical garden, now a mini paradise of mangoes, avocados, starfruit and more. We've been blessed with three wonderful children - Arjun, Nitya and Ajay - who have worked hard, taken full advantage of their opportunities and, most importantly, become good people.

Nitya recently gave us our first grandchild, Rivi, who at six months has already taken full control of the household. I now spend my mornings babbling, cooing and doing animal impressions - and I can't think of a better gig.

As retirement approaches...

As I approach retirement this year, I've been thinking about how medicine has changed. The profession we once entered with a sense of calling has increasingly become a business, over-regulated, under-valued and politically twisted. The doctor-patient relationship, once central, now often feels like an afterthought in the healthcare industrial complex. It is disheartening, and I worry about what we're leaving behind for the next generation of healers.

Still, I count my blessings. I've had less hardship than I probably deserve, more help than I deserve, and just enough luck to stay on my feet. I know many of you have had your own struggles, triumphs and scars - and I hope this reunion gives us space to share, reflect and reconnect.

To those of you who have taken the time to write, to reach out and to reminisce - thank you. And to the rest of us who are still sprinting down the home stretch - keep up the good work. We've made it this far, and that's something to raise a glass to.

Warmly,

Ramki Kanuri

Then: Back when my metabolism worked and I thought I'd become a surgeon.

Family / Middle Years: Radha and I built this circus-three great kids, one tropical jungle.

Now: Still working, still running. London Marathon with Nitya
Fully ruled by a 6-month-old named Rivi.

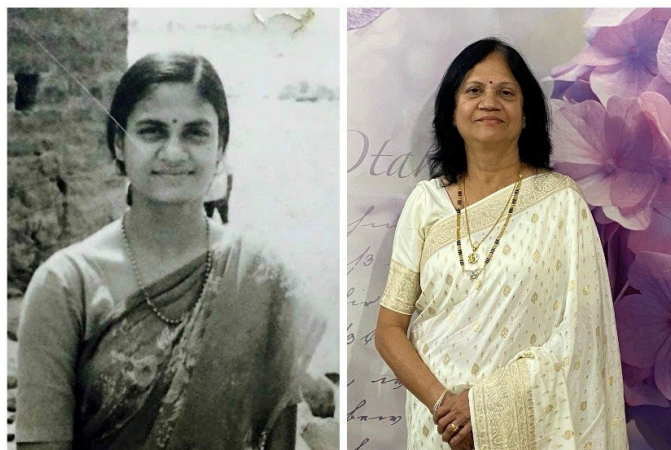


Madhubala Parikh née Gupta

My childhood dream was to study medicine.

I was one of many students who challenged the discriminatory treatment of underage students in the first entrance examination in 1974. Students under the age of 16 were considered to be underage and were not allowed to sit for the medical entrance examination. The irony, when I think about it now, is that the legal fee I had to pay to apply for a legal stay was a mere Rs.1000.

The 1974 entrance examination was cancelled and a new one was scheduled for 1975. I was overjoyed when I was successful and got admission to Osmani Medical College (OMC).



Madhu As time goes by - then and later...

College life was special and I echo the fond memories of college days shared by my classmates. Participating in the Science Exhibition of 1977 was particularly enjoyable. I remember enjoying badminton, table tennis and yes, the picnics!

We had a lunchtime gang of eight girls (Chandra, Hema, Jijiya, Jyothi, Lalitha, Matheena, Usha and me). We used to eat lunch together and made sure that we ate everyone else's lunch except our own. Over time, this group has evolved into a special WhatsApp group called "8 Lunch Friends" and we remain connected to this day.



Picnic with friends - Fun and frolic

Marriage, family and career

I was lucky to find the love of my life in my classmate - Mohit Parikh and we got married in 1980. Our wedding was attended by a large group of our classmates. We are still happily married with two beautiful daughters, two sons-in-law and three adorable grandchildren. I feel blessed and cannot ask for more from God.

I did my post graduation in India – Diploma in Clinical Pathology followed by a Masters in Microbiology (MD, Microbiology) from Osmania Medical College (OMC). I worked as a tutor and assistant professor at OMC and later as associate professor at Gandhi Medical College.

We moved to the USA in 2000. Initially, I did odd medical jobs until I completed the American Board of Medical Microbiology (ABMM), after which I got director level jobs in various hospitals as well as in Quest Diagnostics.

Retirement and Beyond

I have been happily retired for the past few years and am busy doing what I wanted to do for years but was too busy to do. I studied vocal music for three years at the Shankar Mahadevan Academy and took violin lessons for a few years. I have continued my spiritual journey and have started attending sessions where I recite the Bhagwad Geeta and the Ramayana. I am exploring mind relaxation techniques in yoga and meditation and positivity sessions online and in person. Mohit and I are enjoying our retirement - laughing, caring and bonding with the grandchildren.



And they lived happily thereafter.....Madhu and Mohit

Our Golden Jubilee Reunion

Our batch is finally celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of our entry into medical college. Fifty years of medical professionalism - setting standards, medical excellence and saving lives; fifty years of camaraderie, lifelong friendships, memories, laughter and adventure! Our batch is indeed a remarkable one - many have scattered around the world, distinguished themselves in

the medical profession, but we remain connected through the WhatsApp group as OSMECO75. I'm honoured to have shared this journey with such an incredible group of people. Thank you again for fifty years of memories - I'm grateful for every moment! I wish us all a happy reunion and pray that we all survive to celebrate '60 years of the - OSMECO75 reunion too!

Best wishes,
Madhubala



We survived medical school and now we're surviving old age!

Mohit Parikh

A few memories of my medical college years

The Osmania Medical College years were the best ones of my life. There were more ups and downs, but I remember enjoying both.

Looking back, I was fascinated by the economics of expenses. It's amazing how little everything costed then! It's ironic that the annual fee for medical college was less than Rs 1000 - we thought that was expensive. Similarly, I loved the fact that I managed to commute with minimal expenditure. My monthly multi-ride bus pass from Boat's Club, Secunderabad to the OMC in Kothi was less than Rs 10. My monthly allowance from my father was

Rs 5, which later increased to Rs 10 in the fourth year of medical college. I remember feeling 'rich'! Later, during my internship, my stipend was Rs 400 and I remember how ecstatic we were about the money we received. We were very happy.

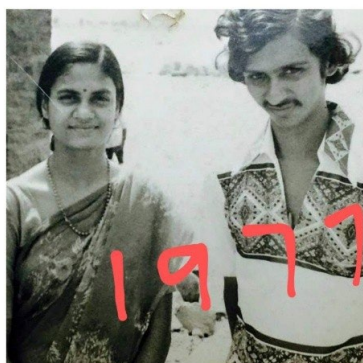
I used to enjoy having lunch every day with a group of six to seven friends from different religious backgrounds. As we laughed and joked, we felt that we had the best food every day. It was during this time that I learnt to ride a scooter. My scooter skills improved while riding Gurnath Reddy's scooter, with the added advantage that I never had to worry about accidents and repairs. Naveed

lived in the hostel and we friends enjoyed hanging out with him and relaxing in his hostel room.

The election of the Class Representative was another highlight of our medical college days - we had a lot of fun being involved in politics for the first time in our lives. I made very good friends at medical college who are still my best friends today.



Then and Now



with my soulmate Madhu, over the years

Strangely enough, we did not have a graduation ceremony after we graduated from medical college. In fact, as I distinctly remember, we had to pay the challan at the State Bank of Hyderabad and then go to the Osmania University campus to collect our MBBS degree certificate. We had to wait for three hours in the hot and humid weather to get the certificate. Despite everything, we were relieved that we had passed and were now medical doctors.

Marriage, family and career

I met my soul mate - Madhubala (the best thing that ever happened in my life) in medical college. She was my classmate. We got married on 30 November 1980 and have two happily married daughters (Shruti and Sneha) and three grandchildren.

I worked in India from 1980 to 2000. As a doctor, I served my country while taking care of my parents and grandparents. We also had a private diagnostic centre called Shruti Diagnostic which provided considerable charity services to the community.

Moving to the USA - a career change

With the children growing up, we moved to the USA in 2000. Hoping that a change of career would provide better opportunities for my family, I changed my career from medicine to the software industry. I made the right decision as I had a successful life as a software application developer and reached the highest position. My wife, Madhu, was also able to fulfil her dream of achieving board certification and attaining the position of Lab Director in Quest Diagnostics.

Madhu and I were delighted to entertain many of our classmates (Mohd Akber, Gurunath, Naveed, Matheena, Usha Mary, Jyothi, Harish, Ajoy Kumar, Upendra and Jijiya) when they visited us in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.



I retired in July 2023 after a successful and happy career. As I reflect on life, I realise that we humans should realise how blessed we are to be born human and actively pursue a purpose higher than human birth itself. Our purpose should be to create happiness in ourselves and spread joy to others without causing hurt or ill-feeling to any soul.

I look forward to meeting classmates - some after nearly fifty years. It's hard to believe that it's been fifty years since we walked the halls of OMC. I wish you all a wonderful reunion and a long life filled with true happiness, inner peace and good health.

Here is my daily prayer to the Cosmos.

My best wishes, Mohit

Sushil Chander

Hi Everyone,

I'm Sushil Chander. My journey to Osmania Medical College 50 years ago was a little different from most - I was one of the three central government nominees, along with Surinder and Kamini. I remember our very first day at the college as if it was yesterday. After a full day of orientation and the usual ragging by our seniors, Surinder, Naveed and I - all hostellers - decided to escape the evening round of hostel ragging by going out to a movie. A memorable start to an unforgettable time.

My years at Osmania were a wonderful mix of academics and fun. I made lifelong friends during those years, and I feel fortunate to have kept in touch with many of them over the decades.

After graduation, I returned to Washington, D.C. to join my family. Between 1982 and 1984, I completed the ECFMG, VQE and FLEX exams while working as an extern in Internal Medicine at the Veterans Hospital. I later matched into paediatrics at the University of Maryland Medical Centre, where I completed my residency in 1988. I then joined MedStar Medical Group in private paediatric practice, where I remained for 35 rewarding years. I retired in June 2023, just as I began to see the third generation of some of my patients - a truly humbling milestone.



In March 1984, I met my better half, Alka. We recently celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary. Alka, a Computer Science major, works as a Database Engineer. Together, we've raised three

wonderful children—Tara, Ashwin, and Anjali. All three married within a span of four years (2018–2022). Tara, our eldest, is the principal of High Roads School, which serves children with special needs. Ashwin is a software engineer, and our youngest, Anjali, is a Physician Assistant in orthopaedics.

Retirement has been joyful. My ikigai these days include caring for our senior dog, Tiger - whose medication list surprisingly mirrors mine! I am also enjoying travelling, playing pickleball in our 50+ community league, reading, and, of course, serving Alka her daily chai and snacks as she works.

Wishing the Class of '75 continued health and happiness. I hope we all stay connected as we enjoy our golden years.

Warm regards,

Sushil



Vasantha Kumari

From Telugu Medium and a Rural Background' to Osmania Medical College

A huge step

I am Dr Vasantha Kumari - Obstetrician and Gynaecologist. Coming from a Telugu medium schooling and a rural background, getting a seat in Osmania Medical College (OMC) was a huge achievement for me. I was overjoyed!

Settling in

My full name is Vasantha Kumari Kodirekka, though I never wrote my full name to avoid being teased. (Deepika - my friend - still mischievously calls me 'Kodi' but with great affection). I was very shy and apprehensive in medical college and it was only because my classmates were very helpful that I slowly started to settle in. Not knowing English or Hindi and being in a big city was very frightening for a teenager from my background.



The only reason I was able to succeed in the city and in medical college was because of my amazing friends, to each of whom I am grateful and so happy that the friendship continues to this day. Indira and Deepika, in particular, supported and encouraged me throughout college. Their mother showered me with affection from my early days in medical college to my final year and beyond. Thank you so much. I remember in those early days I could not even write a letter of resignation in English - my friend Jijiya helped me write it - thank you Jiji!

College years in a big city

I learned so much about adjusting to city life in those years thanks to my classmates and friends, to whom I am eternally grateful. I can never forget their kindness, guidance and friendship. I still remember Geetha's bisibelehuli, which I always enjoyed, especially considering the tasteless food served in the hostel. I stayed in the Women's College Hostel, Koti. My room was opposite Kamini Singh's room - the stylish icon of our class! We used to walk together from Koti Women's College to OMC. I did not know English or Hindi and she did not know Telugu, but we walked happily together; we also went to films and exhibitions. Naga Mani, who was my roommate, was a lovely, helpful and modest person, despite being the daughter of an engineering college professor.

I was familiar with my classmates from both A and B sections because I was in A section for internships due to my initial 'K' and in B section for the rest of the time with my name starting with 'V'. Once we entered the clinics, I was in the V batch with Vidya, Vijaya, Vithaleswar Rao, Venkat, Vishnu etc. I enjoyed the challenges of OMC only because of the wide network of friends who supported me throughout.

House surgeonship and beyond

We experienced religious riots in Hyderabad during my time as a house surgeon. I remember the riots particularly because we had to deal with so many surgical emergencies which improved my suturing skills dramatically.

My rural posting was an important milestone in my life

The three-month rural posting changed my life. I remember getting full marks for it. It boosted my confidence. I made new friends - Deepa, Sandhya, Parijatha, Bapu Rao, Geeta, Purushottam,

Musaddiq, Pulla Reddy, and Vishnuvardhan. Later I completed my postgraduation with an MD in Obstetrics and Gynaecology from Niloufer Hospital. During my post graduation, I was selected for a government job in the Andhra Pradesh Health Services. My first job after completing MD was at Palakurthi, Warangal district along with our classmate Hema Malini. I remember both of us became well known for performing surgical procedures under local anaesthesia including emergency caesarean sections.

Setting up a private practice and joining the Indian Medical Association (IMA)

After six years, I quit the government job and settled down in private practice at Nalgonda. I named my nursing home 'Keerthi' after my daughter. Though it is a small nursing home, we have many out-patients and in-patients. I consider this as another interesting phase in my life.

I actively joined the IMA in 2016: I find this very satisfying as most of the activities under this banner are vital grassroots activities that are crucial to bringing about change in healthcare for the rural community - especially for young children and girls. I am the IMA Women's Wing Chairperson; IMA Academy of Medical Specialities Chairperson; IMA College of General Practitioners Coordinator; and HPV Vaccination Coordinator, Telangana State. I have received several national and state awards for contributing to IMA activities. There is a lot to do and I have just started.

I keep fit with yoga and enjoy taking part in group dancing. I am looking forward to meeting old friends at our reunion. It would be nice to catch up after so many years.



Surinder S Raron né Singh

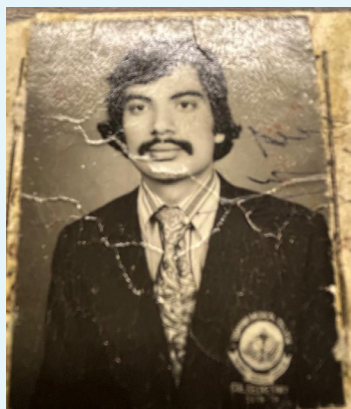
The Lone Ranger and Second Chances

Coming to the Deccan Plateau:

It was a blessing to come to Hyderabad to start an exciting phase of my life after stints in Delhi, Jullundur, Calcutta, Bombay and Vasco-da-Gama, Goa as a naval family. I got initial admission at the age of 16 during my medical studies in Margao, Goa in the autumn of 1974. So, I partied to the hilt, donated my books and got a glimpse of the hippie culture. A bomb dropped at the turn of the year when Osmania Medical College sent a telegram saying that my admission was cancelled because I was underage! As the entrance test was cancelled, we pestered our respected principal to reconsider. Six months passed, I crossed the age threshold to be readmitted. Dr G Narsing Rao (GNR) became my hero, just like NTR and ANR were to the locals!



Groovy seventies:



I looked different and felt alone with my topknot and then turban. But at the hostel, I met some foreign students and began my six-year stint.

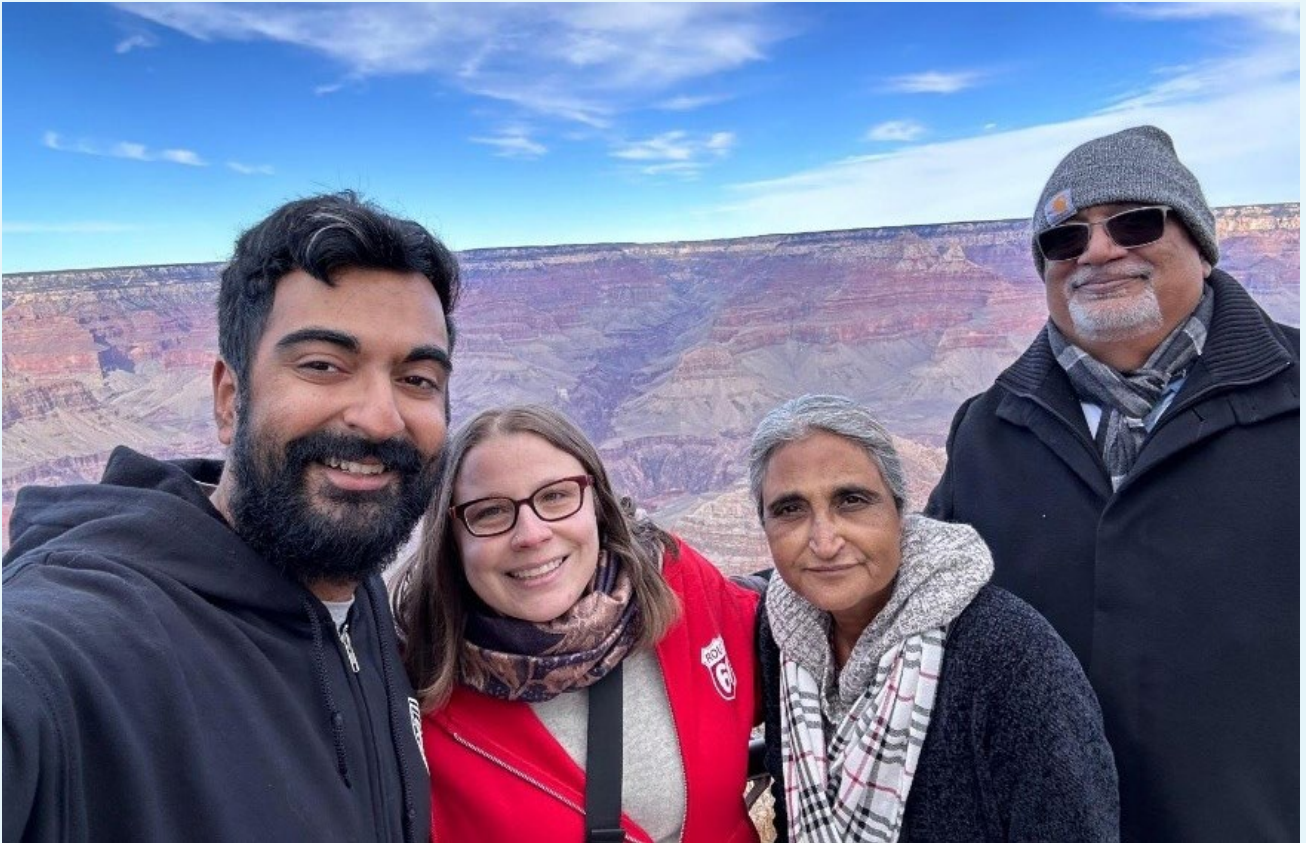
The experience was a rollercoaster from brilliant pre-professional course and pre-clinical to almost non-existent paraclinical and satisfactory clinical academic training. There were second and third chances first by GNR and then by Dr Srinivas as I indulged in a lot of extra-curricular activities. This included travelling to Poona (Armed Forces Medical College) for basketball, Madras (Madras Medical College) for an intercultural meet and rigging the rules for our class to be the intramural champions etc.

Forgettable eighties:

I did a rotating internship in Jullundur sans stipend. I have one of the longest memberships in TUMGA (Telangana unemployed medical graduates association). At the turn of the decade, a second and last chance opened up - paediatrics in New York City.

Last three decades:

I prospered, raised a family with my indomitable wife Jaskiran (Ruby), travelled to almost every state and a select few overseas. I enjoy almond farming in the San Joaquin Valley in our golden state of California. Other passions include soccer, cinema, the world's finest automobiles and catching up with my gang in Florida and Washington DC - Sushil, Shekhar and Krishna.



Finally, our two sons are not too far away. Here they are with their partners and our two grandchildren.

I wish our OMC mates good luck, love and second chances like I had.
Cheers and Sat Sri Akal.

Meera Reddy

Excitement, anticipation and nervousness of the early days

My first day at college was a mixture of excitement, anticipation and nervousness. I was dreading the ragging and remembered how some of our seniors had ragged one of our male classmates with long hair, calling him 'the long-haired lover from Lalaguda'. I was so petrified that I would be next, but the day passed relatively uneventfully.

I distinctly remember the first lecture by the always immaculately dressed physics lecturer Mr Patcheco; he was always dressed in crisp, sparkling white trousers and shirt. I will never forget the opening statement of his lecture: "It is very, very difficult to get into medical school, but it is even more difficult to get out". He reiterated that consistent and persistent hard work was required to complete our course.

I remember our Anatomy dissecting hall and our fear when we saw our Head of Department, Dr Premdas, occasionally coming round to each stretcher with his huge dissecting forceps. Do you all remember - we didn't wear gloves when we dissected in those days and I can still get the smell of formalin that wouldn't go away despite repeated washing.

I have vivid memories of the ladies' dining room on both the ground and third floors where our gang (Meher, Kamini, Kalpana and I) would sit for lunch with our seniors and juniors.

Of midnight oil, frogs and orators

Kalpana and I would walk daily from either Maredpally to the Clock Tower Bus Stop to catch Bus No. 7 (later 42) or to Secunderabad railway station to catch Bus No. 1 to Koti, chatting and giggling incessantly as all teenagers do. The night studies at Meher's house in Vidyanagar were memorable. Kalpana and I would stay at Meher's house for days to prepare for our exams, with Aunty (Meher's mother) staying up with us to provide endless supplies of tea and snacks to keep us awake and energetic. However, I used to eat the snacks, drink the tea and promptly fall asleep. Meher and Kalpana would get tired of trying to wake me up and continue to burn the midnight oil.

I remember our pride in our oratorical geniuses Chandra Mouli, Gurunath Reddy, Pariplavi and the medals Kalpana won in athletics at the Inter-Medical College Sports Meet in Vizag in our first year. Though she discounted them as "just bronze medals" for third place - we were very proud as they happened to be the only medals OMC won in that meet in both the men's and women's sections.

Nizam's pranks in the practical physiology class were hilarious. Nizam once put a live frog in Maria Kala's bag - she was so frightened that she could hardly speak. Maria Kala was one of our most gentle and soft-spoken classmates and I still remember her pointing to the bag with the live frog. To my



surprise, months later, I also found a flat mummified frog in my bag. Ah, that Nizam and his antics!

I remember all the fun days we had at the picnics - especially Sarwar's melodious voice and singing at the picnics. I also remember our fatherly bus driver, Khan Saab, who used to drive our bus and take us to the Rural Health Centre, Patancheru, TB Hospital, Sarojini Devi Eye Hospital and to the marriage ceremonies of our classmates. If you remember, our batch was known for having the highest number of romantic couples and was called "The Most Romantic Batch".

Clinical sessions, postgraduation and friendships

I dreaded the viva part of our exam the most, and the growing tension as the results approached. I enjoyed the bedside clinical sessions the most. We had fantastic, dedicated and committed teachers and I am who I am today because of them. I wanted to do a postgraduate degree in General Medicine, for which I took the entrance exam for several times, but couldn't get a place, so I ended up doing Obstetrics and Gynaecology.

I miss my friend Usha Suresh - with whom I did my post graduation – very much. She passed away two years ago. Usha was a wonderful person and one of the most humane and kind hearted doctors I have ever met. She was an excellent surgeon and was ready to help anyone who called her help during an operation. No matter what time of the day it was, Usha was always there to help.



I joined the government service in 1990 and worked at a Primary Health Centre in Serilingampally for two years and later as Assistant Professor - Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the Gandhi Hospital where Usha, Kalpana and I were colleagues until Kalpana left for the UK in 1996. I retired from government service in 1998 and started a private practice from which I retired during the COVID-19 lockdown in March 2020.

I witnessed Datta and Kalpana's struggles first hand as I was with them for a month at the time of Datta's liver transplant in 2000. Kalpana had used up all her leave and had to go back to work, so I visited Datta at

King's College Hospital everyday. Sudha in London is another close friend of mine with whom I have a special bond as we were together from kinder garden to the final year of medical college.

Retirement ...

I lead a very busy life in retirement. I enjoy gardening, embroidery, listening to old Hindi songs (especially K L Saigal), Indian classical music, reading biographies of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother [Pondicherry Ashram]. Whenever possible I visit the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry.

I think I was one of the first in our class to get married - soon after our 4th year exams in February 1979. My husband Vishnu has a flourishing business. I have two sons, Varun married to Srilekha and Vivek married to Maalavika, and four grandchildren. I am enjoying my retired life in the midst of my family and look forward to reuniting with classmates and friends at the OSMECO75 Golden Jubilee Reunion.



Kamini Singh

A rude awakening...

My father was in the Air Force and I completed high school at St. Mary's Convent, Ajmer. On a merit basis, I was eligible to apply for the Central Government nomination quota. Vellore was my first choice of medical college. But destiny had other plans for me. I was selected for Osmania Medical College (OMC).

Reluctantly, I accompanied my overprotective father to Hyderabad, as there was no way he would let me go alone. My fears soon became reality. OMC was quite a culture shock. Apart from how conservative OMC (especially the teaching staff) was back then, the language, the food (spicy!!) and the living conditions in the hostel were quite a challenge.



Monkeys, cobras and kraits...

The medical students shared the hostel with the neighbouring Women's College. The Women's College students lived in the new building, while we medics were relegated to the old British barracks which were in deplorable conditions: families of monkeys visited our rooms while we were away, ransacking them. Believe it or not, that included our cupboards -they had mastered the art of opening our cupboard locks. Poisonous snakes such as cobras and kraits lived in the bathrooms (this is no exaggeration).

Thankfully, we were able to move into the new building and into civilisation in due course. Having said that, I made some great friends at the hostel with seniors and dental students who are still my dearest friends to this day.

Friendships and more...

At college, I was very quickly accepted into our small group of friends, consisting of Kalpana, Meherbala and Meera, later joined by Rama, and I enjoyed being with them. We bonded quickly. But I was still not happy and comfortable, especially with the professors. There was a lot of indifference towards me.

Throughout my school life, I was always the "teacher's pet". I was very active at school; I was on the school basketball team (playing at state level) and enjoyed acting in plays (I did a couple of Shakespeare plays as well). I was the highest scoring candidate in the final Board exams and was awarded the Best All Round Outgoing Student of the Year.

OMC, on the other hand, was very discouraging. After the Pre-Professional course (i.e., the first year), on my return home, I told my parents that I was not going back to OMC. Needless to say, all hell broke loose! Eventually I agreed to go back on the condition that my wardrobe was given a major face-lift. It was then that I decided to wear only saris to college. Well, I had Kalpana as my partner in crime, so to speak, as the gold standard, as we were paired up for various practical classes etc. I am eternally grateful to OMC for



helping me make this decision. I mastered the art of wearing saris and my passion for saris is alive till date. It's my favourite attire in the world.

I cannot talk about OMC without mentioning Raj. Destiny had brought me to Hyderabad to meet him, I guess. We met, fell in love, got married, had two beautiful daughters and the rest is history.....!

Globe trotting

After graduating from OMC, we moved to Jamaica where I was once again surrounded by my OMC seniors. We all bonded and became one big happy extended family. OMC has given me lasting, loving friends and relationships that are very dear to my heart. More than academics, I am richer for having these precious people in my life.

We then moved to Ireland for five years and enjoyed the beautiful countryside and the warmth of the Irish people.

Final destination....

In 1995 we moved to our final destination - the USA! I currently live in West Palm Beach, Florida and life has made me a much stronger, resilient and independent woman. I have an amazing group of friends. I enjoy and pursue my passion - music, going to concerts and Broadway shows, as well as hanging out with my buddies.



My two beautiful girls have grown into amazingly confident, loving and independent women. Malika, the older, is a doctor and Supriya, the younger one, is a nurse anaesthesiologist. I am blessed with two adorable munchkins - my granddaughters. We are a family of girls - girls rule!

I would like to end with.....'Zindagi sein koi shiqwaa nahin.....Upar waale sein koin gilaan nahin.... Bhagwaan ka ashirwaad hameshaa saath rahaan hain.... Ummeed aur dua karthi hoon ki uskaa haath hamesha mere mastak par rahein.....'

Life is not only very short; it is unpredictable....

I have learnt to enjoy and live in the moment and not wait for the moment!

Rajendran Nair

(Prepared by Sushil Chander with help from daughters Malika and Supriya, and his ex-wife Kamini Singh)

Rajendran Nair - or simply Raj - was one of the most memorable members of the Class of 1975. Known for his magnetic personality and wide circle of friends, Raj had an incredible ability to light up any room he entered. He was gregarious, full of life and had that rare ability to balance academics with pure fun - showing us all that college could be both meaningful and memorable.

After graduating from Osmania Medical College in 1981, Raj's career took him all over the world. In early 1982, he began practicing emergency medicine in Montego Bay, Jamaica, before moving to general and paediatric anaesthesia in Kingston later that year. In 1990, his path led him to Ireland, where he worked in hospitals in Ballinasloe, Waterford and Dublin, eventually gaining a Fellowship in the Royal College of Anaesthesiology. In 1995, driven by a dream to give his children a better education, he moved to the United States. He completed his residency in anaesthesia at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, graduating as Chief Resident. From there, he moved to Pensacola, Florida, and became part of Panhandle Anaesthesiology, working in hospitals such as Sacred Heart and Baptist. Raj quickly earned a reputation as the anaesthesiologist doctors trusted with the most complex cases - especially those involving paediatric patients.



But Raj was never defined by his profession alone. He was a free spirit at heart. After suffering a cerebellar stroke in 2018 that ended his medical career, he channelled his energy into new adventures. He travelled through 48 US states in his motorhome, accompanied by his beloved dog Rusty. His passport was filled with stamps from Thailand, Indonesia, China, Spain and Portugal. He even saw a cheetah running free on an African safari - because Raj never stopped looking for wonders.



fortunate enough to know him - and we, the Class of 1975, will always remember him with a smile.

But his greatest joy was his family. With his wife Kamini, Raj raised two brilliant daughters. Malika, a physician specialising in family medicine, now lives in Florida with her husband, Omar, and their two daughters, Arya and Layla. Supriya, a Certified Registered Nurse Anaesthetist, lives in Chicago. Raj was immensely proud of them - their achievements, their kindness and the love they brought into his life.

Raj's story is one of a life well lived: full of ambition, laughter, curiosity and love. He left a lasting impression on all who were



*"Enjoying my life
Was what I did
Living my life to the fullest
Was what I did
Loved my friends n family too
Loving life
Was what I did n still do*

*It matters not where I am
I will always remain a free spirit
Always free, unrestrained n on the wing
No apologies for who I am or was
Death holds no fears or barriers for me
I live free as I always did -my name is Raj
Nair!!!!!"*

— From an ode by Kalpana

Jagannadha Avasarala

Luck of the draw

Fifty years ago, I finally made it into medical school - Osmania Medical College (OMC), to be precise. Before that triumph, I'd lost count of how many times I'd tried and failed to crack the entrance. I was like that relentless spider, trying again and again despite each fall. My successes were rare, but when I got in it was a mixture of thrill and disorientation. I never managed to settle down in the men's hostel, outdone by pyravikaars who far outstripped my efforts. As a result, my social circle at OMC was thin. As a day-boarder without a real home, I found myself drawn back to Warangal, where I'd grown up. There, at the Regional Engineering College campus, I made more friends - playing cricket, tennis and sneaking over the walls to open-air film screenings, fuelled by samosas, mirchi bhajjis and whatever snacks we could scrounge up.



College years

At OMC, romance seemed to be blooming everywhere - except for me and a few other unfortunate souls. Lovebirds flitted about while the rest of us stumbled awkwardly and unnoticed. The girls were probably wise to stay away; we were a clumsy bunch, better left to our own devices.

Cricket and tennis were my solace at OMC. I loved every moment on the field and on the court. In tennis, I dreamed of beating someone from the 'in' crowd - whether I did or not, I

can't quite remember. But it was in cricket that I forged lasting bonds. I owe a special thanks to Sushil Chander, who lugged a tennis racket all the way from Maryland (a gift from my uncle, carried across oceans). Later, when I joined Kakatiya Medical College (KMC) after swapping with Sameena, the same racket helped me lead the KMC team to victory over Ranga Raya Medical College in the State Medical College(s) Championship. By then I'd done my anatomy, biochemistry and physiology at OMC, and it was at KMC that I met Shylaja - the love of my life. She may rue it now, but it's too late for regrets. A wonderful clinician and paediatrician, she is the glue that has kept my overseas operations intact. She is the quintessential ace at multiple choice questions - I am the polar opposite. Then came our incredible son, although I missed much of his early years (my wife will never let me forget that). He's grown up to be a master of facial

recognition algorithms, thriving on the credo “love what you do, do what you love”. I have a sister who lives in Warangal with her husband and they have two sons - one is in the USA and the other who had to return to India (because his visa expired).

A roller coaster of a life

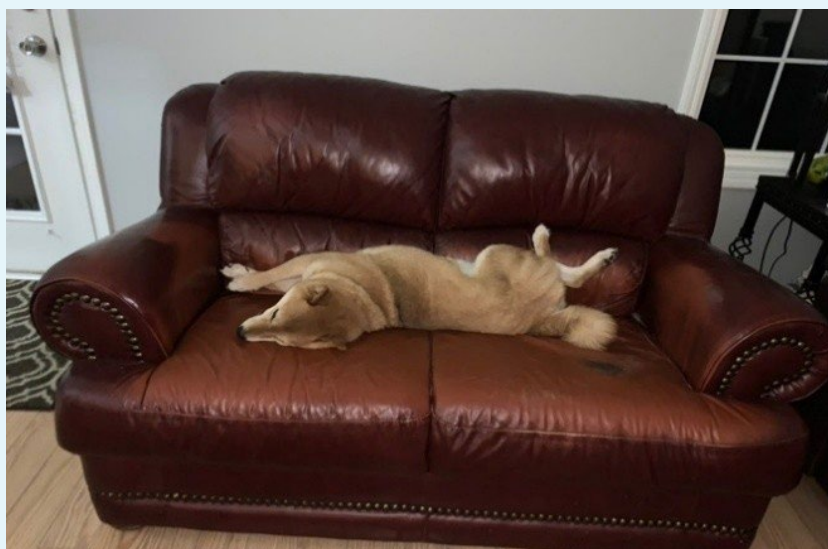
After completing my postgraduate training in Ear Nose and Throat Diseases, I ended up in Nagoya, Japan - on my third attempt, of course - to learn ear microsurgery, which went nowhere. Before that I'd tried dry bone techniques in Madras, with little success. Japan brought a PhD, followed by a stint in Canada at Queen's University, researching the molecular biology of yeast. After seven months, I left for the US, where the whirlwind began again: a postdoc, a neurology residency and a three-year fellowship in multiple sclerosis.

Oddly enough, my path to Canada came via a visiting neurosurgeon I met after a tennis match in Japan with her mentor, Dr Sugita (of aneurysm clip fame). My journey to the US, meanwhile, began with a physics professor from India with whom I'd bonded over cricket in Japan.

True to form, I also switched residency programmes in the US. My short temper, reckless attitude and prickly nature made me a target - but somehow fate had other ideas. I became a Professor of Neurology and Head of Multiple Sclerosis at the University of Kentucky, a place I had to leave after my first year of residency in 1996 to join my wife in Michigan (where she was doing her paediatric residency), which my programme director remembered with such vengeance! He would not give me a good reference, or any reference at all! Today I wear his job title - Director of the Multiple Sclerosis Programme.

Life has dealt me heavy blows: I lost my father to Parkinson's in 2013 and my mother to a pulmonary embolism in 2018. In the midst of my grief, my heart found a companion in Teja, my Shiba Inu from Japan. Mischievous, bold and fiercely independent, he was my ideal match. I can't put into words how much I miss him.

Through it all, I've been lucky to have steadfast friends at OMC and KMC. You've made this unpredictable ride worthwhile and life wouldn't be the same without you. Here's to many more unforgettable memories.



Rama Bojedla née Narla

Hello everyone - my name is Rama Bojedla. It was Rama Narla when we were all in Osmania Medical College.

I can't believe it's been fifty years since we started our journey in life at OMC. Like many of you, I have spent the last fifty years chasing life, trying to establish myself in a foreign land and culture, raising a family, etc. I don't know about you all, but I never thought I would end up here, fifty years later - so soon! It seems like only yesterday that we were all in medical college.

I apologise for not being able to make it to the Hyderabad reunion - we are celebrating my husband's 70th birthday in Italy with our children and their families. However, my husband Vijay and I will be joining many of you for the cruise reunion in October.

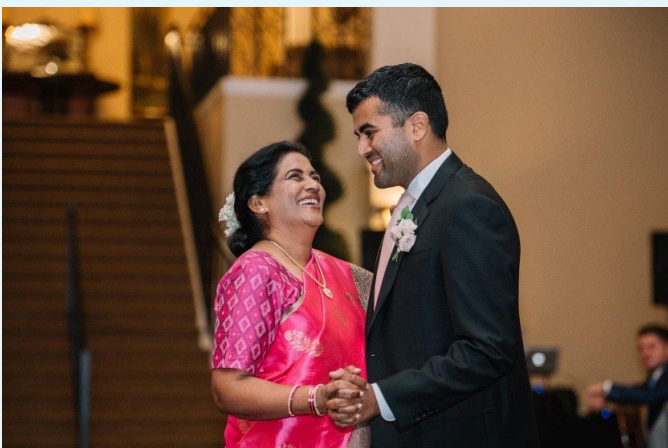


I am sure most of you will not recognise me and I hope the attached pictures from college will help.

My story began at Kakinada Medical College in 1975, but after Anatomy and Physiology I was transferred to OMC. I was very lucky to meet some amazing lifelong friends like Datta, Kalpana, Pari, Meera, Meher, Kamini and others along the way.

I was in private practice practising Internal Medicine in a small town called Lewiston about 12 miles from Niagara Falls, NY USA and after about 36 years felt it was time to hang up my stethoscope and concentrate on my passion - my family and golf! Vijay, a fellow internist, is still in private practice.

I am blessed with a large family on both my husband's and my side which keeps me busy. I spend a lot of time between family, friends, golf and my grandchildren. We have two children. Our daughter Swathi is an Anti Trust Lawyer and our son Kiran is a Sports Medicine and Family Doctor. We are blessed with three grandchildren.



I hope to see you all soon on the October Cruise of 2025 and some hopefully before or after our cruise. (PS: October can't come soon enough!) I wish you all a very happy reunion in Hyderabad.

Hema Malini

A Rolling Stone that has Gathered Some Moss

I am happy to be part of the Golden Jubilee reunion, sharing my experience from our college days to being a person who can help and support people in need. It has been a beautiful journey, sharing my knowledge and brightening lives.

Year 1975: Teenage memories of the early years

Recalling my first day at the Osmania Medical College in March 1975, I entered the college premises at the age of 19 with pride and euphoria after clearing the re-entry examination. I was caught by surprise by a group of seniors, who waited like eagles for the freshers to enter the premises, confiscated my notebook and pencil, saying they would return the items the next day. This did not happen. With our frugal lifestyle, I was afraid to go home without my expensive possessions. Later I was taken to a room full of strangers. The room looked to me like a large cinema hall, with its closed door and heavy curtains. Once we were settled, Mr Patcheco introduced us to the seniors and left. With a catchy name like a celebrity, I was an easy target for the abuse that still haunts me today.

The joy of entering medical college was short-lived as we had to go through six months of the Pre-Professional Course with the same subjects as in junior college. A vivid memory from the first year is that of our first day in the dissecting room with 100 cadavers in two rows. The tutor sat majestically on a chair reading a book and we waited for instructions with eagerness to learn. The loud voice of the tutor called on us all to start our dissection work without waiting to be spoon fed. It dampened our excitement and brought on a little anxiety as she told us that we were in a professional college and needed to learn ourselves. We had no clue about what to do and stood in silence. The tutor went on say: "Those of you assigned to the upper limb will start with the palm and those of you assigned to the lower limb will start with the sole. You have your dissection materials, a guide book and instruments in front of you. Go ahead". Beyond that, we began with our lectures, practicals and exams including internal and external vivas...

I cherished the time we spent at lunchtime waiting for all eight of us to join for a balanced diet of eight varieties. In the limited time we had, we tried to enjoy the meal and get on with the lectures and bhagam bhag life.

A few anecdotes - Ragging our juniors

On one occasion, a batch of us went to rag our juniors- We took them to the Kamat Hotel nearby planning to ask them to pay, but our smart juniors did not have any money on them, and eventually we had to do so. On another occasion, we saw a boy entering the college and went to rag him with full josh and learned that he was an engineering college student who had come to pay fees for his younger brother.



College years racing by and then ending...

From the preclinical years, through the clinical years and the house surgeons period, I just don't know how the years passed. The first salary payment I received was a joy because it marked an end to being dependent on my parents.

Since I had to move out of Hyderabad after my marriage, I could not do my postgraduation immediately. I had to wait to do it in midcareer. I did a postgraduate diploma in Maternal and Child Health from the Indira Gandhi National Open University in 1999.

Getting in the real world – personal milestones

Being a diligent wife, I needed to follow my husband. I had to change jobs several times, taking a break three times in a year due to family needs. I travelled from Hyderabad to Proddatur, Raibareli, Palakurthi, Bhimtal, Delhi, Meerut and then settled down in Bangalore for the last 24 years. I had the privilege of working for the Andhra Pradesh Government for four years, worked in public sector undertakings, for the Corporate Social Responsibility wing of Modi Rubber, the private sector, charitable organizations, and nongovernment organizations. Though I worked for many different kinds of organizations, the focus of my work has been on obstetrics – one half of it has been in mainstream medicine and the other half in public health/social work.



The transition from clinical and laboratory examination, diagnosis and treatment to proposal writing, approval seeking, and implementation was challenging. Overseeing projects involved managing human resources, finance, and timely reporting to funders. I must say though that learning computers in middle age was both challenging and exciting.

My most memorable work was with Modi Rubber where I was able to set up a maternity ward with four beds and a small neonatal ward just for the babies I helped deliver. Another soul satisfying work was with an NGO called Samraksha based in Bangalore, where I worked with different groups of women such as those with HIV, those involved in sex work, adolescent girls and women in garment factories – each with their own physical and psycho-social needs. I was privileged to be able to present our work in international conferences in Sri Lanka and Indonesia. In recognition of my work, I was felicitated by an organisation in April 2024.

Loved ones

On a personal note, I have faced challenges in caring for my mother-in-law, who turned 105 in January this year, and in caring for my daughter who has had to be hospitalised seven times between 2019 and 2022 due to serious health problems. Thankfully she is better now. I must add that I feel blessed with the strong support I have received from family and friends.

I have been inactive professionally since 2020 although retirement is never an option for us. I bounce back to help family and friends when needed with both healthy lifestyle advice care for illness when needed.

Let's enjoy our Golden Jubilee reunion together!!!!

After years of study, practice and dedication, I am signing off today :)
An example of a rolling stone that gathers moss.



Jyothi Racha

After graduating from Osmania Medical College, I worked in a care home for a couple of years. Then I got married and moved to the USA. I raised our son and daughter, completed a residency programme in psychiatry and worked first in the private sector and then in a state hospital for 15 years. Finally, I accepted a position as a psychiatrist in the Federal Government for 15 years.

Here is a photo of me in the college days and one of now.



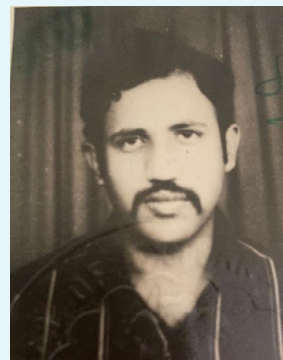
I enjoy keeping in touch with old friends, gardening and travelling



Ananth Puranik

OMC and Beyond...

Joining Osmania Medical College (OMC) after retaking the entrance exam twice, having passed the first time, made it all the more precious. Moving from the pre-professional course, through the pre-clinical segment to the clinical jungle was bewildering. The journey including learning, fear, excitement, a mixture of awe and disappointment from the dissection hall to the rides in the "kukkamooti bus" to our hospital postings, to the end of the internship was an unforgettable experience. As I reflect now, "Apne Saadgi Pe Hasi Aathi Hai".



Videsham-1-A West Indian Journey

From the cosy nest in our extended family of my beloved Hyderabad, with an MBBS degree in hand, I landed 18000 miles away in Kingston Jamaica, some 29 days after my internship. The tall stature and morphology of the common man there invoked daily endocrine chapter revisions and differential diagnoses, later to be discounted as normality.



In a Jamaican 'Doc shirt' - with my Suchitra in Jamaica

After passing the Jamaican medical exams, I began a year in the casualty department at the University Hospital in Kingston, which was to be an eye opener. Sick cell crises, hypoglycemia, diabetic ketoacidosis, ectopic pregnancies, myocardial infarctions, gunshot wounds along with "rum fits", marijuana use/abuse (which was ubiquitous), modified paranoia and manic presentations were common with far fewer overdoses and stabbings. Evenings and weekends were dominated by booming reggae music in the streets, a far cry from the soothing bells of the Hanuman temple at Adikmet and Kachiguda.

Life galloped at the pace of West Indian opening bowlers.

The University College Hospital was a 480-bed teaching hospital, one of three campuses of the University of the West Indies, with an adult psychiatric ward. The university ran a four-year Doctor of Medicine psychiatry programme which in turn took me to Trinidad and Tobago and Grenada, the spice isle. One of the highlights of working in Grenada was working with the Yale University psychiatry team as part of the Health Of People Everywhere (HOPE) Project and flying monthly to the smaller island of Caricou for antipsychotic depot clinics. Incidentally, Caricou was a high-spirited fishing and boat building island with 101 bars and a single petrol pump!

Videsham -2 Psychiatry in UK:

The desire to further my career and the economic volatility of the small islands took me to the UK in 1988 where I began my psychiatric training in the West Midlands region, working towards a membership of the Royal College.

Unlike the Indian subcontinent and the East in general, the West is grey and ageing. The specialty of geriatric psychiatry (for the over 65's) was in its infancy in the early 90's with a massive scope. After training in London and the South East, I started as a consultant geriatric psychiatrist in 1994 and retired some 25 years later.

Newer conditions were being described and recognised. The fascinating intersection of mind, brain, body and medications, coupled with the opportunity to learn from the filtered wisdom of older adults, has a unique ability to satisfy one's insatiable holistic appetite. Prescribing cholinesterase inhibitors for the first time in 1999 was breaking new ground. Supporting, caring for, constantly treating, and learning from older adults aged 65 to 110 and their carers (the unsung heroes) has been a uniquely satisfying experience, in addition to partially fulfilling the "Maatrurina and Piturina (filial debt)".

On the family front, we welcomed our son Shreyas, now a senior software developer, in 1988 and our daughter Pooja, a chartered accountant, in 1992. Here is a photo of them as children in early 1990s and a more recent one of them as young adults.

Having learnt psychiatry, it was also time to contribute to the specialty through teaching, examinership/ leadership through clinical, directorate and service development roles until my retirement in 2019. Contributing to the National Dementia Strategy, recruiting patients for trials of the antidementia drug memantine and antidepressants in dementia has been particularly exciting.



The mental health of healthcare professionals has its own challenges, including time management, especially when we are no longer needed as much.

Outside, work, I enjoy gardening and allotment gardening, have learnt a bit of Spanish and enjoy reading and speaking Sanskrit, which I teach online at a basic level. I hope to continue to be active and to age gracefully. Once an OSMECO, one is always an OSMECO.

As I reflect on our life at OMC with a deep sense of gratitude, an Irish prayer keeps echoing through my heart and soul.

*"May the road rise to meet you
May the wind be always at your back
May the sunshine warm up on your face
May God hold you in the palm of his hand "*



Manohar Siddula

One of the happiest days of my life was the day I cleared my medical entrance examination.

It was my father's dream to make me a doctor. With the guidance and encouragement of my cousins, I could get selected for MBBS. It was my biggest achievement when I cleared the State Entrance examination, considering my Telugu medium background and low middle-class family. Losing my father in the 4th year was the biggest shock of my life. My mother and younger brother supported me during this tough phase.

My college life

Little did I know that it is not the appearance but the character that matters,

It is not the flowery language but the subject that matters,

It is not just manners but the compassion that matters,

It is not the marks but the clinical acumen that matters.

The remarkable guidance of great teachers and the unwavering support of friendly classmates made college life an incredible, interesting and smooth journey which was a great phase in my life for self-fulfilment.

Post graduation in Medicine was one of the toughest times but again, wonderful teachers guided me in the right direction to overcome the challenges I faced and helped me to pass my postgraduate exam in the very first attempt. In the 1980s, that was a great achievement indeed!

My work:

I joined the Andhra Pradesh Government Services as an Assistant Professor of Medicine in 1986 and from then on there was no looking back in my career as I was soon promoted to Associate Professor and later Professor of Medicine. Holding the chair of Head of Department of Medicine at Osmania Medical College for three years was a surreal experience and the pinnacle of my career. It was undoubtedly the greatest achievement of my life.

A Best Teacher Award from the State Government and the Indian Medical Association, Hyderabad chapter was another feather in my cap.

I retired from service in 2015, but the hunger to teach and share my experience and knowledge compelled me to continue teaching in various medical colleges. Currently, I am proud to teach Diplomate of National Board Medicine students.



My personal life:

I am married to Dr R D Padmavathi, my guide and mentor. We are blessed with two daughters – Snigdha, the elder one is an engineer, and Sraddha the younger one is born with a borderline disability but is brave, strong, courageous and resilient. Through her, we have learned the meaning of purity and strength.

Life is a mixture of achievements and disappointments, hope and despair, happiness and sorrow, health and sickness.

The goal of my life

"To realise the true nature of the self, cultivate devotion and knowledge, selflessly fulfil one's duties."

Ultimately, to achieve spiritual liberation and eternal bliss through union with the Divine as taught in the Bhagavath Geeta.

On the occasion of the golden jubilee of OSMECO 75, I thank all my teachers and classmates for their valuable contribution in my life. I wish you all the very best.



Tripura Sundari

Five Decades, Still Batting, Not Out!

Hello everyone,

I'm Dr Tripura. Does that ring a bell? I'm sure it does!!! At least for my batch mates - Batch D: Do I remember the day my life's journey took a turn towards fulfilling my ambition right from my childhood: to become a doctor: to where I am and what I am today? Yes, I do; as vividly as yesterday! It was February 1975, the Maha Siva Ratri - I spent the whole night chanting "Eshwara; naaku Seat Raavali" as if it were a mantra: and it worked!!! Jubilant to see my number assigned to Osmania Medical College (OMC), the prestigious institute that sowed the seeds in us, and here we are making our own mark in family and society.



We were barely 18 years old when we joined OMC. The first day felt like entering a temple, which it indeed is! The college was mesmerising with its lecture halls and corridors!!! I was very shy, timid, and innocent like most of us. Not being with any of my childhood friends, I was very anxious but by God's grace I was able to adjust quickly.

Ragging: Oh yes, I remember; singing - I was asked to sing [which I never did even in the bathroom]; dancing; walking on my knees, mimicking and whatnot. It all seems funny now, but I was trembling then!

Classes: After six months of the pre-professional course, we entered the most dreaded place - the Anatomy Dissection Hall with the nauseating smell of formalin; the unforgettable stench of dead bodies floating in the formalin tanks; the sight of blood in the Physiology Lab... We sat with rolling eye balls, feeling dizzy; some of us - including some boys - fainted. With the histopathology practicals, I had more blue and pink colour on my face, hands and apron than in the record book. And I must admit, I never ever understood organic chemistry! Then came the most dreaded exam - Anatomy, which reduced our numbers from 200 to 140.

Friends: I was friendly with most of the girls and a few boys mostly from our D batch but I used to hang out with Padmini, Vidya, and D. Uma most of the time.

Clinical postings: They were most cherished; I felt like a real doctor now moving around the wards and talking to patients, and with an apron and a stethoscope - OMG - A dream come true!!!

Extra-curricular activities: A big ZERO. not knowing anything but books, books and more books!!!

Functions: I vaguely remember attending the wedding of 2-3 of our friends in the last year or so. I think we had a medical exhibition at the time of our joining and in the final year (?) Then going to a class picnic in the first year; going to the Patancheru Primary Health Centre Post; the college

library which was vibrant with so many students. There was often no space inside; I remember sitting on the stairs everywhere along with Padmini, Vidya and Uma. Reading was fun but with fear of exams always.

1980-81:

House Surgeonship - where I had learnt many skills; enjoyed moving with the senior faculty and looked at them with great admiration.

1982:

Life took a new turn when I married Dr Ranga Rao, a neurosurgeon. I had more responsibilities now and the unfinished dream of acquiring a postgraduate degree. My husband is the most loving and caring person. He is my strength: He has supported me in every step of my life. I'm always grateful to God for his blessings.



Later I completed my postgraduate diploma and then my degree in Gynaecology and Obstetrics at a snail's pace. Both of us joined government service in Hyderabad. He had to move to Vijayawada on promotion as Professor of Neurosurgery. Siddhartha Medical College/Government General Hospital, Vijayawada. After few years I moved with kids there. We are now settled in Vijayawada.

Family: We are blessed with two sons; both are married; we have a granddaughter who is ten years old now. Both our sons are well settled; we are proud of their achievements.

Future aspirations: Nothing special. Like some of us - to work till the last breath.

Mission unaccomplished: to acquire a Doctorate of Medicine degree – to be a super specialist. But having said that I am indebted to God for blessing me with more than I wished for.

This short note [ha ha, is it?] will not be complete unless I express my heartfelt gratitude to The Supreme Power of God - Om Namah Sivaya; Sri Matre Namah; my teachers for their passionate teaching - Guru Devo Maheswaraha: my family -grandparents, parents; in-laws; siblings, friends and relatives for their unconditional affection, love and support in every walk of our lives.

Pranamam to all those without whom we would not have achieved what we have and be what we are now.



Ather Parvez

Half a century is not a long time in history, but for an individual it is almost three-quarters of their life. Of the remaining third, we spent about 17 years before entering medical school.

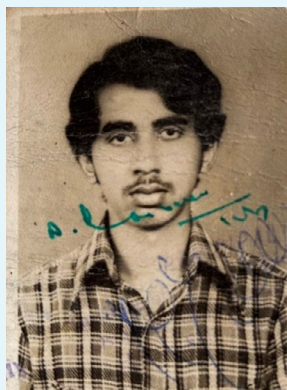
In those days, medical studies were the rage. When we travelled by bus to the college, people would look at our white coats on our shoulders in awe, as if we were the privileged class of students. It was really difficult to get into the medical college because there were only 300 seats. Mr Pacheko used to say that it was more difficult to get out of the medical college than to get in, but fortunately we, the chosen ones, proved him wrong.

In those days we commanded immense respect from patients, unlike now when we (doctors) often incur their wrath and have to save our skins. Sometimes when the rot in the health system is discussed, we have to shy away from our identity as doctors in public. I feel that this predicament has arisen due to the growing number of private medical colleges and the consequent commercialisation of medical practice.

Going down memory lane, I can still recall our annual day, Kalpana and team playing 'Yad kiya dil ne kahan ho tum' on the sitar, Harish and Sarwar singing 'Ek chatur nar' and myself playing a number on the mandolin. Late Dr Rambhopal, a nephrologist, was our mentor. Even after 50 years, it is difficult to forget the picnic of our first year at Kidwai Cottage in Shameerpet with Dr Joseph Gummadi and Dr Krishna Rao.

I also fondly remember the days when we used to study in the library and take a break to go to Kishore Cafe for curry puff and tea before a canteen came up in our college premises.

Our batch was notoriously unique for passing the medical entrance exam twice in two months, but by the grace of God, most of our batchmates are now postgraduates and many have left our shores to shine abroad and bring glory to Osmania Medical College. Our batch provided the 1st Director of Medical Education to the new state of Telangana. Another member of our batch is doing excellent medico-social work and has been recognised and rewarded by the Indian Medical Association with a national award. We can't forget that we had an excellent and dedicated batch of teachers to whom we owe so much.

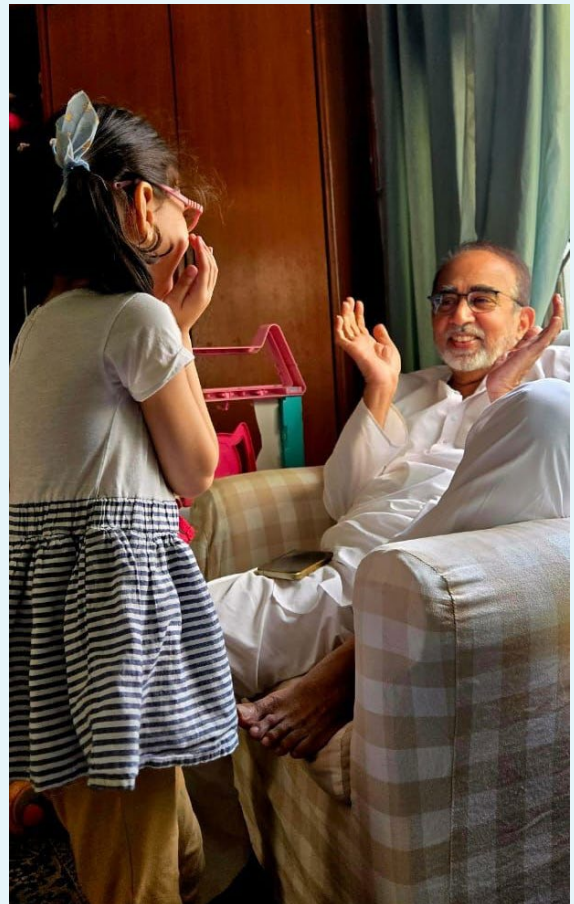


I recall two interesting cases from our OMC phase. Professor of Surgery Dr A.K. Chary and Dr Waliuddin differed in their technique of appendectomy. Dr Chary never used to bury the stump and Dr Waliuddin always did. The problem arose when Dr Waliuddin himself had appendicitis and needed surgery. Dr Chary, being the operating surgeon, refused to bury the stump while Dr Waliuddin insisted, saying it was his appendix and therefore his prerogative. When Dr Waliuddin found out that the stump had not been buried after he had recovered from the anaesthesia, he was very upset, and remained so for a long time. In the second case, the normally submissive Dr Prakasham, assistant to Dr Narsing Rao, rushed towards his boss when he saw him leaving a screaming patient without deflating the blood pressure cuff.

A word about myself, I did my MD and Diploma in Anaesthesiology from OMC and practiced in Hyderabad all my life. I didn't succumb to the lure of going abroad to study or take up a job, though I have travelled outside India as a tourist.

I would like to share two photos. The family photo is taken at our front door. I am with my gynaecologist wife, my biochemist daughter, my paediatric surgeon son-in-law and my lovely granddaughter.

I wish you all a wonderful Golden Jubilee and reunion and may you all be healthy, happy and prosperous!



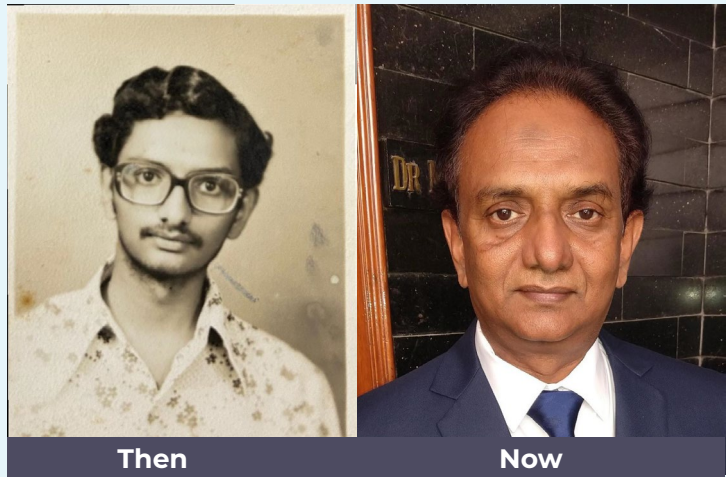
M S M Christopher

A Journey Down Memory Lane

Walking into the medical college for the first time was a truly exciting experience. I was in awe of the vast and impressive Osmania Medical College campus. Adding to the excitement was the fact that we were a 'double filtered' batch - a phrase Mr Patcheco often used - which made us feel even more special.

The first nine months flew by and we were soon introduced to the core medical subjects. Anatomy was something we all dreaded, mainly because of the fear instilled in us by our seniors. But in reality, it turned out to be quite fascinating.

Dissecting cadavers and inhaling the unforgettable smell of formaldehyde gave us a unique sense of learning. Physiology seemed more accessible, perhaps thanks to the friendly and encouraging face of our professor. Group study sessions helped us to memorise and understand complex topics. I managed to scrape through the exams and moved on to the four pre-clinical subjects.



At that time, we weren't quite serious about academics. The final year brought a change - reading became more consistent and focused. But we still found time for fun. Whenever there was a power cut, we'd look at each other and before the power came back on, we'd run to Ashok, Navrang or Vikranti Theatres in Jambagh. Passing the final year felt like an ecstatic achievement.

The internship brought its own joys. The Social and Preventive Medicine placement was particularly enjoyable and our rural placement in Nizamabad was full of camaraderie and lasting memories.

I joined the Diploma in Ophthalmology (DO) course at the Sarojini Devi Eye Hospital (SDEH). It was during my DO studies that I married my dear Rajashree, making this phase of my life even more special.

After completing my DO, I joined Secunderabad Lions' Club Hospital. Nine months later, I moved to the Mennonite Bretheran Medical Centre (Mission Hospital) Jadcherla, where we organised numerous eye camps, which greatly improved my surgical skills.

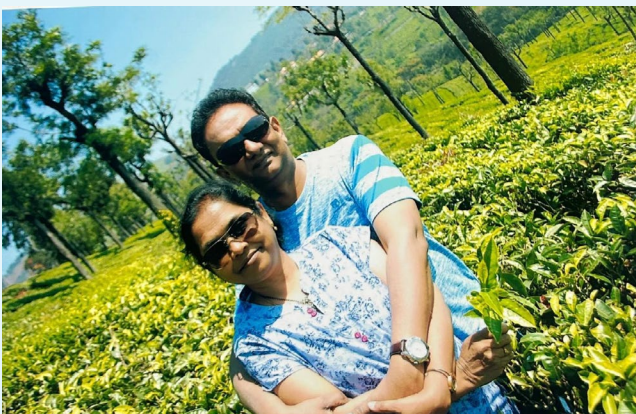
When Rajashree passed her licencing exam to work in Iran, we met Dr Arnold, the superintendent of Jadcherla Hospital where she worked. His words have stayed with me: "If you want to get ahead in life, you have to take risks." Rajashree went to work in Iran and for a while I wandered around, not knowing what to do next. Eventually, I followed her to Iran and joined the Eye Department in the hospital she was working in, a unit that was opened especially for me. On returning to India, I secured a government job in Primary Health Center, Nalgonda District, and was later transferred to Chevella. Luckily, I got another transfer back to SDEH, where I had the opportunity to pursue my Diplome of National Board. I was eventually promoted to Assistant Professor and remained at SDEH until my retirement in 2014.

I regularly organised national annual Continuing Medical Education sessions for eight years for postgraduates. I got involved with the SDEH alumni association and am its President to date.

After retirement, I became a bit of a 'jumping jack', moving from one college to another: Vasan Eye Care, VRK Medical College, Malla Reddy Medical College, RVM Medical College, Employee State Insurance, ESI Medical College (Sanathnagar), Arundati Medical College - and now I am happily serving as Professor and Head of the Department of Ophthalmology at Patnam Mahender Reddy Medical College, Chevella.

These days, I'm enjoying the best of both worlds - a fulfilling professional life and beautiful moments with my children and grandchildren. I cherish my classmates and make it a point to meet them whenever possible - they are my ultimate stress busters!

It was a truly rewarding experience to be one of the organisers of our memorable reunion in 2021 at Pragati Resorts - a reunion that was widely appreciated.



With my dear wife Rajashree



**Sheikh Christopher with
Begum Rajashree**

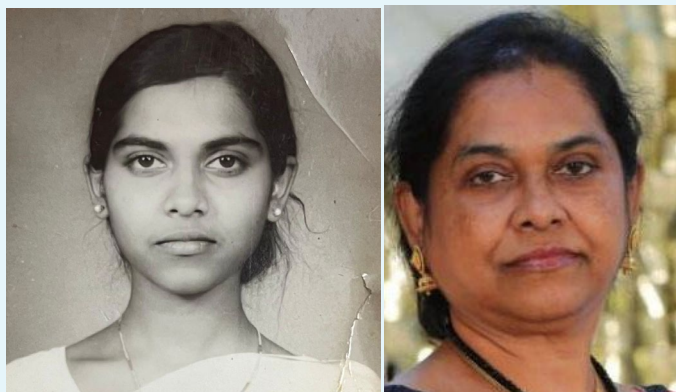
D Rajashree

A Journey Through Time – My Life in Medicine

Life in medical school

What a whirlwind of emotions and memories! It was a transformative period that turned a bunch of teenage girls into strong, responsible women. From the very beginning of our first year, we formed a close group of friends, bonded as friends, and proudly called ourselves the Crazy Girls.

Our lives revolved around lectures, textbooks, practicals, clinical placements, exams and, of course, the dreaded vivas. There was always a mixture of anxiety and excitement, but through it all we supported each other. I have fond memories of our joint study sessions at each other's homes, where our mothers pampered us with love, care and delicious food. The late-night studies, though exhausting, had their own charm.



Photos of our Mysore and Gandipet trips

But it wasn't all work! Our group was equally enthusiastic when it came to fun. We'd rush off to the cinema at the drop of a hat, spend hours chatting and laughing in the canteen and at the Kamath Hotel, and stretch our meagre pocket money as far as it would go. Our picnics - both local and outstation - were filled with laughter and adventure. Looking back, I admire the courage we had to explore the world on our own terms.

And how can I forget the most precious gift medical school gave me - my husband, Chris. Ours was a gentle, enduring romance that blossomed amidst the chaos of college life and eventually led to marriage. Balancing studies, friendships and love was no easy task, but somehow I managed - and those moments are forever etched in my heart.

There was also sadness. I lost my father in July 1980, just two months before my final exams. It was a difficult time, but with the unwavering support of my friends and Chris, I passed my exams. I remain deeply grateful to them for standing by me.

Beyond medical college

After my house-surgeonship, I got married and pursued my Diploma in Gynaecology and Obstetrics at the Gandhi Medical College, completing it in 1984. It was during this time that I embraced motherhood with the birth of my first son.

With limited surgical exposure during college, I joined Jadcherla Mission Hospital - a referral centre for critical cases from the surrounding villages. Under the guidance of Dr Arnold, a supportive general surgeon, I began to manage cases independently. One moment that touched my heart was when an eclampsia patient named her daughter after me - an overwhelming experience as a doctor.

This confidence led me to take on a challenging role in Iran, posted to a border state then shrouded in the uncertainty of war. I lived alone for the first six months before Chris joined me. We worked together for six years and I still can't believe I made it through those first few months alone in a foreign country. My colleagues there affectionately called me Veera Nari. It was during this time that I gave birth to my second son.

On my return to India, I joined the government service as a medical officer. I served at Urban Primary Health Center, UPHC Jeedimetla (Rangareddy district) for three years, then at the Civil Defence Institute for five years and finally at UPHC Uppal for another three years. I received a state award from the then Chief Minister Chandra Babu Naidu for doing the highest number of family planning surgeries in the state, and another from Home Minister Devender Goud for being the best medical officer in Rangareddy District.

With frequent threats of transfer, I made a bold move into academia. At the age of 50, I completed my MD in physiology and returned to Osmania Medical College - my alma mater - as an assistant and then associate professor, eventually retiring in 2014. It was a full-circle moment, reliving the same corridors and memories of my student days. Teaching had always been a passion and I enjoyed it immensely.

But retirement was just a word! The very next day I joined Mallareddy Medical College for Women, where I continue to serve as Professor and Head of the Department of Physiology, and as Vice-Principal (Administration). I feel blessed to have experienced both the clinical and academic worlds of medicine - and I still love every bit of it. I am a firm believer in working as long as we can.



My family

I am proud of my family. My elder son is a software engineer working in California, USA. His wife is a homemaker and they have a beautiful daughter who is now in 9th standard. My younger son is a Consultant Urologist at Srikara Hospital after completing Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. His wife, an MD. in Biochemistry, works as a Consultant Biochemist at Yashoda Hospital. I am blessed with two lovely grandsons from them.

My hobbies

Over the years, I've enjoyed music and reading novels in Hindi, Telugu and English. These days, my favourite hobby is spending time with my grandchildren - an experience beyond words.

As I stand here today, I feel immense joy and gratitude. I'm eagerly looking forward to reuniting with all my dear classmates at our long-awaited 50th Golden Reunion. Let's celebrate our journey, our bond and the unforgettable memories we have made along the way.



Aruna Reddy

My college days

Of course, in a yearbook full of doctors, it would sound very clichéd if I said that getting into medical school was one of the happiest moments of my life. But it is the truth. Visiting a medical exhibition at Gandhi Medical College as a young child with my uncle, who was a doctor, was the turning point in my path towards the medical profession. Yes, there were hardships to endure, both as a medical student and as a practitioner, but after five decades in the profession, I have absolutely no regrets.

At college, as an individual, I was known to some as 'Maisamma' because of the large bindi I wore (a nickname that initially infuriated me, but on reflection, years later, has become a light-hearted,

pleasant memory). As a group of four, initially myself, Aruna Rao, Deepa Khushlani and Amita Kakarla, we were nicknamed 'Tetrode', which later, albeit occasionally, became 'Pentode' with Anuradha N Chari's part-time membership (I am sure everyone remembers that her full-time membership was with the popular romantic club of Osmeco 75). Though we were not antisocial, somehow our comfort zone was limited to the four or five of us. It is such a blessing that even after half a century, Aruna and I in Hyderabad and Amita during my visits to my daughter in Dayton, Ohio, continue to meet and relive the warmth of our friendship. Deepa also keeps in touch, albeit through long distance communication.

Examination time used to be terrifying, but my family (especially my dear father) and friends were my pillars of support, keeping me from emotional freefall.

My family and my professional life

I am happily married to Vijaysen Reddy, who is an anaesthetist, and we are blessed with a daughter and a son; each of them has given us a granddaughter and a grandson. All the adult members of our family are doctors, so it is almost impossible to separate my family life from my professional life. We run a successful maternity and nursing home and, by God's grace, have earned the love and trust of the people we serve. My son Pranav is a plastic/cosmetic surgeon and his wife Sowmya is an erudite neurologist. My daughter is a paediatrician and her husband Pradeep is an Electro-Physiologist cardiologist. My son and his family are here in India, whereas my daughter and her family are in the USA. And now our eldest granddaughter has taken her first step towards joining the medical profession by starting a pre-med course at Harvard University.



Now: With my good friends Aruna and Deepa

My acknowledgements

To my parents, who brought me into this world
and nurtured me with abundant love

To my family, who stood by me through thick
and thin

To my teachers and my profession, who gave
me my identity and purpose

To my friends, who were my friends despite me
being who I am

To my children and grandchildren, who make
my life meaningful and to God, who gives all
the above and more.

**Happy Golden Reunion to all! God bless
you all with health, happiness and joy!**



**A family of doctors...
With my husband Vijaysen**



My son Pranav, his wife Soumya, my daughter Prakruti, her husband Pradeep and their children

Padmini Chandupatla née Neelam

Entry into Medical College

I entered Osmania Medical College in 1975, fulfilling the dream that lived in my heart since childhood- a dream inspired and nurtured by my father. Becoming a doctor was not just my aspiration, it was his deepest wish. Walking through the gates of OMC was the first step in turning that dream into a lifelong reality of a journey of healing and service.

Life in medical college was challenging, especially the Anatomy dissection; having to read lots of huge books and sitting in the library for hours together. It was all worth it when we eventually came out of the Medical College successfully at the end of the six long years. Overall -it was a pleasant experience! I was fortunate to have good friends and great professors as mentors.

Love over a book of Chatterjee

I remember I had met Vijay Kumar, my classmate for the first time in the library, when he had given me a Chatterjee textbook to prepare for the examination. - I remember getting a distinction in Physiology. At that time, I never thought that he would become my life partner. We eventually got married in 1982.

Post-graduation

I started my post-graduation, MD -Obstetrics and Gynaecology, in Gandhi Hospital, two days after my marriage. I did my MD with renowned professors like Dr Loka Bai and Dr Hemalatha Rangachari from whom I learnt a lot. I came out with a prestigious MD degree and joined Durgabai Deshmukh hospital.

Here comes the turning point of my career. Whilst assisting Dr Loka Bai in a case of major degree placenta praevia, she advised me to join State Government Service. Hence in 1986 I came to Jagthyal. I was young, hardworking and enthusiastic - I recall working night and day. Later Vijay joined me and we started a small nursing home in 1988. We have not looked back since. In 1998, we had our new nursing home inaugurated by Dr Hemalatha Rangachari

Family life and Professional Success

For a successful professional life, I think a lot of family support is required, which I got from Vijay and our children. I have a happy feeling knowing that I am still wanted by patients. I feel particularly happy when I meet the children I have delivered and get to know that they too have become doctors and have started their own practice. .





Our two daughters Pallavi and Pranavi live in the USA. Pallavi works in Brooklyn Hospital New York and Pranavi works in Arm Semiconductor Company in Austin. We are blessed with three grandsons and one granddaughter.



To retire or not to retire...

Vijay and I now want to retire, relax and enjoy life with the grandchildren - but we are not able to leave the profession too!

For the moment, we are look forward to meeting up with old friends at the reunion and to have a rocking time!

Vijay Chandupatla

The start of my medical college journey

Although I had always dreamed of becoming a doctor, coming from a modest background with five siblings and a large joint family, the prospect of attending medical college seemed out of reach. But fate had other plans. During a holiday after my first year of B.Sc. Agriculture, my cousin Amar encouraged me to take the medical entrance exam. In a truly serendipitous turn of events, I secured admission to Osmania Medical College in 1975.

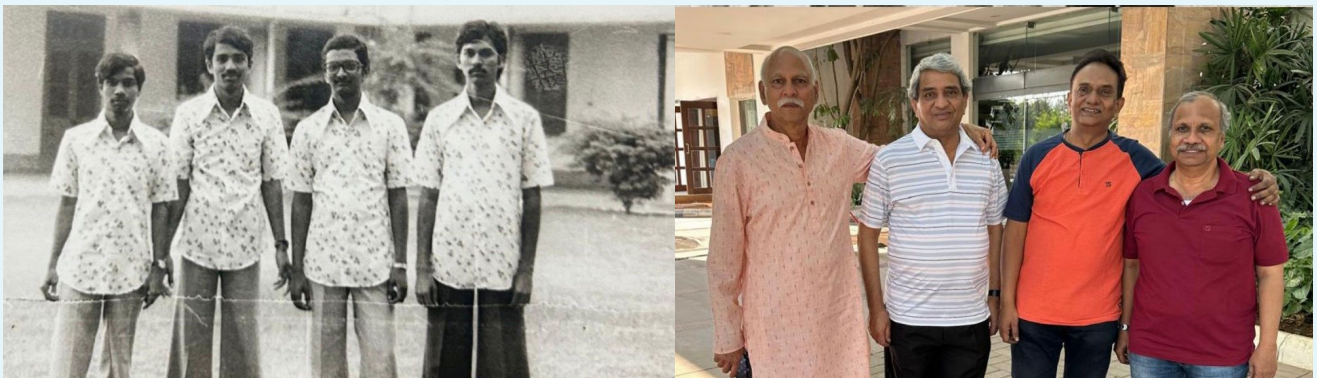
Meeting my life partner

I first met Padmini in the library, where she was asking the librarian for a physiology textbook to prepare for an upcoming exam, which unfortunately wasn't available at the time. I approached her and offered her my copy; a simple gesture that marked the beginning of our friendship. Our bond deepened with each passing day and we were married in 1982. We are now blessed with two wonderful daughters, loving sons-in-law and four adorable grandchildren.



Friends for life

My medical school years were marked by financial hardship. My father, a dedicated school principal, worked tirelessly to support our family, always struggling to make ends meet. During these difficult times, I was fortunate to have the unwavering support of dear friends Vijayamma, Deshmukh, Raghavendra and Vidya Rani. Christopher, Deshmukh, Raju and I earned the nickname "The Four Musketeers". Our late-night study sessions, often huddled over a single cup of tea from the Kishore Café, remain close to my heart. These friendships are still dear to me and I will cherish them forever. My daughters often say that I find my greatest joy when I'm with this group of friends.



Professional life

After graduating from medical college, I was motivated to support my family and decided to start practicing immediately. While we worked hard to establish our careers, Padmini, after completing her post-graduation (MD in Obstetrics and Gynaecology), secured a job in Jagtial, Karimnagar. I joined her there and in October 1986 we started with a four-bed nursing home, which has since grown into a 35-bed hospital. Over the past 38 years, we've had the privilege of delivering more than 35,000 babies. The ability to serve the community and provide the highest quality of care remains my greatest source of pride.

The next chapter

Having dedicated so many years to our hospital, I now feel the urge to slow down and spend quality time with our daughters and grandchildren - making up for the precious family moments I have missed along the way. But Padmini, ever spirited, reminds me with a smile: "The show must go on!"



Bapu Rao Saive

An enriching journey to fulfillment

I am Bapu Rao Saive. I completed 40 years of clinical practice on 14 April 2025. And I'd like to share my story with you all.

I was born and brought up in Torlikonda, a small village near Armoor in Nizamabad district. My parents were beedi workers who were also involved in farming. They worked very hard to provide us with a good education, which resulted in my older brothers becoming engineers, me becoming a doctor, and my younger siblings becoming teachers. Our family is a prime example of the fulfilment of our parents' dreams and hard work. I did my schooling in our village and Intermediate in New Science College, Ameerpet, Hyderabad.



I got into Osmania Medical College in my first attempt. But due to economic difficulties, I had to wait till the last day to join OMC. And since I came from a Telugu medium background, I initially faced a lot of difficulties in communicating and even getting good marks in the exams.

Accommodation was also a problem. I initially stayed with my elder brother's family, but I soon realised that I could not stay there for the duration of my MBBS. It was a very stressful period, but I didn't lose heart; I just decided to work even harder. I moved into a classmate's room for a year, and later into OMC's hostel. I still wonder how I managed to live on the small amount of 50 rupees sent by my father every month! Fortunately, I also received a social welfare scholarship, which included free accommodation and meals.



I put my heart and soul and worked very, very hard to overcome these difficulties. And by my final year of MBBS, I was very confident and successful in my academics and it's safe to say that I even dominated the show.

I also secured good marks in the Post Graduate Entrance Examination in my first attempt. However, I was confused when it came to choosing a stream (surgical/medical). Due to my financial background, I decided to go for an MD in General Medicine instead of the surgical stream (I could get into either stream as I had a good rank in the entrance exam).

In the last year of my MD, I married my lovely wife, Bhoolakshmi. My marriage to Lakshmi has completely changed my life for the better. We are blessed with three children - a son and two daughters. I owe it all to my wife's cooperation, guidance and patience. She did an amazing job of raising our children while I was busy working.

After graduation, I started working as an assistant civil surgeon at the Employees State Insurance Hospital in Sanatnagar. But I soon realised that it wasn't something I was passionate about and resigned. I started an independent practice in Khammam town on 16-04-1985. Since then, I never looked back and over time became the number one doctor in Khammam and surrounding districts. I always made sure that my patients felt comfortable communicating with me and

treated everyone with respect. I have a fond memory of this; I had some patients from a rural Lambadi tribe who used to visit me and share their problems with me as if I were a member of their family. I had some difficulties in the early days of my practice. There was an incident of sulpha reaction where other doctors in the city tried to blame and defame me. But I came out of that situation stronger and with a clean record. For better educational prospects and exposure for the children, Lakshmi suggested that we move to Hyderabad. In 2001, Lakshmi and the children moved to Hyderabad while I stayed in Khammam. We juggled between the two cities for seven years, mostly spending weekends together. It was a difficult time being away from my family, but in the end, it was worth all the sacrifices we made.

I finally shifted my practice to Hyderabad in June 2008. I worked as a senior doctor at BBR Super Speciality Hospital in Balanagar, Hyderabad. I quickly became popular in and around the area and surrounding districts. I soon became the trouble shooter for many complicated cases in our hospital.

My son Siddhartha Salve has completed his Masters in Orthopaedics and is working as an Orthopaedic Surgeon at the City Neuro Centre, Tirumalgiri, and also at the hospital I work in. He is blessed with two sons.

Both my daughters have done their masters degrees in the USA and are software engineers. My elder daughter Sindhura Krishna lives in Dallas, Texas and is blessed with one son and one daughter. My younger daughter Sanjana Krishna lives in Phoenix, Arizona and has a son.

Looking back, I'm very happy with the way my life has turned out. I always consider my time at OMC as the stepping stone to my success. It prepared me for life's challenges and opportunities. I am proud to have been a part of this institution and couldn't have asked for a better place to start my life in medicine.

My story would be incomplete without expressing my gratitude to my parents. I could only become a doctor because of their hard work. I will be forever grateful to them. I am grateful for the opportunity to support them financially and emotionally in their old age. To me, that is the greatest achievement of my life.



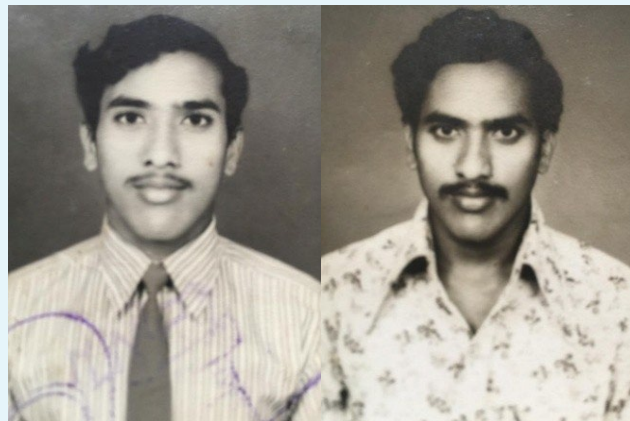
Upendra Karne

My Journey From a village boy's dream to a Life of Service

What inspired me

My name is Dr Upendra Karne. I was born on 8th September in the quiet village of Pedhamupparam in the heart of Warangal. I grew up in a humble lower middle-class family where life was simple but dreams were big. My education began in a Telugu medium Zilla Parishad Government School, where the seeds of dedication and discipline were sown.

My earliest inspiration to pursue medicine came from watching my father, a dedicated Registered Medical Practitioner, who often took his patients to Kakatiya Medical College for better treatment. I would accompany him, silently observing the world of white coats and healing hands – being exposed to this environment stirred something deep within me. A trip to Hyderabad changed everything. I heard stories about Osmania Medical College, OMC - its legacy, its brilliance - and I made up my mind. That's where I wanted to study. I worked hard and took the medical entrance exam with nothing but faith and fire in my heart. The day I saw my name in the newspaper was unforgettable - my dream had come true.



Milestones That Mattered

- * Receiving the Best Doctor Award from the Karimnagar District Collector.
- * Becoming Superintendent of Sarojini Devi Eye Hospital.
- * Being honoured with the Medical Excellence Award from the Indian Solidarity
- * Contributing to social service across various regions throughout my career.
- * Sharing my journey through television interviews and newspaper articles.
- * Participating in numerous medical conferences and professional meetings.

Family and Gratitude

Behind every success story is a strong support system. My wife, Shakuntala Karne, has been by my side through every struggle and achievement. While I was immersed in work, she took care of our family with unwavering strength and love. I am blessed with two sons and a daughter, all well settled, and today I rejoice in the laughter of my two granddaughters and a grandson.



Today's chapter

I recently retired as Superintendent of the VRK Women's Medical College and Research Centre. I am currently working as a technical advisor for the Shadan Medical Group, continuing my passion for teaching and surgery. I take immense pleasure in mentoring budding doctors and contributing to the next generation of medical professionals.

When I'm not teaching, I love to travel - especially to spiritual places - with my family. These moments allow me to reflect on how far I've come and how each chapter of my life has shaped the person I am today.



Closing thoughts

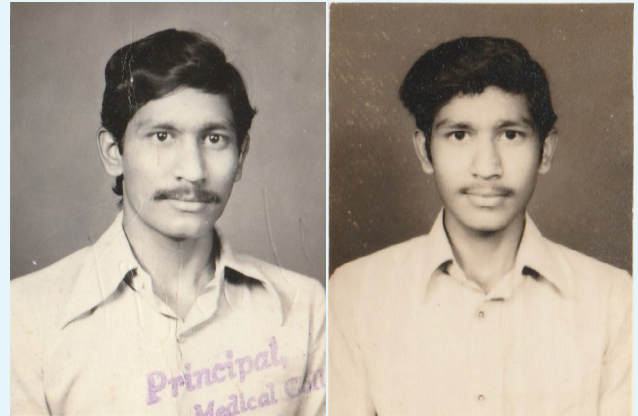
As I look back on my journey from being a small village boy to a medical professional, educator and mentor, I feel nothing but gratitude. Life has given me struggles, but it has also given me the strength, the people and the purpose to overcome them. Writing my story here is like reliving the moments that built me - each one filled with wisdom, each one worth remembering.

Mohammed Musaddiq

Journey from personal growth to resilience and maturity!

I entered medical college at the age of 16. I am one of the buddies who was denied admission because I was supposedly underage, so I went to the court, made all the fuss for the re-examination and ruined a year for all of you.

Those seven years (including the internship) brought about a great change in my personality. It was like a caterpillar crawling out of a seven-year pupa stage as a full-grown butterfly, learning not only medical science but also the nuances of life in general, learning to live and love, braving the hurdles and adapting to the ups and downs of life. There are some really memorable incidents from those years that, looking back at the age of 65, seem funny and immature.



Humour in learning

Coming from a vernacular Telugu medium school, my English language skills were poor. I can recall and relate two humorous anecdotes to highlight the challenges of learning a new language in a demanding academic environment. Once, my fellow hostellers and I met the hostel warden in his room to discuss some hostel-related matter. In my youthful enthusiasm, I told him that we had come to 'argue' about our problem, to which an angry warden asked me, "Argue about what? Get out!" My mates quickly came to my rescue and told him that I meant to say 'discuss'. Wow! The English language! In another incident (I hope none of us senior citizens will be scandalised by this), there was this lecture in physiology class on the role of the autonomic and voluntary nervous systems in the act of micturition. I innocently stood up and asked the lecturer "Sir, why do we 'shake' at the end of micturition?" to which the angry lecturer said "It is up to you to shake or not to shake" as the whole class burst out laughing. Again, one of my mates saved the day by telling him that I had meant 'shudder' that sometimes happens during the act of micturition. The kind teacher understood my predicament and explained why it happens.

A sanctuary for our studies – The library

The library was our second home after the hostel room where we used to study till closing time. Our tireless efforts were rewarded with success throughout the course.

Cherished friendships:

The atmosphere was nice and friendly and we used to explore Hyderabad on weekends by hopping from one bus to another as we had student bus passes. Purushottam Prasad, Nagender and I were particularly close and shared a memorable friendship all the way to the internship, watching films, eating outside and sometimes walking all the way from Koti to Chikkadpalli. I also remember Christopher and I standing up to the



formidable Gurunath Reddy for the position of class representative without being intimidated. In that sense, we fought 'successfully' even though the winner was Gurunath.

We had arrived

By the time we reached the work placement, the immature boy had turned into a responsible adult. It was indeed a turning point! Innocence and impudence gave way to honesty and sobriety, and hard work led to my specialisation in Anaesthesiology, which gave me 38 years of a gainful career, not only monetary gain, but also a good insight into life and its philosophy.

Favourite food

My career has taken me to different places and exposed me to different cultures and cuisines. But my favourite food is still Andhra food and not a day goes by without me having *perugannam* (curd rice) with *pachchadi* (pickle).

Love of my life and loving children

The norm in those days was to get married right after graduation. But I didn't have to go looking for a bride because my future wife was born in the family circle when I was just six years old. We got married when I was doing my postgraduate course and have been happily married for 41 years, a testament to our strong and enduring bond.

We are blessed with a daughter who is a microbiologist and lives with us and a son who is an Artificial Intelligence consultant in the US.

We are basking in the leisure of retirement – peace and contentment

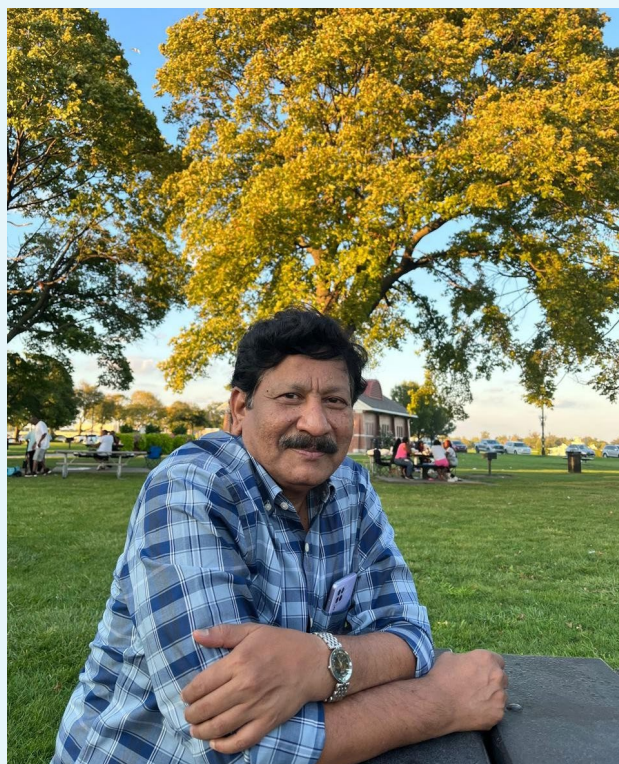
I retired from work in 2023 and am enjoying a relaxed life in Nellore. My focus is now on health, not wealth. Travelling around the world is our interest.

Nostalgia and reminiscence

I cannot compare those days with the present. We were the cream of society then. It is not the same anymore, karma at play, I guess. But I have no regrets. I have lived life to the full and on my terms.

I can hardly wait to meet my classmates at the reunion and relive the fond moments of those bygone years. The bonds of friendship forged during those years form a significant chapter of my life.

*"Yeh dosti, hum nahi chodenge
Yeh dosti hum nahi todenge
Osmeco 75 ka saath na chodenge!"*



Anjali Sanjeev Chitnis née Santosh Dandawate – The Journey

I am still trying to work out whether 'becoming a doctor' was an accident or my destiny. My 'family history' is a lineage of doctors. I was never asked if I wanted to be a doctor. At school I worked hard and excelled every year and was a dux. I took the medical entrance exam like any other exam and got into Osmania Medical College. Of course, my father was instrumental in my success.

So far so good, as they say in the UK. I had done very well in my little world. The first thing that struck me when I entered the medical college was that I was one among a myriad of achievers. Slowly it dawned on me that I was just an average student and I came to terms with that.

Soon I joined a group of like-minded girls who were shy and accommodating. We were happy in our own world and plodded along. The only little adventure, as a Scot would describe it, was to skip social and preventive medicine classes, and watch a film or go to the Kamath Hotel for idlis !

At graduation

Time passed and we were medical graduates (with a licence to kill as we joked). I got married soon after and came to the UK. I did not have a particular specialty in mind for my career. As I like my sleep very much, I was sure that I would not work in a speciality that involved waking up in the middle of the night. As fate would have it, I did my clinical internship in ophthalmology, in the same department where my classmate Sudha Madepalli worked. I soon realised that this was what I was looking for, a speciality that involved medical and surgical skills and not a lot of night work.

Our journey took us to bonny Scotland, to Glasgow to be precise. I worked here until I hung up my boots. It was a pleasure to work in Scotland. The Scottish people are undemanding and nice. I started the Macular Subspecialty in our Department and was rewarded with an Excellence Award from the Macular Society, UK, on the recommendation of my satisfied patients. My husband Sanjeev is an orthopaedic surgeon. Life has been challenging as we both work in busy specialities.





With my husband Sanjeev, and with our grandchildren

We have two children, a girl and a boy, who have followed in their parents' footsteps and are now fully fledged doctors.

I am happily retired and hopefully getting old gracefully. I now devote my time learning classical music and the Sanskrit language. I have found these fields to be more challenging than Medicine.

I spent a lot of time and enjoy learning philosophy and am part of an organisation called Swadhyay.

I am still working and striving to fulfil my parents' dreams and trying to become a daughter which would make them (where ever they are) happy.



Watching cricket at Lords

Naveed Tippu

- 50 Years On - A Reflection

It's hard to believe that half a century has passed since we began our journey at Osmania Medical College. I look back on those formative years with immense fondness - not just for what we learned in the lecture halls and wards, but for the friendships and memories that shaped us.

I loved my time at Osmania. It was a vibrant mix of learning, laughter and life lessons. I made great friends from all walks of life. I can still picture the hostel days with Sushil, the spontaneous late-night cinema outings and the relaxing weekends with Ram. The enduring friendships with Akber, Mohit and Guru remain precious to me to this day.

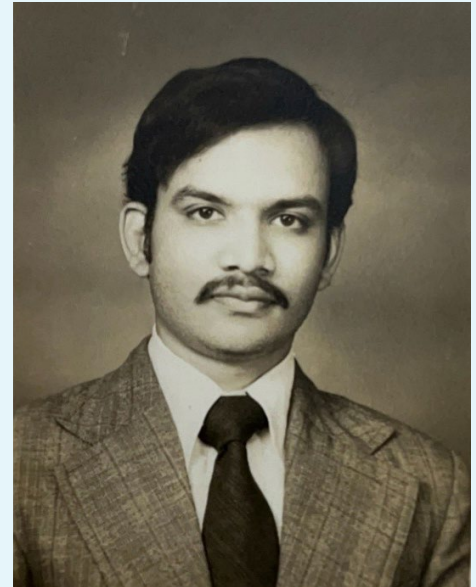
I must also admit that I (well, my father) was responsible for the cancellation of our first MBBS exam. Since I was underage and not allowed to take the entrance exam, he successfully petitioned for its postponement. I'm glad I can now confess this to those who got in, rather than those who had to retake the second round!

The exams - especially in the last two years - were hard for me, with episodes of anxiety that were hard to navigate. But somehow, I managed to get through them. Interestingly, despite all the exams and challenges I would later face in the UK, I was never bothered by anxiety again.

My journey to the UK was eventful, to say the least. I was fortunate to meet and marry my wonderful wife, Afifa, and we were blessed with two boys, Zayd and Taha. Career-wise, jobs and degrees came relatively easily - until life threw me an unexpected and life-altering challenge.

At the age of 36, with two little boys aged 3 and 4, I was diagnosed with acute myeloid leukaemia. Our world collapsed. The next eight months were a blur of chemotherapy, radiotherapy, complications and the haunting uncertainty of whether I'd live to see my sons grow up. But by God's grace, with the love and support of family and friends, I came through.

The experience changed me. In the years that followed, I ran marathons and half-marathons, jumped out of a plane from 18,000 feet and even walked to Everest Base Camp with my sons - raising over £30,000 for charity. I was honoured to receive a citation in Parliament for my efforts.



Today I count my blessings. My eldest son Zayd is now an oncologist at The Royal Marsden - the hospital where I once fought for my life. My younger son Taha is a director of a restructuring firm in the City. And we're now doting grandparents to our beloved granddaughter, Lyla.

I still work full time - not because I have to, but because I truly love what I do. Work remains my passion, along with jogging and travelling, and I intend to continue as long as my health permits.

To my classmates, it has been a long and winding road, with ups and downs, laughter and tears - but above all, purpose. I'm so proud to have shared the beginning of this journey with all of you. Here's to old friends, lasting memories and the continuing adventure of life.



Jagadish Adyar

I feel very nostalgic. It was a bunch of talented students from different backgrounds and cultures who came together by chance at Osmania Medical College in March 1975.

Six months of the Pre-Professional Course was a lot of fun. I remember doing combined study with Chandra Mouli six months before the Anatomy exam. I thank him for the wonderful gesture. God bless you, Chandra Mouli.

I also remember the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of OMC that we were part of.



Hanging around with my classmates



Receiving the best district hospital award as its Medical Superintendent

In my final year I did a combined course with my dear friend B Gopinath. I was very fortunate that L T Kishore who was my batch mate in Anatomy dissection and hospital placements, was my partner again in the post graduate course in Radiology. We were also roommates for two months in the Madras Medical College hostel during the course.

I have many fond memories of our batch 75-80 (Osmeco 75).



With my loving family

Thank you, dear organisers for giving me this opportunity to express my feelings.

V Raja Reddy

Fifty years ago, in 1975, I came from a small village in Warangal district after passing the EAMCET exam with the blessings of my parents and God to study medicine in our prestigious medical college. I was full of curiosity, hope and ambition.

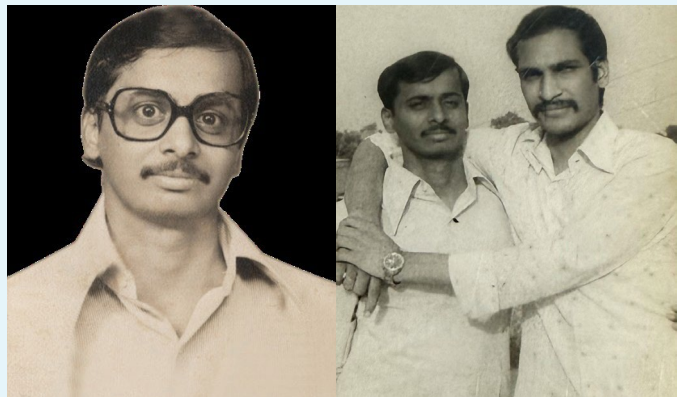
We were two hundred in number. I recall meeting them for the first time. Unfortunately, some of them have left us and reached heaven, I feel very, very sorry for them.

After completing my medical training, I spent most of my professional life as an anaesthesiologist in Karimnagar, where the operation theatre became my second home. It has been a long and rewarding journey filled with the quiet satisfaction of work.

On the home front, life has been kind, I have two sons, both doctors, and between them they have blessed me with four energetic grandchildren who keep me on my toes.

Now at sixty-nine, life is a little slower but just as full. I look forward to this golden reunion to see old friends, relive old stories and celebrate the bond that has stood strong for five decades.

SNEHAMERA JEEVITHAM
SNEHAMERA SHASHWATHAM



Usha Mary Itticheria née George

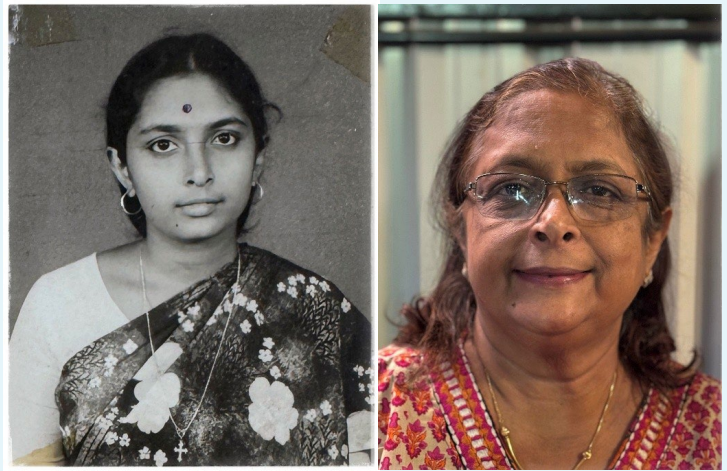
Fifty Years of Cherished Moments and Memories

From the vibrancy of adolescence to the experience in years as a senior citizen, life has been nothing short of an amazing journey. It is astounding to realize that five decades have flown by since we embarked on this transformative path at Osmania Medical College. I still recall the unique challenge of taking the entrance exam twice; -a moment that made me profoundly grateful to God for granting me the privilege of being selected again. Stepping onto the college campus as a fresh-faced medical student was a

whirlwind of emotions - excitement for the journey ahead, nervousness about the unknown and of course, the added apprehension of ragging by seniors that loomed over those early days.

Having come from an all-girls school, the transition wasn't easy at first. But soon enough, the initial awkwardness faded as I made new friends. Thankfully, a few of my old schoolmates were part of our batch. It made things much easier. One memory etched in my mind is stepping into the anatomy dissection hall for the first time, staring at the cadavers gave me chills. Hari Krishna Sir, our tutor, noticed my apprehension and that of others. He reassured us, saying, "You'll get used to this as we spend much time here. You're learning to become excellent physicians and surgeons." I'll never forget his calming words.

One day, right before our first exam, he shared tips on how to write effective answers. He showed us a senior student's answer sheet. He pointed out that although her handwriting wasn't all perfect, all the important points were underlined, with clear, relevant drawings. This approach was new to me, as we were always taught to focus on neat handwriting in school. That lesson stayed with me throughout my professional life.



Our college years were filled with professors and tutors of all kinds-some approachable, some distant, some brilliant teachers and some great surgeons. Exam time was particularly nerve-wracking for me, especially the viva. I envied the calm demeanour of some of my classmates!

Despite the challenges, the friendships we formed were the highlight of this journey. These connections became a source of support, allowing us to share joys and sorrows. Even before the days of WhatsApp, I managed to stay in touch with a few close friends. Today, thanks to modern technology, it is a blessing to stay connected and to re-connect with so many of our batch mates scattered across the globe.



Life eventually took us on different paths. I started out with lofty ambitions and though not every dream came true, I have no regrets. I was fortunate to enjoy a wonderful family life, blessed with two sons and a daughter.

Balancing a full-time job and raising children was not without its challenges. As I look back now, I thank God for guiding and strengthening us through all the ups and downs in life. My family has been my pillar of support throughout. Today, our children are married, and we have three wonderful grandchildren.

Post-retirement, we chose a calmer lifestyle upon returning to India. Instead of a full-time hospital role at this age, I pursued a course in palliative care. Now I engage in social service activities as a volunteer. This has brought me immense satisfaction, as I can provide comfort and support to patients and their families during their toughest moments. These experiences have taught me profound lessons about life, even in this phase.

I have always enjoyed traveling, and we try to visit people and places whenever possible, though age and health concerns have slowed us down a bit. What is life if you are not willing to experience travel!

Celebrating our Golden Jubilee is truly a blessing. May God continue to watch over us all. May our friendships, camaraderie, and shared knowledge bring us even closer as we commemorate this incredible milestone.

Wishing each one of you a joyous Golden Jubilee celebration!



Balu Savla

My journey - A Life of Service, Learning and Purpose

Stepping through the gates of Osmania Medical College was like stepping into a new world - one filled with the fear of the unknown, the thrill of possibility and the quiet flame of hope. As a young medical student, I was both excited and overwhelmed, but Osmania soon became the crucible in which my life's purpose was forged.

What began as academic curiosity grew into something much deeper. I vividly remember the time when Dr Purushotham (senior), Dr Mussaddiq and I volunteered to help the victims of the 1977 Diviseema cyclone. Representing OMC on this mission was an honour - one that taught me

humility, courage and the profound power of service. Equally fulfilling was our public health mission during paramedical training, where we worked to eradicate scabies in Nagole village. The Social and Preventive Medicine Department came through for us, providing transport and medicines. This success wasn't just a medical victory - it was a lesson in teamwork, compassion and real-world impact.

These formative experiences, shared with lifelong friends like Dr. Sathyanarayana, Dr. Navin, Dr Ananth and Dr A P V Kumar, shaped us. We were not just classmates - we were fellow travellers, driven by a common dream to heal and help.

The surgeon's path

With my heart drawn to surgery, I joined the postgraduate course in General Surgery at OMC. Every case, every patient and every challenge brought immense satisfaction. The ability to serve those in desperate need filled me with purpose and pride.

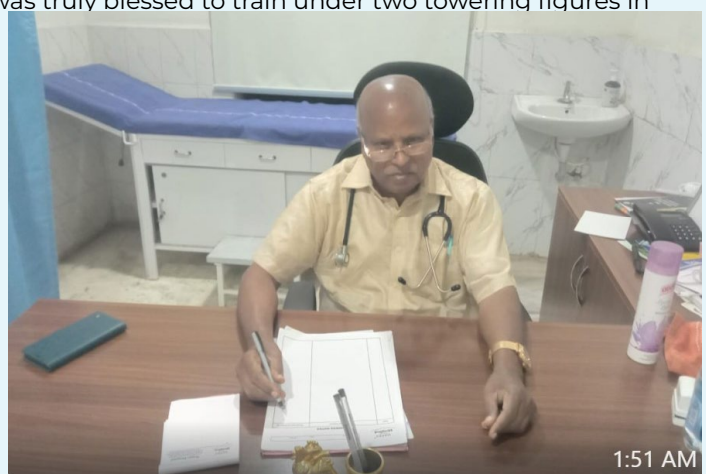
In July 1988, I took a decisive step forward and joined the M.Ch. Paediatric Surgery programme. I graduated in 1990 and remained in the specialty until 1998. Paediatric surgery is a speciality unlike any other - it combines science with compassion, precision with patience. I have performed a wide range of reconstructive surgeries including correcting neurosurgical anomalies, birth defects of the neck and chest, and congenital conditions of the abdominal and pelvic cavities. I was truly blessed to train under two towering figures in Indian paediatric surgery: Prof M M Reddy and Prof N C K Reddy. Their mentorship lit my path and shaped my surgical thinking.

A bold turn – Creating a legacy

In 1998, I took a bold decision to quit government service and set up my own hospital in Shadnagar. What began as a leap of faith became a beacon of healing. The hospital quickly earned the respect and trust of the community and continues to thrive today under the leadership of my brother, Dr Chaitanya, a dedicated anaesthetist.



**DIVI SEEMA Cyclone Relief Work
Osmania Medical College**



1:51 AM

The Global Chapter - Saudi Arabia

In 2004, I took on a new challenge and moved to Najran, Saudi Arabia, to work at the Maternity and Children's Hospital - a tertiary care facility. I was the first paediatric surgeon to establish a paediatric surgery department there. Drawing on the rich experience I had gained at the Niloufer Children's Hospital, I set up a neonatal intensive care unit with ventilators for 40 newborns - a rare and demanding responsibility. Working with Filipino and Keralite nurses, I experienced a culture of dedication and unity that made every difficult day worthwhile.

In 2007, I returned to Shadnagar and set up a modern diagnostic centre offering services such as CT scans, digital X-rays and advanced laboratory facilities. But fate had more in store for me.

In 2008, a chance meeting with a Buddhist monk led me onto a spiritual path. I was invited to become the President of the Buddha's Light International Association (BLIA), Andhra Pradesh Chapter. BLIA is headquartered in the USA. Over the next six years I travelled to China, Singapore, Malaysia,

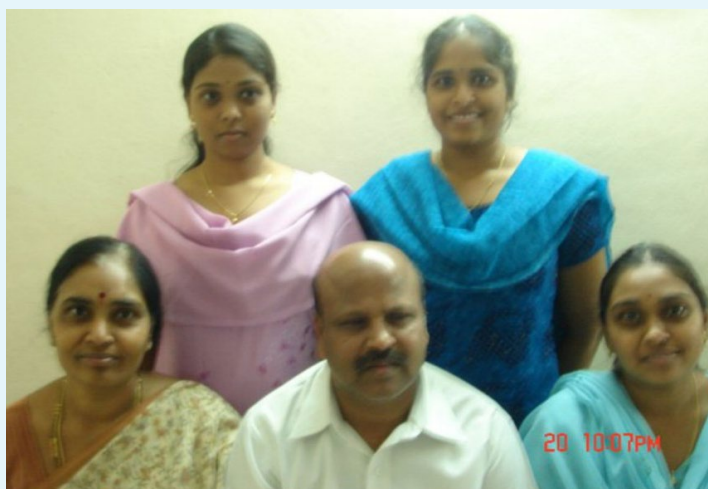


Bodhisattva Buddha Vihar, Kothur



My strength – My family

None of this would have been possible without the unwavering support of my wife, Uma Devi, the apple of my eye - a woman of wisdom, kindness and quiet strength. She has been the guiding light of our home and the nourishing force behind our family's achievements. We are blessed with three brilliant daughters, each going their own way. Our eldest daughter is an engineer, Senior Officer with Bharat Sanchar Nigam Limited; our second daughter who has an MBBS from JIPMER, and an MD from PGI is an anaesthesiologist with Apollo; and our youngest daughter who has an MS in ophthalmology from PGI is a retina specialist with LV Prasad, and is now with Maxvision. They are not only successful professionals but also compassionate individuals - a reflection of their mother's values and our shared upbringing.



A life of reflection and gratitude

As I look back on this incredible journey - from the lanes of OMC to operating theatres, from dusty villages to international conferences, from treating newborns to building temples - I feel nothing but gratitude. We are the generation that has witnessed a world in transition. From bullock carts to bullet trains, from basic medicine to Extra-Corporeal Membrane Oxigenation, from handwritten notes to artificial intelligence, we have seen revolutions in science, society and spirituality.

This journey has never been about fame or fortune. It has been about purpose, service and the people I have met along the way. Together we have built a legacy - and the best chapters are yet to be written.

Aruna Giridhar née Rao

I go by the monicker Aruna Rao. I did a BA (Literature, Political Science and Psychology) from St Francis College and then decided to study medicine. It was a tough transition from Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Sigmund Freud to Anatomy, Physiology and Biochemistry (ugh)

I married my childhood sweetheart, Dr Giridhar (ENT Surgeon). We have two children - Misha and Dhanush. Misha is a Purdue graduate who worked as a data consultant for 10 years after which the academic bug bit her and she joined Columbia to pursue her second masters in international relations . She graduated in 2023 . My son Dhanush is a research scholar at the National Institutes of Health, Maryland. Here are photos of us below.

I retired after 20 years of private practice. I like to spend my time travelling, doing yoga, walking, writing and generally having a good time.



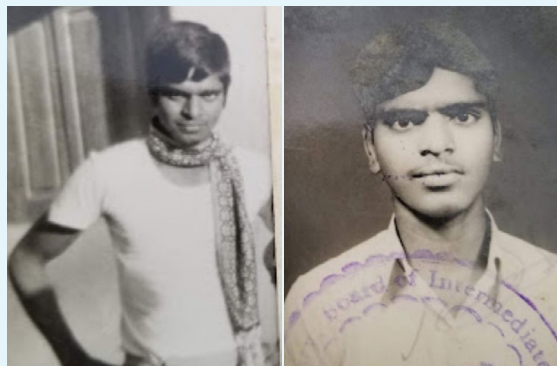
Buchi Reddy

An Unlikely Journey From Rags to Riches

A short story of an abandoned child

Let me begin my piece with the story of a little boy from Kolanpak, a dusty little village then in Nalgonda district but now, after reorganisation, shifted to Yadadri. This unfortunate boy's misfortunes began as soon as he was born, when he was deprived of his mother's love and adopted by a paternal aunt at the age of one and a half. Soon after, when he was just three years old, his father left home, leaving him at the mercy of his foster parents. He was also separated from his sister. The economic situation of his household was a dictionary description of 'abject poverty' and it was sheer

providence that he went to school, where he excelled and passed the Board examinations with merit. He joined the Plus Two course at the behest of a kind-hearted teacher who encouraged him to pursue a career in medicine. Again, he proved his worth by passing with merit, but his dream was not to be as he was forced to abandon the idea of further studies due to financial constraints and was pressed into the rigorous life of a poor farmer. With hunger in his belly, despair in his heart and calluses on the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet, he fought the battle of misfortune alone. At the end of two years, pushed to the brink, he realised that he could no longer bear it. He had to nurture his intelligence and abilities and make them count, instead of letting them wither like a crop in a famine. After all, there was not much lower he could go, he had almost reached the bottom. So, he decided to take his misfortune by the horns and set off for the capital to join a graduate school. That little boy was me.



Fortune favours the brave, my forward march

I was admitted to the prestigious Nizam's College on merit for the BSc (Biology) stream after failing to crack the medical entrance. It was here that I first met my future medical friends Akber and Shekhar Sharma. It was not an easy road, but by now I was used to challenges. God works in strange ways. One day, I was approached by two strangers who, for some inexplicable reason, took the trouble of finding out by how many marks I had failed to get into medical college. They provided me with reading material and urged me to retake the exam. The caveat was that I should let them know when I was going to apply. My application itself was a very eventful affair. It involving running from Osmania Medical College to my district to get the tahsildar's endorsement within 48 hours. Rs 20 of the Rs.30 I had was lost to bribes to get this endorsement issued. It was no less than a Bollywood flick, the way I arrived just half an hour before the deadline to complete and file my application. Later, I was accosted by the two strangers and pulled up for not keeping my promise to inform them. I was horrified to learn that their plan was to try to be in the same room in the exam so they could get my help in answering the questions. In 1975 I cracked the entrance and the rest, as they say, is history.



With sons Sidharth, a Podiatrist, Shravan and my wife Nirmala

Osmania Medical College days

It is not hard to imagine the kind of intimidation I would have faced as a poor, abandoned child from a village with a Telugu medium education and no exposure to the English language and to an urban environment. But previous experiences had toughened me to stand up to this. The moment of reckoning came in my first-year pre-professional class when I won a class debate that featured Gurunath Reddy! (I am sure it was for the content and not for my language). I gained immense confidence and started expressing myself boldly. I started participating in cultural activities like song whistling, drama etc.; participated in elections; made a lot of friends; and started having fun. Now, for a change, I was beginning to make fond memories for the future.



My journey forward

It was my great good fortune that during my stay at the Principal Lodge, I could build friendships with wonderful people like Naveed and Sai Baba, and later with my hostel mates Manohar and Satyam, Naveed's honest advice was singularly responsible for my choice of career and in a way, for my choice of my lovely wife out of several matrimonial alliances. Thanks to him in large part, I am what I am today. God bless him abundantly.



I have been in the USA now for about four decades and have served as a hospitalist for the better part of my career. For my honesty and sincerely, I received the Stewardship Award (one of the six quality awards) in 2007.

I would be dishonest if I only highlighted my struggles and achievements and did not confess my vices. I began to gamble while still at medical school, a habit I took with me to the USA. But tough nut that I was, I turned this to my advantage by owning horses and becoming a breeder. I still sell the offspring of one of my favourite horses, Reddy for Rubys. I also honed and nurtured my singing skills and I am proud to say that I go by the moniker of "Orlando Ghantasala". My proudest moments were singing alongside the iconic P Susheela and also other playback singers like Anjana Sowmya, Usha and Malavika at local Telugu events. I am an active member and advisor of the American Telugu Association and have been involved in organising the annual International Women's Day event in Orlando for several years.

My Acknowledgements

This has been the life's journey of a poor farmer's child from a small dusty village. I thank all my well-wishing friends both in India and the USA for their blessings and contributions in turning my rags-story on its head, and making it a story of riches. My sincere gratitude to all those involved in giving me this opportunity.

Enjoy the 50th anniversary reunion. Regretfully, I cannot make it. Good luck and love to all of you, God Bless you all!



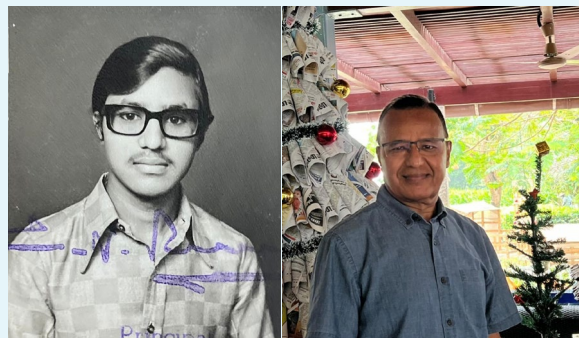
With Sidharth, Palavi (our daughter in law) and granddaughter Ayla

J P (Jai Prakash) Agarwal

The Path Less Chosen – From KMC to OMC to Diagnostic Centre

Early Years – A cross-cultural start

My journey into medicine began in the midst of a significant transition - from North India to South India, from the warmth of my grandparents to the discipline of my parents' home. This early migration shaped my resilience and adaptability. Securing a medical seat in the highly competitive 15% non-local quota was daunting, but fate smiled on me - I earned a place at Kakatiya Medical College (KMC) and then at Osmania Medical College (OMC).



Kakatiya Medical College - The first home

KMC was where I first tasted the life of a medical student - joy, anxiety, ambition and discovery. Friendships were immediate and easy, the campus felt like a sanctuary, and even the classes were filled with laughter and camaraderie. Those carefree moments - fleeting but deeply etched - remain some of my fondest memories.

Osmania Medical College - A dream realized – The second home

Getting into OMC felt like the culmination of a dream. I still remember the morning I saw my result in the newspaper on the bus to Warangal. I jumped off the bus and ran, breathless with excitement, to share the news at home.

At OMC, the spectre of ragging loomed large for all freshers, but my time at KMC had prepared me well. I quickly found my rhythm and immersed myself in the intense demands of medical training. There was always a sense of existential dread at exams - "What next?" - but with effort and luck, I kept moving forward.

Among the memories I cherish most are the early shared experiences that brought us together outside the classroom. Our first picnic at OMC was at Kidwai Cottages in Rajendranagar - an unforgettable outing where Akbar generously took charge of organising and supervising the event, ensuring that delicious food was shared by all. In our first year, we also enthusiastically participated in OMC's Medical Exhibition, which proved to be a rewarding and enriching experience that deepened both our learning and our camaraderie.

OMC has also gifted me lasting friendships. Harish, Arif, Nizam Ali and I formed a close-knit group that grew to include LT Kishore and many more friends. Our bonds have lasted fifty years, survived every change and remain one of life's great blessings.

Postgraduate years - Pathology by destiny, not by design

After MBBS, I pursued an MD in pathology - more dictated by entrance exam rank than by personal preference. And yet, in time, I found fulfilment in the field. Though my path was not the one I had imagined, it turned out to be the one I was meant to take.



Building a Legacy - Deccan Diagnostic and Research Centre:

In 1986, I founded the Deccan Diagnostic and Research Centre (DDRC) near the Charminar in Hyderabad. Although the 'research' in the name was aspirational, my real goal was clear: to create a diagnostic facility known for integrity, accuracy and reliability.

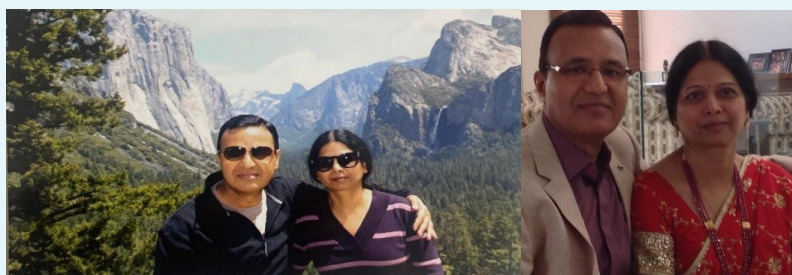
This vision bore fruit. DDRC was among the first five laboratories in Andhra Pradesh to be accredited by National Accreditation Board for Testing and Calibrating Laboratories which is administered by the Quality Council of India under the Department of Science and Technology. Maintaining this accreditation involved regular surveillance, audits and continuous quality control. To support this mission, I trained as a NABL auditor and began visiting laboratories across the country - sharing lessons learned and ensuring compliance. My recent recognition by the Telangana State Chapter of IAPM for diagnostic services to the community is a milestone that I cherish.



A life anchored by family

I was among one of the first in our batch to get married. My wife, Anita - herself a postgraduate in psychology - has been my unwavering support, with a knack for deciphering my own psychology and motivating me with her insight and care. Together we have raised three wonderful children.

Our eldest daughter is a software engineer, our second daughter is a cardiologist and our son is a doctor - all are settled in the United States. Their success is our joy, and their children - our two grandsons and one granddaughter - are the sunshine of our golden years.



Reflections at Fifty - Gratitude and Grace

Today, DDRC is not just my livelihood; it is my calling. It gives me purpose and pride, and keeps me intellectually and emotionally engaged in service.

As I reflect on this journey - from KMC to OMC to my lab near Charminar and the laughter-filled phone calls with my children - I feel nothing but gratitude. Life has been full, not always easy, but always meaningful.

As we gather again, older but no less vibrant, I look forward to hearing your stories, reliving old memories and celebrating the common journey that unites us all.

Here's to health, friendship and the good fortune of being part of the OSMECO 75 family.

Warm regards,
Dr Jai Prakash Agarwal



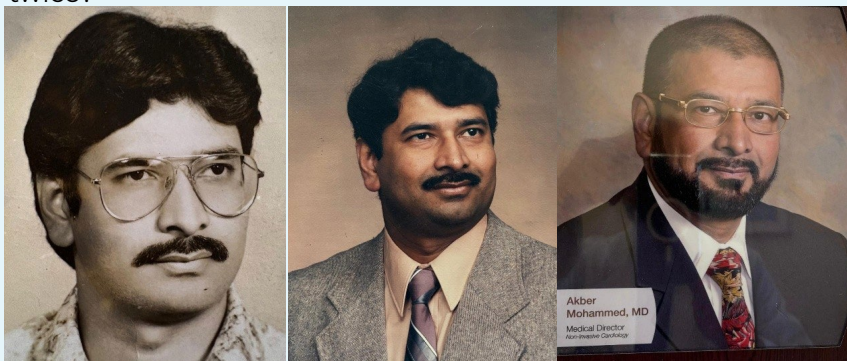
Mohammed Akber

A Journey Called Life

The medical school journey

Where do I start? In a journey spanning five decades and continents, from a dusty rural beginning in India to arguably one of the most developed nations in the world. Yeah, going to medical school should be a good start. Remember, friends, we were the only batch that had to crack the medical entrance exam twice?

This led me to a stint at Kakatiya Medical College on my way to Osmania Medical College after the second attempt and so we had a special group of Osmecos who had known each other since the days of Warangal that included me, Mohit, Kalpana, Meera, Meherbala, Abu Taher Siddiqui and Ather Parvez to name a few.



The Osmania days were a dream journey. I remember travelling by bus number 94 from my village Budvel to Koti every day and staying in a hostel with my friends Naveed and Sushil during exam time.



I remember the debating competitions in which I participated and became the editor of the Urdu section of Osmeco magazine.

I remember arranging our college bus to enable classmates to attend Kalpana and Datta's wedding as the class representative.

I vividly remember the Golden Jubilee celebrations of Osmania Medical College when some of us - Ajoy, Raj Nair, Nizam, Sarwar, Harish, Lalitha, Madhubala, Khalida, Kamini, Jyothi, Indira and I had performed a folk dance "Koya Gummati" I remember all our wonderful picnics and outings. So many years have passed and yet so many unforgettable memories!

The career path

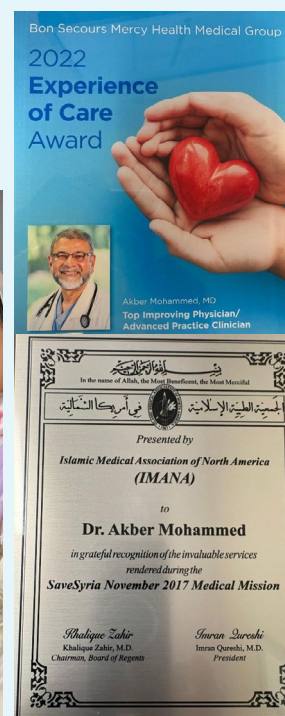
While waiting for my US Green Card to be processed, I got a chance to work in Iran. This gave me the opportunity to learn a new language, Persian, make new friends and most importantly the experience of living in a foreign country all by myself without my family and old friends.

Eventually, after passing the exams, I made it to the US and after the inevitable struggles, I got a residency in internal medicine. But in the end, by the grace of God, everything worked out and I was able to complete my studies at prestigious universities, including Harvard.

For the past 31 years, I have practiced interventional cardiology in Springfield, Ohio. I have been a member of the Medical Executive Committee for over 20 years, Director of the Division of Cardiology, Chief of Medicine, and Chief of Staff for over 100 physicians. I received numerous awards such as the Heart of Gold and Best Doctor of the Year etc. But what gave me great inner satisfaction was my philanthropic work, especially refugee medicine.

The detour – My personal journey

Urdu poetry is still my outlet for stress relief, and travelling is my passion. I have travelled to about 36 countries and many parts of India. I love music and the music of life.



God has blessed me with a beautiful life partner, Parveen, two sons and a daughter (all physicians) and six grandchildren - one girl and five boys. You can guess who is my favourite.

I have a very good story to tell from 1999 when we visited Naveed in Dover, England. Naveed had arranged a hovercraft tour for me, Parveen and Ayesha, my youngest, who was four at the time. We left our boys with Naveed and Afifa; Naveed's wife was kind enough to look after them (thanks Afifa). As we reached the Belgian shore, I had to hurriedly call an excited Parveen back from the disembarkation queue when I realised to my horror that we had left Ayesha's passport with Naveed. Anxious and hesitant, we approached the immigration officer and explained the situation, to which his natural question was how he could be sure that the baby sleeping in the pram was our daughter. Before we could even answer, Ayesha woke up and jumped into my arms saying "daddy". The amused officer not only relented, but was kind enough to let us into Europe the day before the entry date of our visa.

This was before 9/11 and fortunately the officer was kind-hearted. The caveat, however, was that Naveed had to get the passport to Dover Immigration on the day of our return so that they could co-ordinate with Immigration at the European end.

Life has its own trials and tribulations, including health issues. Of course, not everything is going to be pink and rosy.

But I'm so grateful to God Almighty for so many blessings in life, including friends like you all. I prostrate in reverence before Him several times a day.

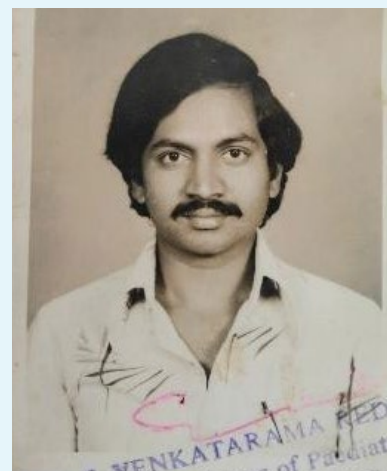


T Ananth

Reminiscences of my life

Early life and inspiration

I was born in Vikarabad, a place blessed with natural beauty, known for the serene Anantha Giri Hills. My early education took root at the government Zilla Parishad High School, where I was fortunate to be mentored by dedicated teachers and inspiring lecturers during my junior college years. Their encouragement led me to explore different career paths. While some saw me as an engineer, my regular visits to the Railway and Civil Hospitals with my parents and relatives gradually drew me towards a career in medicine. Guided by this growing passion and the support of my seniors, I secured a seat in Osmania Medical College, where my journey in medicine began. I chose paediatrics, a speciality that felt second nature and allowed me to connect deeply with my patients.



I carry wonderful memories and lasting friendships from my OMC years

Professional life in Iran

After completing my postgraduation, I moved to Iran with my wife and worked for six years as a paediatrician in a district hospital. Together we went through a challenging period marked by the Iran-Iraq war and recurring earth tremors. During these tremors and the harsh winter, we lived in tents for four to five months, relying on electric heaters to get by. When I returned to India in 1993, the next chapter of my career began. In 1994, I was posted to work in a primary health centre (PHC) in a Naxalite-affected area of Mahbubnagar as a medical officer. I was later transferred to another PHC in the same district, where I served for three years. These rural postings taught me invaluable life lessons. I found meaning in serving rural communities and was deeply honoured to be recognised as a dedicated doctor by the District Collector, local citizens and political leaders.



A journey in academia

Teaching and growth in medical education Subsequently, I took up the role of Consultant at the District Hospital, Mahbubnagar and was appointed as Assistant Professor of Paediatrics at Niloufer Hospital, Osmania Medical College in 1997. Over the years, I rose to the position of Associate Professor and served there until my retirement in December 2012.

Teaching and serving people have always been my passions, so it was only natural that I continued to work after retirement. I joined Bhaskar Medical College, where I eventually became Professor and Head of the Department of Paediatrics. I worked there until I retired and continued to contribute to medical education and patient care for another 11 years.

I am currently working as a Senior Consultant Paediatrician at Hope Children's Hospital.

Family and support system

My wife, a fellow academic and a constant pillar of support, retired as Professor and Head of the Department of Pharmacology at Gandhi Medical College. She later served at ESIC Medical College for over four years and is now associated with Malla Reddy Medical College as a Professor.

We are blessed with two children - our son, an IIT and IIM graduate, and our daughter, a BTech and MS. Both are doing well in their respective careers in the IT industry. Our daughter-in-law, who is also an IT professional, is a valuable addition to our family.

Values and reflections

I consider myself a simple person who lives a humble life. My experiences have given me strength, courage and a deeper sense of purpose. Final thoughts:



1

Learn to live with courage and strength, especially in difficult times.

2

Wherever life takes you, try to stay close to your family.

3

Embrace joy and always maintain strong relationships with your friends and loved ones.



Uma Gogineni née Doddapaneni

I took up the noble profession of medicine in the footsteps of my father Dr D.L.N. Prasad – who was Professor, Plastic Surgery, Osmania University. I got married to Dr Lakshmi Prasad Gogineni- who is an ophthalmologist in 1979. We were blessed with a daughter in 1981 and a son in 1985.

After practising in Hyderabad till 1992 and raising our young family, my husband and I moved to our hometown Tenali to set up a hospital and nursing home where my father-in-law Dr Hari Prasad Rao was a renowned ophthalmologist since the 1950s.



With my husband Dr Lakshmi Prasad and my children Swathi and Sandeep.



With my father Dr D.L.N. Prasad and one of my granddaughters, this year.

In Tenali, after practicing as an obstetrician and gynaecologist for several years, serving the town and the outlying villages in the area by providing medical care to the needy at affordable prices, I was given the opportunity to continue the enduring political legacy of my mother, Indira Doddapaneni. This led to my entry into public service in 1999, following in the footsteps of my mother and grandfather. I served the Tenali constituency as the Member of the Legislative Assembly from 1999 to 2004, while also serving on the Tirumala Tirupati Devasthanam Board. My family continues to serve the people of Tenali by providing annual scholarships to talented young doctors and engineers in the name of my father-in-law.

My daughter Swathi is a practicing gynaecologist in Hyderabad and my son is a radar scientist in the USA. I have three grandchildren, Aashritha, Akshara and Arjun. I divide my time between Tenali, Hyderabad (with daughter Swathi) and Dayton in the USA (with son Sandeep).



My grandchildren Aashritha, Akshara, and Arjun

Sameena Humayun

From scalpel to strokes: A Journey from Medical College to Artistic Awakening

It was in 1977 that I transferred from Kakatiya Medical College, Warangal to the prestigious Osmania Medical College, Hyderabad. Having completed my foundational training in anatomy and physiology, it was with excitement and a touch of nervous anticipation that I entered a new chapter of my life. My previous class had just 45 students, so I was overwhelmed to join this new, bustling batch of over 130 future doctors.

Despite the intimidating crowd and the pressures of medical training, I took a bold step and entered a drawing competition. To my surprise and delight, I exhibited my oil paintings and won second prize. That moment was much more than a victory - it became a turning point. It gave me a quiet confidence and planted the first seeds of the artist I would become.

But my medical years were no less inspiring. The foundation laid by our incredible professors was nothing short of extraordinary. It's hard to put into words the sheer intensity and quality of our training. Every rare disease we read about in textbooks - be it medicine, surgery, gynaecology, paediatrics, ear nose and throat diseases or ophthalmology - came to life before our eyes in the wards of Osmania General Hospital, Niloufer Hospital and Victoria Hospital.

I remember seeing a patient with Marfan's syndrome with our professor of medicine, who remarked with genuine awe that it was the first time he had seen it. Another unforgettable moment was observing Wilson's disease, where copper metabolism goes awry and deposits in the eye, forming the distinctive Kayser-Fleischer rings. For us, such rare cases were not just pages in a textbook; they were real, living stories to witness and learn from.

The Victoria Hospital in particular was a site of surgical brilliance. Watching uterine fibroid surgery, prolapse repair and pelvic floor reconstruction left an indelible mark. I still remember the awe we felt when we were introduced to the first ultrasound machine. As students, we weren't allowed to touch it - only to watch it in action. The transducer was massive, hanging from the ceiling like a sci-fi gadget. And we watched, wide-eyed, as history quietly unfolded.

Every day between 1981 and 1982 was a discovery. We weren't just learning medicine; we were absorbing its essence. Our friends and colleagues were an inseparable part of this journey. We were united by a common thirst for knowledge. Whenever someone came across an interesting case, word spread like wildfire, and the next day we'd all rush to see it, learn from it, discuss it - whether it was a particular heart murmur, an enlarged liver, or the thrill of ascites.



Dr Jaber Mirza and Dr Sameera Humayun

There were no mobile phones, no Google, no Xerox machines - just textbooks, our notes and the wisdom passed down from seniors and professors. We were trained to treat signs and symptoms, not just blindly investigate. We were moulded into thinkers, observers and compassionate healers.

Looking back, it seems like it was only yesterday.

I have been working in Dammam, Saudi Arabia, for 40 years. My designation is Obstetrics-Gynaecology Specialist, Ministry of Health, Eastern Province, Saudi Arabia. I am honoured to have had the rare privilege of treating patients from two generations. I have had the joy of caring for antenatal patients I had delivered 20 to 30 years earlier - mothers returning with their daughters, now expectant themselves. I remain deeply grateful to God for giving me this trust and responsibility.

To all my teachers, mentors and colleagues - thank you for shaping me as both a doctor and an artist. This journey has never been about curing disease. It has always been about healing - in every sense of the word.

Smile - because it is contagious Instagram: @shpaints



L T Kishore

The making of L T K by RRR

This write up is my tribute to our teachers, in particular three who have had a profound influence on my life and career.

1. Mr Venkat Raju Sir

He was my school teacher who taught me Mathematics for only three months.

We were in Class Ten and as we approached the final exams, we realised that our Hindi medium Mathematics teacher was (the less said the better). Venkat Raju sir was the mathematics teacher for Telugu medium students and had a very good reputation. A few of our classmates requested him to teach us. He prepared a tailor-made programme for us and taught for three months before the exams. After the exams, I went to him and showed him the question paper. He asked me to solve all the problems in front of him. Out of ten questions I could do nine. But he insisted that I should try the last question. He said "I know you can do it". That one sentence was the game changer for me. It gave me the confidence that with the right guidance I could do anything. He was the first person to see the spark in me and provide the first ignition.

2. Dr B. Somaraju Sir

He has worn many hats in his career like Chief Cardiologist NIMS, Dean NIMS, Chief Cardiologist Medicity Hospital, Chairman Care Hospital etc. But I am talking only about Dr Somaraju who was Assistant Professor of Cardiology, Osmania General Hospital.

He was the definition of a good doctor for young students like me. He would come to the hospital early in the morning and see all the critically ill patients, do his routine work, come to Osmania Medical College in the afternoon and read in the library, then go to his clinic in the evening, come back to Osmania Hospital and see the critically ill patients again. When he was on night duty, he would take classes for house surgeons and postgraduates. Sometimes he would hold classes for undergraduates at 7 am, which was unheard of earlier.

I remember he taught us ECG when we were house surgeons. I found it so interesting that during our peripheral posting in Nizamabad, I took ECG classes for my classmates (Manohar and Harish will vouch for this). I used to charge them one badam sharbat per class. I used the knowledge I got – free of charge – from Somaraju sir, to a profit (Sindhi business genes ka kamaal).



Dr Somaraju once remarked that a wise person does his best under the given circumstances instead of blaming the system, the government or the management. This profound lesson has stayed with me and guides my approach to the challenges of daily life.

3. Dr Kakarla Subbarao Sir

During my Intermediate and MBBS, I used to travel in bus number 7 and at Abids, I used to see in bold letters, X-ray Clinic, Founder, Prof. Kakarla Subbarao. At that time, I had not seen this person, but I had a superhuman, almost God-like image of him in my mind.



Later, when I completed my MD in Radiology, I had the opportunity to join NIMS and work under him. I consider it a divine coincidence. I used to watch him very closely, how he behaves, how he talks, how he conducts meetings, how he teaches, how he solves tricky diagnostic problems and other complicated administrative problems. At one point I felt that our frequency was so close that he could read my mind and vice versa.

Once my brother met him and asked him "How do you deal with your stress?" His answer was, "I keep myself so busy that there is no time for stress. That became an important mantra in my life.

I wish I had a good command of the English language like Guru and Chandra Mouli to express my feelings. But then I realise that even if I had a good command of all the languages of the world, all the literature would not be enough to express my gratitude to these three incredible teachers.

Finally, I wish that if and when I am born **again** as a human being, I have mentors like Raju, Raju and Rao.

Mir Nizam Ali

My journey to Osmania began when three of us, Arif, Harish and I (classmates from our intermediate course), got together in 1974 with one goal in mind - to get into a medical college. We studied together, mostly at night, braving the barking dogs that chased us when we went out late into the night, sometimes at 2 or 3 am, for Irani chai. We managed to crack the medical entrance test, appeared twice and all three of us happily joined Osmania Medical College in 1975.

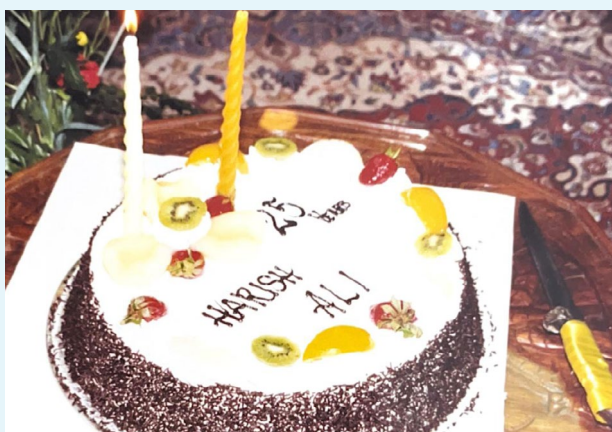
I cannot imagine that it is already 50 years since we went through those early days in Osmania, like the first ragging session (we had three sessions of it) choreographed by Uday Dixit, Pulla Reddy Anna and the infamous (late) Loya who threatened us with "party nai diya to college me kaisa ata mai dektu".

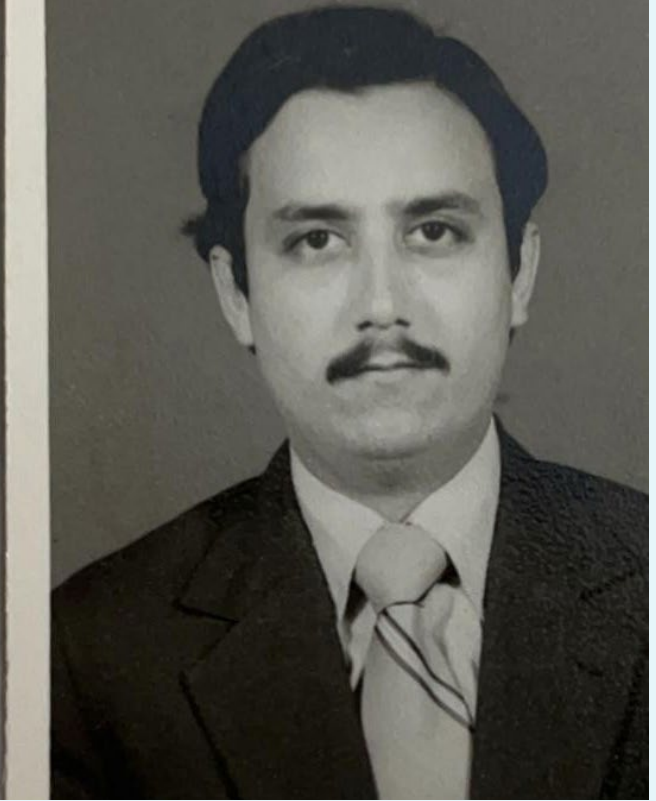
The first year was fun, we breezed through the first year with a lot of fun and frolic into the next four years with more fun, exams being the only time we got down to serious studies. But sadly, life at Osmania began with the death of my future father-in-law and ended with the death of my father in January 1982. The vivid image of Chakrapani performing Cardio Pulmonary Resuscitation on him is still with me.

After leaving Osmania, I always missed my father. But I must admit that I was fortunate and privileged to have the company of Christopher and Rajshree in Iran and Harish, Sarwar and Khalida and - for a while - Subbu in Abu Dhabi. I am eagerly looking forward to reliving those golden moments at the reunion.

After an enjoyable stint in Osmania, I got a job in Iran where I worked for 10 years, after which I came to Abu Dhabi where I have been working for more than 30 years now.

We are blessed with three daughters who are now happily married and settled in the US and Australia. We have five grandchildren, the eldest is 16. Here are some pictures from college, the silver jubilee friendship celebration of Harish and myself, a family picture and some other pictures.





M Soma Sekhar

To give an idea of my career in medicine, a little preface is needed: most of my schooling took place in rural Telangana as my father was an engineer posted in various parts of Telangana, to work on irrigation projects. We moved from place to place, and I studied in Telugu medium government schools that were available.

Suddenly, I needed to face the MBBS entrance examination in English, but I was lucky to be in the top few ranks as it was a multiple-choice questions type exam. Once I joined the first year, it was a struggle as all the subjects were in English and the exam questions were in essay type. By the time I got to Anatomy I was comfortable with English. Eventually I graduated with a first-class honours degree in Ear Nose and Throat diseases.

During our study period, I recall that we took part in two medical exhibitions; both were memorable. There were a few other things that fascinated me during my studies.

- 1 The oratorical skills of Gurunath, Chandra Mouli and Chakrapani who won most of the medals during our time. I always tried to attend these debates even though I couldn't understand most of them especially that of Gurunath.
- 2 Quiz skills of our juniors. Ganti Vinu, Vijay Kumar and Ranga Rao
- 3 The voracious reading of non-medical books by Pari Plavi and GSR Murthy.

After MBBS, I did my M.D. in General Medicine along with Manohar in Osmania Medical College, OMC and Bapu Rao in Kakatiya Medical College. I passed out in 1985 with a Gold Medal from Osmania University. Sanjay and I attended the convocation. I recall that the medals were awarded by Mrs Kumud Ben Joshi, the then Governor of Andhra Pradesh. I received a medal for Medicine and Sanjay for Paediatrics.

After my M.D., I was selected to join the Andhra Pradesh Public Service Commission and was posted as an Assistant Professor. in Medicine in Osmania General Hospital, OGH. I continued there for two years.

I started my career in Nephrology at the Christian Medical College (CMC), Vellore in February 1987, as a non-postgraduate registrar with the hope of being given a preference in the next year's Doctorate of Medicine (DM) entrance exam. (There were three other bakras with me for two seats. Finally, none of us was considered (although we qualified in the entrance exam). At the last minute, the CMC authorities sponsored two candidates. We were given the option of continuing for one more year and to try our luck the next year. The Rs 600 monthly stipend was just sufficient for boarding and lodging. I appeared for the DM entrance exam at the Post Graduate Institute in Chandigarh and was selected there. For the next two years, I enjoyed my stay in that institution/city which had an excellent staff and a supportive academic environment.

I came back in January 1990 to the Nephrology Department in OGH/OMC. I worked there for two years; alongside that I ran a clinic in Tapadia, RTC X roads. As with any new practitioner the returns were not encouraging. After two years I was tempted to try my luck in Saudi Arabia. But when I went over, I realized that this was not a good decision. I completed my one-year contract

and returned to India. I went back to the Nephrology Department after going through a small enquiry for unauthorized absence. After two years I was promoted and shifted to Guntur medical College where I spent one year, working both in the College and doing some private practice.

Next, I did a stint of 11 months at the St James University Hospital, in Leeds, UK where there was an active cadaveric transplant programme (kidney/liver/pancreas) and a Continuous Ambulatory Peritoneal Dialysis programme.

In October 1996, I left the government service (from Guntur Medical College) and started my private practice at Mahaveer Hospital, Masab Tank and soon joined Apollo Hospital as a full-time consultant. Presently our department has 30 dialysis machines, facilities for Intensive Care Unit dialysis, Continuous Renal Replacement Therapy, online haemo diafiltration and an active kidney transplant programme. Half of the transplants are from cadaveric donors and the other half from living related donors. We have two Diplomate in National Board (DNB) Nephrology seats per year.

My wife, Dr A Anuradha, is a medical graduate from Kakatiya Medical College (she was a classmate of Dr. Sailaja, Dr. Jagannath' wife) and she subsequently did her Diploma in Gynaecology and Obstetrics from there, and went on to successfully complete her Diplomate in the National Board in Obstetrics and Gynaecology. She served as teaching faculty in Guntur Medical college/Gandhi Medical College/Niloufer Hospital, and worked for another two years at the Fever hospital. After more than 20 years of active service she decided to give up her service to pursue other interests.

My son, Dr M V S Sasidhar, graduated from Apollo Medical College, and is at present pursuing an MS in Orthopaedics in Kamineni Medical College, Narketpally. Here are photos with my son as boy and then as a young man on his graduation day.



Venkatraman Chandra-Mouli

I am deeply grateful

Teenage romance, marriage and elopement, early widowhood and remarriage

I met Kiron in 1977 at an inter-college competition organised by the YMCA, Secunderabad. I was smitten. Our passionate romance defined my college years. When my concerted efforts to get my mother's blessing failed, we got married and 'eloped' to Zambia in 1982. We made a home in Kitwe, welcomed a baby into our lives in 1988, and grew and developed in our respective careers - a wonderful time in our lives. (Kiron was a nursery/primary teacher and teacher trainer). In 1993 we moved to Geneva. Eighteen months later, Kiron was diagnosed with non-Hodgkins lymphoma. She fought it as hard as she could, but despite access to first-class care, she died in 1996. She was 36 and I was a year older. Our son Rohit was just eight. We were devastated. Slowly and painfully, and with a lot of support from family and friends, we picked up the threads of our lives. In 2003 I met Béatrice, a psychiatrist of Spanish origin. We built a friendship and a relationship, of which Rohit was a central part. After getting the blessings of our families, we got married in 2005. In 2007, we welcomed Sarita into the blended family we had created. On 11 May 2025 we will celebrate our 20th wedding anniversary.



Parenthood, single parenthood, and learning to be the parent of a child living with a disability

When Kiron was well, she was Rohit's primary parent. My role was supportive. Her transition from well to critically ill was rapid and with that my role shifted to being the primary parent. When she died, my role shifted to that of a single parent to a young boy traumatised by the prolonged illness and death of his mother. I reached out for help. My family (including Kiron's family), friends and colleagues became the proverbial village that helped me raise my child. Rohit was in his mid-teens when Béatrice came into our lives. Slowly and patiently, she built a relationship with him that was caring and supportive, without taking on the role of a mother figure. No doubt Rohit will always be marked by the trauma he experienced, but I am so proud that he has grown into a fine young man - loving and kind, married to a lovely young woman and busy with his growing apparel business.



In some ways my experiences with Rohit prepared me for Sarita; in other ways they did not. Sarita came into my life 19 years after Rohit did. Béatrice had an uneventful pregnancy and birth, and Sarita seemed to be doing perfectly well. One night, when she was eight months old, she woke us with an epileptic fit. From that moment on, our lives changed. Sarita will be 18 in August 2025. She lives with epilepsy, some weakness in her left upper limb, and some cognitive challenges due to focal cortical dysplasia and possibly the effects of the two brain surgeries she has had and the anti-epileptic medicines she has to take every day. But Sarita copes with the negative effects of her condition in terms of physical activities, educational performance and emotional wellbeing with courage - and even some humour - and gets on with her life. She is the centre of our lives. We have done everything in our power to give her the best possible care, to support her to grow and develop to her full potential and, most importantly, to be happy. More importantly, Sarita has benefited enormously from the wonderful systems in place in Switzerland to ensure inclusion and autonomy for people with special needs. I am so proud of her and so humbled by her.

A doctorate at the ripe old age of 65

At school I was good at biology and not so good at maths. When I left school, applying for a place at medical school seemed like a sensible option. Thanks to my father's efforts, I was able to apply for a place under the quota for children of central government employees. When I passed the entrance exam, I was delighted but took it for granted. (Looking back, I am ashamed of what an entitled brat I was).



At Osmania Medical College, I worked hard enough to pass all my exams with fairly good marks. I should have worked harder / done better than I did, but I had many other things on my mind. I joined the Uni-Y, the university YMCA movement. I produced programmes for the Yuva Vani station of All India Radio. I was part of the debating competition circuit. I was also fooling around with Datta and Ram and was busy with my girlfriend.

The study bug bit me later when I realized I needed skills I did not have. Providing primary-level health care in Zambia in the first half of the 1980s taught me how to deal with childhood diseases and malnutrition, as well as sexually transmitted infections in adults. When I moved into community-based health education in the second half of the 1980s, I learnt how to develop a communication strategy and a hundred other things. I took a year off in 1988-89 to do an MSc in Human Nutrition at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, and completed my education with a PhD in Sexuality Education from the University of Ghent, Belgium, in 2024, four and a half decades after completing my MBBS.

I have learned even more outside the formal context. Over the past 45 years, I have learned new languages, about adolescent sexual and reproductive health, about performing a wide range of public health functions, and about working in an increasingly digital environment. The more I learn, the more I realize how much I don't know. And so, my learning continues.

An enormous privilege

Before joining the World Health Organization, WHO. I worked in Zambia, India and Zimbabwe for 12 years – initially doing clinical work and then moving to public health work. My community-based HIV prevention and AIDS care work in Zambia brought me to WHO at the age of 35. I retired from the organization 30 years later at the age of 65. For 27 of these 30 years, I worked on adolescent sexual and reproductive health in different departmental configurations.

During my 30 years in WHO, I led or contributed substantially to several WHO publications including evidence reviews, policy and programmatic guidance, advocacy documents, training and self-learning materials and research/evaluation tools. I travelled to around 75 countries around the world, where I stimulated and supported research studies and evaluations, and contributed to strengthening policies and programmes, in different social, cultural, and economic contexts. I contributed to global consultative processes, provided advice to a range of organizations, presented in scores of global, regional, and national conferences, and authored/co-authored a large body of books, book chapters, newsletter articles and blog pieces and peer-reviewed journal articles.



The collective efforts of individuals and organizations within and outside the United Nations have contributed to placing adolescents at the heart of the Sustainable Development Goals Agenda, and to strengthening national efforts to improve adolescent health. It is heartening to see these collective efforts bear fruit in terms of steady reductions in levels of child marriage, female genital mutilation, HIV infection and deaths, and adolescent childbearing. It has been a privilege to be part of this collective effort. Over the last few years, I have received three awards, that I am humbled by – the USA's Society for Adolescent Medicine and Health's Lifetime Achievement Award, the Rotary International Award for Outstanding Humanitarian Service for outstanding leadership, scholarship and service in adolescent sexual and reproductive health, and the World Association of Sexual Health Gold Medal for my lifetime's work on *sexual health and rights*.

Every day is gift that I grab with both hands

When I retired from WHO in August 2023, I set out plans on the professional and personal fronts. On the professional front, I continue to work on adolescent sexual and reproductive health with a range of organizations. I do this on a no-payment basis; on my time, and on my terms. I continue to learn, to communicate my learning, to advise, to teach, and to support adolescent health work. On the personal front, I spend time with my family, and especially with my mother who has been such a huge presence in my life. I travel to one country every year (to visit friends, do some sight-seeing, and spend time working with a local organization). I spend some time every year, discovering a part of Spain and one aspect of India's history and natural beauty. I continue to improve my language abilities, my badminton, my swimming and my dancing. And I try to stay fit and well. Every day is a gift that I grab with both hands.



Putta Srinivas

Reflections of a Life Shaped by Medicine and Purpose

Rooted in culture, driven by purpose

I hail from Gadwal, famously known as 'Vidwat Gadwal' - a land celebrated for its legendary Telugu poets, scholars and the iconic Gadwal silk and handloom sarees. Growing up in a culturally rich environment, my dream was singular and strong: to become a doctor. Despite being a topper in the town, I chose BiPC with the sole aim of doing MBBS.

Fate had its own plans - the entrance exam, scheduled for July, was postponed to December due to the All-India Railway strike led by George Fernandes. But when I finally secured a seat in Osmania Medical College (OMC) in January 1975, I felt on top of the world. Entering OMC was like entering a kingdom - the revered nursery of doctors, a brand known for its prestige, heritage and excellence.



The struggles behind the glory

The reality wasn't so rosy. The OMC Men's Hostel had a limited capacity - only 150 students - and we students from the district faced great challenges in securing accommodation. While students from Hyderabad had the comforts of home, we had to contend with both demanding academics and lack of basic facilities.

In the first year, Vittal and I stayed in a small room in Esamia Bazar. From then till my internship, he remained my roommate and best friend. Despite our contrasting personalities, we never had a single fight. Vittal, calm and wise, was my constant companion. Along with Pramod, another close friend with a vibrant and positive attitude, and our group of S. Manohar, (roommate during post graduation) Sanjay, Ananth Puranik and others, we formed a strong bond both in and out of college.

Academic mentors who shaped us

Our academic journey began with the formidable Patechko Sir, whose enthusiasm lit up our pre-professional course sessions. We were taught English by NDV Prasad Rao, a grammar legend, and later moved on to core subjects like Anatomy and Physiology in January 1976. I was fortunate to dissect and study with brilliant colleagues like Vittaleshwara Rao, V. Srinivas, Yadava Reddy, Venugopal Reddy, Venkat Reddy, M.S. Srinivas Rao and Srinivas Prasad (Bottu).

The teaching faculty left an indelible mark - the stern-yet-inspiring Dr Premdas, the warm and encouraging Dr Joseph Gummadi, T.V. Krishna Rao, Vijayarama Rao, and the soft-spoken Dr Venkaiah of Biochemistry with his Russian-accented English.

The transition to clinical training was challenging but fulfilling. The daily routine of visiting the iconic Osmania General Hospital (OGH) and returning to OMC created a rhythm of responsibility, discipline and pride.

Principles rooted in family values:

My integrity and discipline come from my parents - my father, an honest and upright civil servant with zero tolerance for corruption, and my mother, a strong-willed homemaker who believed in ethical living and discipline. These values became my moral compass, guiding me through every phase of life.

As the eldest, I had the responsibility to set an example. I am proud of the fact that both my younger sisters pursued MBBS and completed their post-graduation. We are a proud family of six doctors, along with my wife Uma and my sisters' spouses.

A journey beyond medicine: Leadership and legacy

After completing my post-graduation in Dermatology, I joined KMC, Kurnool as a faculty member. Though I never aspired to join associations, an attack on a plastic surgeon triggered my first protest. I spontaneously led an agitation, which started my journey with the Andhra Pradesh Government Doctors Association (APGDA).

I held various leadership positions—from Secretary at Kurnool to State Treasurer, State Secretary, and finally State President (2008–2010). During my tenure, I played a key role in:

- ✱ Constructing the APGDA building at Koti while serving as Treasurer
- ✱ Securing Revised UGC Scales for medical and dental faculty in 2010
- ✱ Obtaining Rs. 350 Crores in arrears—a record-setting achievement nationally

My most cherished honour: Principal of OMC

Becoming the Principal of Osmania Medical College, my alma mater, was one of the greatest honours of my life. With passion and purpose, I focused on infrastructural and academic transformation:

Infrastructure Achievements:

- ✱ Sanctioned a 450-capacity boys' hostel – Rs. 21 crores
- ✱ Constructed a G+5 academic block with mega lecture halls and exam halls – Rs. 22 crores
- ✱ Built a 100-capacity girls' hostel – Rs. 6 crores
- ✱ Developed a sports and cafeteria block – Rs. 6 crores
- ✱ Established a central research lab
- ✱ Installed a 90,000-liter water tank

Academic Excellence:

- ✱ OMC's ranking improved from 22nd (2012) to 4th (2014) – India Today Survey
- ✱ Sanctioned 13 super-specialty and 10 postgraduate broad speciality seats
- ✱ Recognized 74 postgraduate and 22 super-specialty seats that were at risk
- ✱ Secured approval for 250 MBBS seats in 2013, making OMC one of the few government colleges in India to reach this number

Roles as Director of Medical Education (DME) and Director

As the First DME for Telangana, I proudly:

- ✱ Secured Rs. 300 crores for super-specialty hospitals in Adilabad and Warangal
- ✱ Sanctioned Rs. 120 crores for MNJ Cancer Hospital as Director

My family, my strength

I met Uma, my life partner, during our internship in Nizamabad. We got married on 15 August 1990, probably the last couple from our romantic batch to tie the knot. Uma has been my constant support system - her encouragement has enabled me to balance both academic and administrative responsibilities.

Our son Sudeep Raja has made us very proud. He has a B.Tech in CSE from IIT Kharagpur, followed by an MS from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, and a Ph.D. in Artificial Intelligence from Columbia University, New York.

Final reflections

Cricket and photography were my favourite hobbies as a student, although photography was an expensive passion at the time. Looking back, I am proud - not just of my professional achievements, but of the values I have upheld, the friendships I have cherished and the legacy I have left behind. If there's one thing I want my family and friends to remember, it's that I lived by honesty, discipline and commitment.

Success is not just what you achieve, but what you inspire others to become.

Whatever I have achieved has only been possible because of your support and warm wishes, and I remain as Putta to you all.



Where Medicine Meets Imagination



Roses are forever.....

Whoever knew we medics could do much more than practice medicine?

In the verses of our poets and colours of our artists

Beauty reigns and love lights the way.....

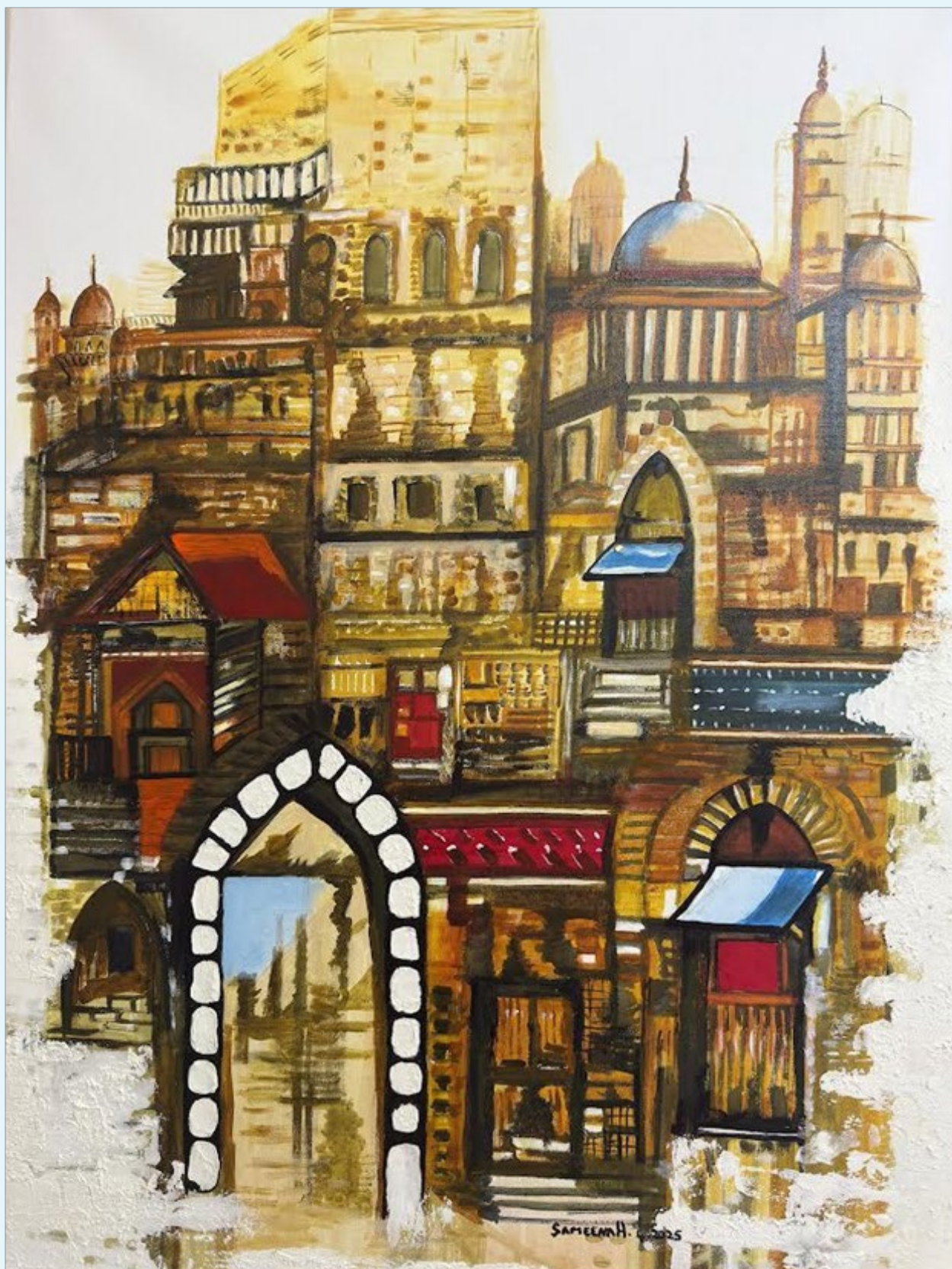
– By Kalpana Rao

“Leisure (the joy in retirement)”

The nonchalant symphony and
Aroma of my coffee hot
Unhurried gazing and
sauntering thoughts
Oh! these moments of leisure
I had coveted, for so long!
Yes, ere too my garden bold
after every fall and bitter cold
Did spring back to its green glory
Bedecked with a crown so flowery!
From dawn to dusk and night to morn
this rigmarole was indeed going on
Oblivious to me, my yard was blushing unseen
By His Grace though, it was not in vain
For, post the travails of life for eons
now that I have time at my command
With music around and coffee in hand
It was not the landscape that changed
but the mindscape that did, I found
And with a smile in mind and heart in glee
in concert sat His Nature and my leisure peacefully .

– By *Harish Kidambi*

DOOR TO KNOWLEDGE



By Sameena Humayun

The Lost God

Slowly start I, my ascent up the formidable hill
Filled with dogged determination, sheer will,
In search of the heavenly God in the hoary temple
Body in a stumble, feet in a tremble
Antiquated and a fabled history past
Through generations it last
A wind blustery, the road slippery
My psyche bit dazed and jittery
The steps jagged and treacherous
The weather ominous, path perilous
Shattering the sepulchral silence, a murder of crows corral
Cacophonous yet supernal, as if a noisy choral
In the clouds a faint thunder rumbled
For an instant I fumbled
From the wispy clouds, come the mellifluous tolling of temple bell
Quelling the fear, heart with joy swells
Floundering I regroup my senses
Freeing my mind of the hindrance
Limber of body, spring in my step I start the ascent
The radiant feeling still nascent
Down the escarpments ringed with copse banyan and neem
A florid green and a snaking stream
In the gentle breeze sway the lambent yellows
The mind at once calm and mellow
The golden temple spire beckons
To the blissful home of heavens
The steps painted in whites and ochre's
The crumbling walls a rufous
Ragged and decrepit, I climbed fifty-one
In devout, fervid prayer the triune
Full of ardour I step into the mandap
Cantillating OUM and on tip toes
Bedizened with marvelous colonnades
Adorned with chromatic frescos
Handful of deities sit pretty in cloisters
Peels of bells, oil lamp flicker
Yet an acute sense of, a bit eerie
The mind at once weary and dreary
Hasten I into the sanctum sanctorum
The mind throbbing with a weird thrum
The idol is missing, the abode of God empty
Dazed I turn eyes misty
Chastened in a corner I find the priest
"Idol is stolen God is lost"
In utter panic I mutter
My heart wild flutter
If he the saviour of the world
Why not protect himself - the supreme GOD!

– By Srikanti Raghuram

NATURE'S BEAUTY



By Srikanti Raghuram

Back to the womb

I yearn to return to the sacred womb
Enveloped in the soothing silence
Weathering the storms with aplomb
Cocooned in utmost comfort and bliss

A world where thoughts are paused
Discrimination and differences are lost
Hatred bitterness and sorrow are doused
Envy covetousness calumny find no host

There is unending acceptance and love
Nurturing thoughts and dreams abound
Tranquility and peace are a treasure trove
Purity equality and magnanimity all around

A womb that holds all humanity in its sphere
If only we had the vision to acknowledge
The presence that is immanent everywhere
And within, binding us to a unifying pledge

– By Aruna Giridhar



VIEW FROM THE HOUSE



– By Laxminaraya Veligati

“The Flower’s Lament”

— A Poem of Silent Sorrow

I bloomed beneath the morning’s eye,
Unfolding petals, reaching sky.
Not for adornment, not for show,
But for a purpose deep below.

I wear the hues the sun has kissed,
And scent that winds could not resist.
My fragrance calls the bee to dine—
To birth, to fruit, this life of mine.

Yet here you come with gentle hand,
To pluck me from this sacred land.
You twine me in your silken hair,
And smile — as if I’m unaware.

You wear me once — a fleeting grace,
Then cast me off, a dried disgrace.
You drank my scent, but knew me not,
My womb was torn, my future — rot.

Did you not see the seed I bear,
The silent hope that lingered there?
My bloom was not a gift to take,
But promise made for nature’s sake.

You dressed in me, to be desired,
Yet left my lifeline bruised and tired.
To charm the eyes, you wore my skin—
Is this not theft? Is this not sin?

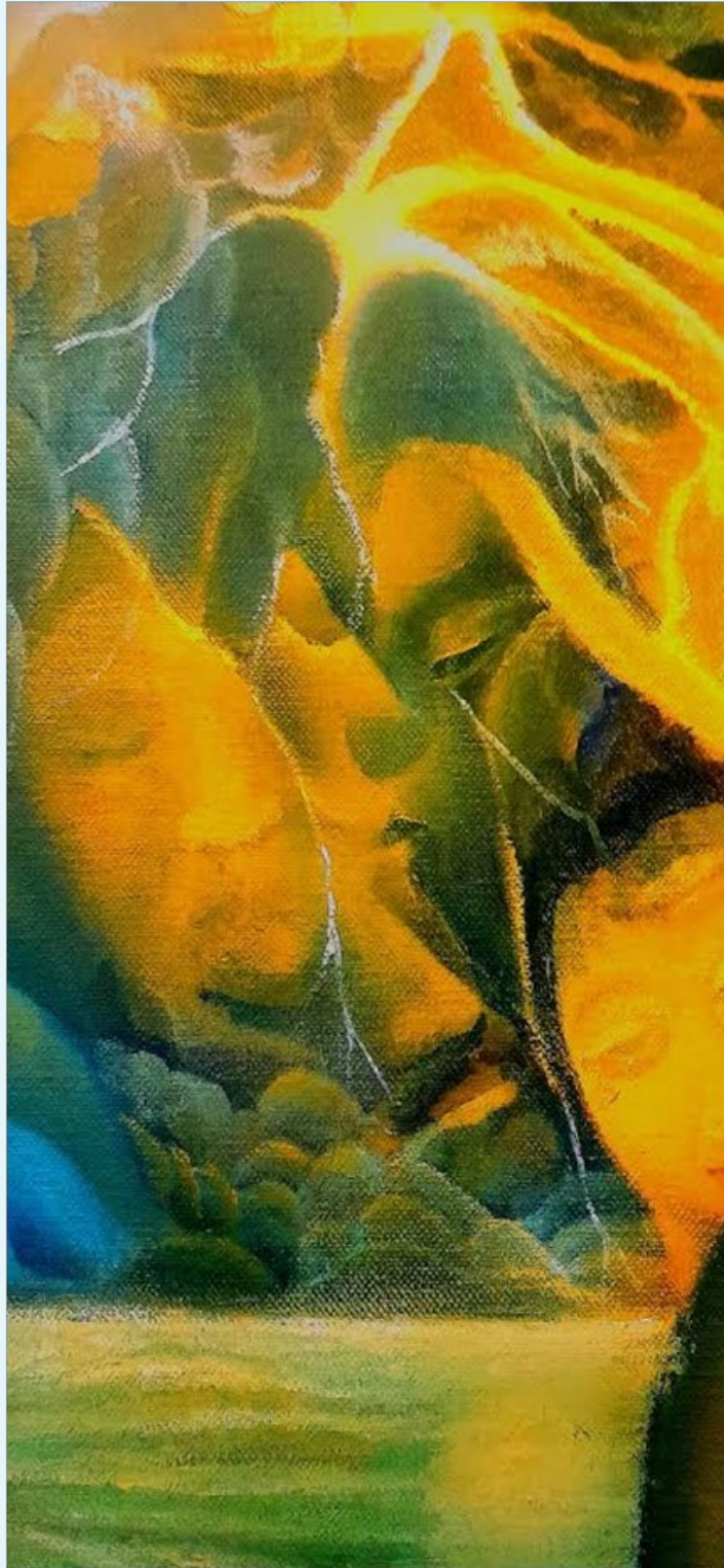
Oh woman, kindred born of clay,
Do you not bloom in your own way?
Would you not weep, if hands so cold
Plucked dreams before they could unfold?

My scent was love, my touch was grace,
My pollen borne for time and place.
But now I fade, my roots understand done,
My story stilled before it’s sung.

So ask your heart, before you choose,
Whose beauty blooms when others lose?
For every petal that you wear,
Is stolen breath, a muted prayer.
— The Flower

– By B Gopinath

TEMPTATION



– By P Devadass

'Beacons Of Hope'

Peals of delight
Irrepressible mirth
Suppressed giggles galore
Can only think of one source
Children anywhere, children everywhere
God's little gift to us ... our little bundles of joy!

Little bundles of joy, hope and innocence
In all shapes, sizes, colours and religion
Twinking eyes full of mischief
Sparkling trusting faces
With cherubic smiles that light up the world
God's little gift to us ... our little bundles of joy !

They see love everywhere
They spread love everywhere
Little rascals they can be sometimes
But oracles of fairness and truth they are
Transparent, honest and disarmingly loving
Sparkling off in us, this unconditional love as they do
God's little gift to us - our little bundles of joy!

It matters not what religion, race or colour
It matters not what gender
Children are messengers of God
Made in our image and the Lord's
Treasure them, nurture and love them
They are the beacons of hope and love of tomorrow !!!

– By Kalpana Rao

FALL



– By Shekhar Sharma

Friendship

Distances do not matter,
Continents do not count,
Borders are not barriers,
Nor time can fade, leave alone tarnish.

Bondage built on belief,
Cemented throughout the childhood,
Strengthened by the second,
Matured by the minute.

Swarms of storms,
Steeled it for sure,
Hurricanes of hurdles,
Drowned out the despair.

We cherish and cheer,
As it flourishes further
We hope and pray
For it to last forever.

– By Sivanand Veluri

Geetha Prasad

చూస్తూ చూస్తూనే 50 సంవత్సరాలు గడిచిపోయాయి... ఎన్నో మధురస్మృతులు మదిలో ఇంకా మెదులుతున్నాయి...

1975 లో ఉస్మానియా మెడికల్ కళాశాలలో అడుగుపెట్టిన క్షణం గర్వంతో, ఉత్సాహంతో ఉప్పొంగిన మనసు... దేశంలో పేరు ప్రఖ్యాతలు ఉన్న కళాశాల, ఎందరో ప్రతిభావంతులైన వైద్యులను మరియు సేవలను ప్రజలకు అందించిన కళాశాల, ఇక్కడ చదవడం అంటేనే ఎంతో అదృష్టంగా భావించే కళాశాల. అందుకే నేమో మనసులో ఒకింత గర్వం కలిగింది.

ఎదురుగా హిప్పో క్రెటిస్ విగ్రహం... తలపించింది కర్తవ్యం. అనాటమీ హాల్లో కాలు పెట్టిన మరుక్షణం, కడుపులో తిప్పి కళ్ళు తిరిగాయి ఓ క్షణం, అలవాటై .. ఆకలితో వెంటనే తినడం ఇప్పటికీ మర్చిపోలేని జ్ఞాపకం.

కొత్త వాతావరణం, కొత్త స్నేహాలు పలకరింతులు అమాయకపు చూపులు, చేష్టలు, సీనియర్స్ ర్యాగింగ్ ఆపై స్నేహం. లైబ్రరీలో చదువు, తర్వాత విశాలమైన కాలిడార్ లో వెనక గ్రీల్ ముందు స్నేహితులతో కూర్చుని ఆడిటోరియం, హాస్టల్, ఫ్లె గ్రౌండ్ ని చూస్తూ కనబడిన / కనబడని వాళ్ళపై కామెంట్ చేస్తూ నవ్వుకోవడం ఇంకా గుర్తు... బోర్ కొట్టే క్లాస్ ఉంటే వెనుక బెంచ్ లో కూర్చుని పిల్లుల్లా బయటపడటం, ఇలా ఎన్నెన్నో చిలిపి చేష్టలు ఓవైపు... మరోవైపు చదువు, కేస్ స్టడీస్ మరియు లికార్డులతో సతమతం అవుతూనే మధ్యలో స్నేహితులతో సబ్జెక్ట్ డిస్కస్ చేస్తూ, చదివే సర్వస్వంగా దానిని ఆస్వాదిస్తూ...

ఎంత చదివినా ఎగ్జామ్స్ లో భయం భయంగా .. ప్రాక్టికల్స్ లో దడదడగా ... లిజల్ట్స్ వచ్చిన తర్వాత మాత్రం సంబరాలు కేలింతులు!!!



ఫైనల్ రిజల్ట్స్ వచ్చిన రోజు సంతోషంగా నేను కూడా డాక్టర్ ని అయ్యానని ఒకింత గర్వంగా అన్ని భావాలు ఏకమై... ఆపై గుర్తుకొచ్చిన కర్తవ్యం బాధ్యత మరియు భవిష్యత్తు.

పీజీ ఎంట్రన్స్ కు ప్రిపరేషన్ ఎం.డి గైనిక్ తర్వాత 13 సంవత్సరాల గవర్నమెంట్ ఉద్యోగం.

Raghava Hospital ప్రారంభించడం !!!

ఇంతకీ నేను ఎవరంటే మీ గీతా ఎన్.జి. నా జీవిత భాగస్వామి కె.పురుషోత్తం ప్రసాద్ మన క్లాస్మేట్... మాకుమారుడు: డా. రాఘవ ఆదిత్య (Ortho) కోడలు: డా. అపూర్వ (BioChem) కూతురు: డా. చందన (Developmental Paediatrician)

అల్లుడు: సూర్య కార్తిక్ (software engineer) మనవరాలు మరియు ఇద్దరు మనమలు:



Purushotham Prasad Kalvala

2025 ... 68 years almost 45 years of professional life.....

With the Anugraha of Bhagawan SHRI RAMA and blessings of our parents Geetha and I are continuing a happy and satisfied personal and professional life...

We are very thankful to our friends, classmates, and those near and dear to us, who always inspire, encourage and support us on our journey....

వెనక్కి తిరిగి ఓ సారి చూస్తే.. నాకే ఆశ్చర్యం అనిపిస్తుంది.

పది వరకు చదివించి పల్లె వాతావరణం లో నాన్న కవి, స్వాతంత్ర్య సమరయోధుడు... తలుచుకుంటే ఒకింత గర్వంగా ఉంటుంది!

సాటి మనిషిని గౌరవించడం, చేతనైనంత సాయం, ఉన్నదానికి తృప్తి..

మన పని ఏదైనా సరే సాధ్యమైనంత వరకు మనమే చెయ్యాలి..

ఇవి అమ్మ మాటలు నా జీవితానికి బాటలు, ఇవే మాటలు మా మామ నోట ఎంతో ఆనందం కలిగించి.

నాకు మాడ్స్ అంటే ఇష్టం గవర్నమెంట్ కాలేజ్ లో మాడ్స్ గ్రూప్ లేదు... బయాలజీలో చేరక తప్పలేదు. అది కూడా అక్కడ చెప్పే స్టాఫ్ లేరు. డిగ్రీ కాలేజ్ లెక్చరర్స్, మా అక్క సాయం మరువలేనిది.

Musaddiq ఇంటర్ లోనే classmate. అప్పట్లో రాజధానికి వచ్చి Entrance Exam రాయలేనివారు కోకొల్లలు, రాయగలగటం అదృష్టం.

చదవటమే మన ధ్యేయం అని చదివాము. సీటాచె, బిక్కు బిక్కుమంటూ రాజధానికి, హాస్టల్ లో లేదు సీటు, పరపతి ఉంటే మాత్రం లేదు లోటు. అదృష్టం Day Boarder Facility ఉంది. మెల్లమెల్లగా అందరూ స్నేహితులయ్యారు. మొదటి సంవత్సరం అయిపోయే సరికి కొందరు చిన్ననాటి మిత్రులను కూడా మరిపించారు. దివసీమ ఉప్పెన రెండు వారాలు అక్కడ మెడికల్ క్యాంప్, కాలినడకన ఊరూరు తిరగటం,

హాస్టల్ కోసం ధర్మా. Case Presentation కు మాత్రం చివరి వాన్ని. లైబ్రరీలో చదువు సబ్జెక్ట్ డిస్కషన్ సీనియర్స్ Exam and Examiner Oriented Tips...

అలా అలా successfulగా, సంతోషంగా విద్యార్థి దశ.

ఆపై DCH గీత నా జీవితంలోకి. గవర్నమెంట్ ఉద్యోగం.

Non Teaching Side ... Retired CSS (Paediatrics) Now Consultant in Raghava Hospital

మేము ఊహించనిది. రాజధాని మాకు భాగ్యనగరం అవుతుందని...

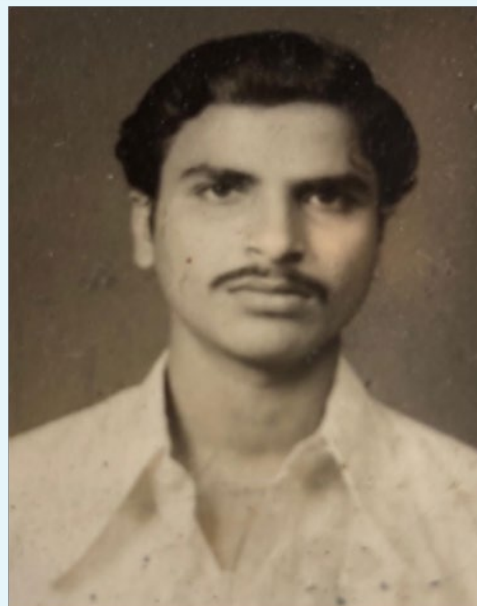


Ashok Vardhan Reddy

As destiny and divine grace – as I call it – willed, I joined Osmania Medical College along with all of you in 1975.

The memory of Mr Patcheco welcoming us on the first day with the message that the institute would now equip us to earn bread and butter for life, still rings in my ears as I sit to write this brief memoir of my own life over the last five decades.

Within a short span of my time into my MBBS course, I was led on a journey that unfolded for me - taking me into the Sri Sathya Sai Seva Organisation through my dear friend who taught me the basic principles of life, namely the 5D's - Duty, Devotion, Discipline, Discrimination and Determination, while the upbringing instilled in me the sense of humility and sincerity. These became the pillars on which I stood and guided my family and society at large.



Soon after our graduation, I joined Singareni Collieries in Adilabad as a Medical Officer, where we (Malathi - my better half, who is an obstetrician, and I) conducted several eye camps and medical camps in the downtrodden Naxalite-infested communities of that time, in a spirit of service.

We also ran several programmes at the district level in a highly sensitive area where guns and casualties were commonplace. The winter residential camp, which completed its 28th year last year, is still running under the banner of 'Indian Culture and Spirituality'. We have enrolled thousands of youngsters and have been able to change their outlook on Indian values, education, our culture and to a certain extent address their insecurities about socio-economic inequality. This trip was a divine blessing that helped us to be instruments of society, apart from being health professionals.

A book we picked up at Kacheguda railway station on our way to Culbarga for our master's degrees - "Stop worrying and start living" by Dale Carnegie - changed our outlook on life for the better and we still refer to it today.

Malathi and I completed our Master's Degree in Gynaecology-Obstetrics and Orthopaedics respectively and went on to have successful careers over the past few decades, first in the private sector, running a leading hospital in Mancherial and me also working at Gandhi Medical College. We were later blessed with two beautiful girls - Sai Riri, my elder



daughter - an MBA graduate settled in Sydney and Sai Divya - my younger daughter who recently moved to Oman and is an ophthalmologist. The family has since expanded with two lovely boys who are married to our daughters and the arrival of grandchildren.

I consider it a blessing that all of us (classmates) have remained good friends and keep in touch despite travelling around the world. In this regard, I feel fortunate to have been part of the Convening Team.

I humbly thank each and every one of you from the OSMECO 75 batch from the bottom of my heart for coming to our Golden Jubilee Reunion recently in 2025 and for your active participation.



Suresh K Reddy

A Journey Of Professional And Family Satisfaction With No Regrets

The start of my professional journey...

I remember wanting to join medical school to serve patients, and not just to make money. I got my chance when I learned that I got a seat in the medical entrance examination and proudly joined Osmania Medical College (OMC) in 1975. It was a moment of great pride when I learned I got a seat in a government medical college!

Looking back, I recall I was the class representative in the third year of medical college and was also the captain of the OMC Tennikoit Team. I remember how overjoyed I was, when I won the All India Inter-Medical Sports Event in Tennikoit.

Post-graduation and beyond....

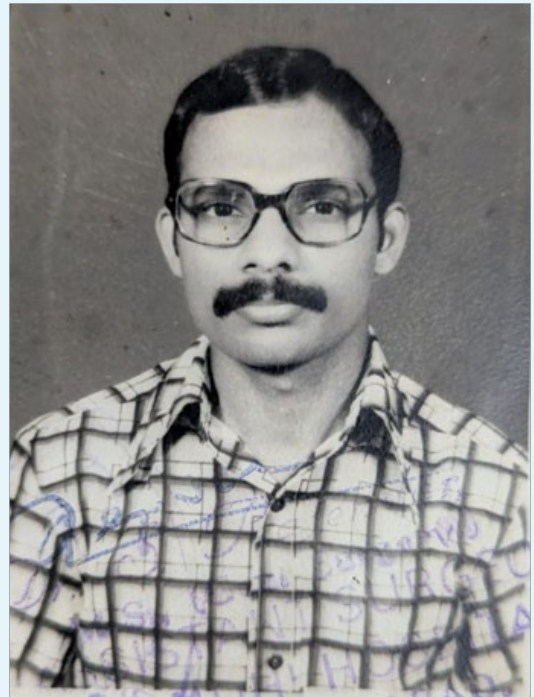
After my house surgery I continued in Osmania Medical College i.e. Osmania General Hospital in particular. I worked in OGH in the same ward for an additional three years and completed my MNAMS (Membership of National Academy of Medical Sciences) in General Medicine.

I recall having joined Christian Medical College (CMC) and Hospital, Vellore, Tamil Nadu in 1986 and having trained in Renal Dialysis until 1988.

I subsequently joined NIMS (Nizam's Institute of Medical Sciences) Hyderabad in 1988-89 and set up a Dialysis Unit there. I was also in charge of the Kidney Transplant Unit in NIMS and assisted with more than 500 kidney transplants from both live and cadaver donors until 2014.

Retirement to date ... the journey continues...

I retired from NIMS in 2014 and joined the Continental Hospital, founded by our classmate Dr Gurunath Reddy.



I then joined Aarogyasri Trust, Govt of Telangana as the Joint Executive Officer in 2017 and worked there for a further seven years.

Now I am back at the Continental Hospital as the Clinical Services Coordinator.

Family - my comfort...

I got married in 1985 and have two sons. The elder one - M.Phanindra Kumar Reddy - did his B.tech from Amritha Institute and his MS in Biomedical Engineering from the University of Connecticut, USA.

He is an US citizen, working for Boston Scientific in Seabrook, Houston, Texas, USA. The younger one - M.Nagendra Kumar Reddy - did his MBBS from SSIMS Medical College and Hospital, Davangere, Karnataka. A US green card holder, he is now doing his postgraduation in Internal Medicine at Baton Rouge General, Louisiana State, USA.



Sudha Madipalli née Molugu

My Days at Medical College

I vividly remember the moment my dad announced that my name had appeared in the list in the newspaper announcing that I had secured a place in medical college. This was a life-changing moment for me, as it shifted my career path from pursuing a Bachelor of Science degree to finally following my true passion. For my parents, it was a dream come true, especially since my older sister was already in her third year of medical college.

I began my medical college journey with tremendous enthusiasm, though the first few months were quite overwhelming. It felt as though I had been thrust out of the cocoon of my sheltered life and had to adapt quickly. Travelling daily on crowded buses from Secunderabad to Hyderabad and being in a mixed-gender environment for the first time was an entirely new experience.

Amidst the unfamiliar faces, I found solace in seeing some old friends from school, Meera and Madhubala, as well as intermediate college friends, Kalpana and Shanthi. I was also fortunate to have Pari and Radha in my batch, who I had known from our time at St Francis College while waiting for the entrance exam results. We became close friends throughout medical school and they remain an integral part of my life even today. I feel truly blessed to have them.

Tragedy struck just four months after I started medical school. My father, who had always been a pillar of strength and enjoyed excellent health, died suddenly of a myocardial infarction at the young age of 45. I was overwhelmed by grief and disbelief, but I was fortunate to have the unwavering support of my mother, grandfather, extended family and friends.

As the years went by, I dedicated myself to keeping up with the rigorous daily coursework and preparing for exams. My mother and grandfather, both deeply conscious of their responsibilities, felt it was time to start planning my marriage. While preparing for my ENT and ophthalmology exams, I got married. Despite their busy schedules, many of my classmates attended my wedding, a gesture that still warms my heart. The photos from that day serve as cherished reminders of those precious moments.

At the time, my husband, Dr Venkateswara Rao, was working as a General Practitioner in the United Kingdom, UK. His presence brought new beginnings to my life as I continued to balance my studies with my personal commitments.



My Life in the UK

Starting a new chapter with my husband evoked a range of emotions: happiness at beginning our life together, sadness at leaving my family and friends behind, and anxiety about venturing into the unknown. When I arrived in the UK in October 1982, I was greeted by cold, short and gloomy winter days. With no family around except my husband, I struggled with homesickness and feeling lost in a foreign country.

Over time, however, and with my husband's unwavering support and encouragement, I began to adapt to my new life. Passing the Professional and Linguistics Assessment Board, PLAB in March 1983 was my first major achievement, accomplished after six months. Shortly afterwards, I completed a four-week clinical attachment and secured a senior house job in Ophthalmology at a nearby hospital in June 1983. Having never worked in India before, I found myself facing a steep learning curve. By January 1985, I had successfully passed the Primary Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, FRCS in Ophthalmology. However, as the PLAB registration was only valid for five years, I pursued the LRCP MRCS for permanent registration.

In January 1986, amidst the challenges of balancing family life and career goals, my son Srinivas was born — a joyful moment. With my mother's invaluable help, I completed the Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, LRCP. Membership of the Royal College of Surgeons, MRCS in March 1986. Meanwhile, my husband juggled his full-time job, running his practice and dealing with the stress of building new premises, which was demanding for our family.

As Srinivas grew older, I began to notice delays in his motor development. By the time he turned one, he could barely crawl. After numerous tests, he was diagnosed with spinal muscular atrophy, shattering our hopes and dreams for him. The reality was heartbreaking — the thought that our beautiful baby would never walk was almost unbearable. Without any family nearby for support and with few friends, this period was incredibly difficult. However, Radha, who was facing her own struggles, came to stay with me. Her presence provided tremendous moral support for us both.

Thanks to her encouragement, I completed my ophthalmology membership during this challenging time, while my husband was setting up his new practice, which put considerable financial strain on us.

To focus on caring for my son, I decided to leave Ophthalmology and join my husband in general practice. I completed vocational training and earned my Membership of the Royal College of General Practitioners, MRCPG qualification.

Despite his physical challenges, Srinivas grew into a remarkable young man — bright, articulate, and ahead of his peers in many ways. His achievements never ceased to amaze us. He earned a BSc in Molecular Genetics, practised law for four years and later pursued an MBA at Oxford, for which he received a scholarship. Srinivas even started a holiday website for disabled people, which was acquired by Airbnb. After spending two years at Airbnb as a project manager in the USA. (The picture alongside was taken during the acquisition of his website by Airbnb), he returned to the UK just before the lockdown.

Unfortunately, tragedy struck again when my husband was diagnosed with idiopathic



pulmonary fibrosis in 2019. Despite his illness, he continued to dedicate himself tirelessly to caring for others. As his health deteriorated, we travelled to India in February 2022, and he passed away on 24 April 2022. Losing him after 42 years of marriage has profoundly changed my life. Together, we endured life's ups and downs, and his strength made me more resilient.

Now, life has taken a new turn. I continue to work as a GP partner, spending three days a week at my own practice. My son has a wonderful partner, Victoria Clayton, who is a data analyst, and I hope they will be happy together. Kalpana has been a great support throughout this journey, as have my close friends Radha, Shanti and Pari.

Although I will be unable to attend the reunion on 28 April 2025, I am looking forward to reconnecting with everyone on the Caribbean cruise in October 2025.



Pramod Reddy

I can't believe it's been 50 years since that momentous day when we were on the verge of realising our dreams of becoming doctors. It was one of the best days of our lives. The pride I saw on my parents' faces when they heard the news was priceless.

I entered the hallowed halls of OMC with a lot of excitement and anticipation, not knowing what kind of ragging torture I would face from my seniors (I had heard some horror stories), but thankfully it only involved treating them to an ice cream.

Exploring the anatomical details of the human body was fascinating, although we had to put up with the pungent, eye-irritating odour of formaldehyde. I found it even more interesting to delve into the physiological functions of different organs, as this paved the way for understanding what is normal before learning what is abnormal in diseases. We were fortunate to have some great clinical professors who laid a solid foundation for our future careers.

I quickly formed a study group with Sanjay and Ananth Puranik, and later with Putta Srinivas. Thanks to them, exam preparation became less stressful and more enjoyable. I thoroughly enjoyed Sanjay and Ananth's subtle humour, which broke up the monotony when things got stressful. I fondly remember the nights we would walk late with Putta listening to Chaya Geet, and get the strong Irani chai in a cafe opposite OMC to keep us awake while we tried to cram for our exams. I also cherish the time I spent with Naveed in the hostel; he always seemed to have a calming effect on people.

I loved the time we spent working together to develop innovative projects for medical exhibitions, explaining to laypeople how the human body works. Those were the good old days when time flew by.

I soon started a postgraduate course in paediatrics at Niloufer. It was then that I decided to try going to the USA to further my medical studies. I spent six weeks in Manila in the Philippines, staying at the YMCA with Ajoy as my roommate, taking the ECFMG and VQE exams. We had a great time in the Philippines.

I married my beautiful wife, Anantha, on 20 April 1984, and arrived in the US in December 1985. We have two beautiful daughters: Aneesha, who is a paediatric dentist in Cincinnati, and Anusritha, who is a fashion designer for Polo Ralph Lauren in New York.

They are married to two loving American men, Dalton and Christopher. We don't have any grandchildren yet. Here is a photo of our family.



After completing my internal medicine residency and cardiology fellowship in Tennessee, I started my cardiology practice in Kentucky in July 1993. Patients in this part of the country are very appreciative of medical services. I am very grateful for that. I am proud to say that I was voted the best cardiologist in Corbin three years in a row, and the best physician on staff at Baptist Hospital in Corbin, Kentucky.

I am truly blessed to have made great friends through medical school and later in life. I am also blessed to have a loving family. **What more could you ask for?**

Although it has been 50 years since we joined medical college, and although we have been away for so long, I feel closely connected to many of you thanks to our WhatsApp group, which has recently become much more exciting and interesting. I love all the interactions. Please keep them going! I am so proud to belong to this great class of OSMECO 74/75, unique in having been tested twice before getting into medical college. It's no wonder that so many of us have accomplished so much in so many different fields of medicine, becoming administrators par excellence, such as the first Director of Medical Education in the state of Telangana, the Principal of OMC (Putta Srinivas), and owners of corporate hospitals and medical colleges. Congratulations to everyone on your achievements and on reaching this Golden Jubilee milestone.

Of course, we miss our dear colleagues who have left us prematurely. Two great guys who were with us throughout our clinical postings, along with Pari, Padmini, Rama, Parijatha and Purushotham, were particularly close to me: Prabhaker and DV Prasad. We had a great time together. Although they are not here in person, I am sure they are watching from above.

Unfortunately, I could not make it to the Golden Reunion as I had prior family commitments around the same time (our wedding anniversary). Congratulations and thanks to all the organisers, especially Harish and Sanjay, for all their time and effort in setting up this grand reunion.

With lots of love, friendship and gratitude, your pal of 50 years is signing off.

Your friend Pramod.



Dr. Suganeshwar Pendyala

(Fondly remembered by my close friends as 'Shobhan Babu', a popular Telugu film star of the 1970s, I am now better known as a Professor of Orthopaedics).

Early years and higher studies

After completing my MBBS at Osmania Medical College in 1981, I spent a short period in Iran. I soon returned to Hyderabad, secured a residency at Gandhi Hospital and earned my Master of Surgery (MS) in Orthopaedics in 1986. Those residency years, which involved equal parts night duty, plaster of Paris and perseverance, laid the technical and ethical foundations for the following three decades.



Professional Journey

From 1987 to 2015, I worked as an orthopaedic surgeon in several government hospitals across the unified state of Andhra Pradesh. From one posting to the next, I witnessed the full spectrum of trauma care, from setting fractured forearms in a two-room Community Health Centre one week to performing hip and knee replacements at peripheral hospitals the next.

Key milestones

- * Joint replacement and trauma work: I introduced modern fixation techniques to peripheral hospitals where a generator and determination were the main sources of power
- * Arogyasri Programme: I led orthopaedic teams that performed one of the highest volumes of state-sponsored surgeries, ensuring that income never dictated access to mobility.
- * SADAREM Initiative: I helped design software that standardised disability assessment and personally issued over 50,000 certificates, streamlining benefits for persons with disabilities.



Teaching: Second Innings

Having retired from government service in 2015 provided the opportunity to open a new avenue that I value even more: academia. As Professor of Orthopaedics at Kamineni, MNR, Maheshwaram and Surabhi Medical College, Siddipet, I guide undergraduates and postgraduates in both the classroom and the operating theatre. Examining post graduates across universities keeps me up to date and, I hope, ensures that the next generation is grounded in sound principles and compassionate practice.

Family and personal notes

I married my classmate, Parijatha, in 1984. We raised two daughters, who are now radiologists, and a son, who is an engineer turned entrepreneur. Our ever-growing family ensures that discussions about work-life balance remain relevant.

Looking ahead

Whether I am reviewing an X-ray plate or a student's thesis draft, I still rely on the habits I cultivated in the hostel in the 1980s: careful observation, precise questioning and a sense of humour inspired by the comedies on Doordarshan at the time. The medical profession has been a rewarding film, and I remain eager for each new scene that rolls out.



Dr Parijatha Pendyala

Then, now... and still loving the ride!

Hello, friends!

I'm Parijatha, a proud alumna of Osmania Medical College. I graduated with an MBBS in 1981 and an MD DGO in 1984. In those early days, I thought the government Primary Health Care track was for me, but I lasted all of three months!

The call of home was stronger, so in 1985, I opened Parijatha Hospitals in Miryalaguda. For the next 32 whirlwind years, I was the town's go-to obstetrician, delivering babies while devising Rajinikanth-style solutions (textbook complications, no textbook gadgets). Even today, people in Miryalaguda stop me to say, 'Madam, you delivered me — and my kids!' That's the sort of résumé line money can't buy.

Life outside the labour room has been equally lively. In 1984, I married our classmate Sugnaneswar, who specialises in Orthopaedics. He opted for a career in the civil service; I chose private practice — and some how we still ended up at the same dinner table! We now live in Hyderabad, where I run my own clinic and he continues to set bones.

Our three high achievers keep us humble

Daughter 1 is a radiologist and is married to a neurologist.

Daughter 2 is a radiologist and is married to (surprise!) another radiologist.

Our son studied at IIT-Delhi and IIM-Ahmedabad, and has worked in the corporate sector for ten years. He is now a start-up founder and is married to an ISB graduate.

With the arrival of grandkids our family WhatsApp group has evolved from sharing medical memes to singing nursery rhymes, and we love it!



Professional side-quests

- * President, Secretary and eternal cheerleader of the Miryalaguda Obstetric Society.
- * IMA Miryalaguda President (won the “Best President” award after we built the town’s first IMA clubhouse).
- * Vice-President, FOGSI – Nalgonda

Back in college, I was the quiet student with my nose in Gray’s Anatomy. Four decades later, WhatsApp groups have turned us all into chatterboxes, and I’m grateful — medicine, motherhood and midnight calls have made time fly by like a Bollywood movie. Now, with a lighter clinic schedule, I’m finally cashing in those long-postponed tickets: Char Dham pilgrimages, beach sunsets and even a few passport stamps.

So, here’s to us — the class who studied by the light of a tube lamp, survived internships on tap water and chai, and still find new chapters to write. I can’t wait to swap stories at our next reunion — no operation notes required!



Radha Putchha

Firstly, I knew nothing about medical school, let alone a career in medicine. I knew for sure that I was bad at maths (and still am). Our family already had three engineers, and the men in the family — my father and two older brothers — decided that I should pursue a career in medicine. One brother said that I would be better off with a BA or BSc and then get married, as I was not considered attractive enough. The other brother felt that, as I was not conventionally attractive, I would be better off with a professional qualification to support myself. So, I took an entrance exam for a medical degree. When the results came through, my father checked my number and told me not to tell anyone, saying that there's a long way to go between the cup and the lip! I didn't understand what he meant.



Medical school was good for me. Although I used to tell my mother that I wasn't clever, she simply told me to work hard and wouldn't listen to my complaints. She would stay awake all night for my exams and make tea at 2 am. In fact, she should have received an MBBS for all the trouble she took.

I enjoyed every year of it. I met my childhood friend, Shanthi Rao, again at OMC. Once, during an anatomy class, Dr Premdas decided to hold an impromptu test and everyone walked out! I sat on the steps and wept profusely, much to Pari's surprise and frustration as she tried to figure out why I was crying. I wanted to take the test! Other than that, I enjoyed all five years and went with the flow. It was blissful. I didn't even have a good grasp of English. Once, Naveed told Rama (who was in my class) that she was burning the midnight oil. I had absolutely no idea what that meant! No wonder I wasn't famous at all! I was always standing next to Pari when she was talking to her hundreds of friends!



I still regret today that I didn't sit with Padmini and properly study for the PG entrance exam after completing medical school. But I didn't, and I ended up doing a Diploma in Clinical Pathology. That's when life took a wrong turn and I married a guy from the Pathology Department. It took me three years to step out of that life and find myself again. It took me a total of ten years to find my feet and become financially independent. These were the most important years as I missed out on major milestones in life.

I spent a year staying with Sudha, her husband Venkat, and their son Seenu in London. Although I sat a few exams, I didn't pass any of them. Dr Doshi, a professor of pathology, helped me

secure one job after another. Without the loving support of the aforementioned people in real life, I wouldn't be here to tell you this story. After three and a half years in the UK, I moved to the USA on a student visa. I enrolled at the Kaplan Institute to prepare for the USMLE — as my brother had moved there by then. I stayed with my brother's family for three months and then moved out. Fortunately, I passed the USMLE and FLEX exams, securing a residency position in a small town in upstate New York with the help of my cousin. During my third year of residency, I travelled to India for the first time in seven years and divorced the loser I had married.

While working as a primary care doctor, I met my dear husband on Match.com. He is a gem of a person: very kind, patient and meticulous (the complete opposite of me), and he has my back! He laughs at my jokes! He encourages me to do anything I want. Life has been good to us.

We moved to Wilmington, North Carolina in 2006. I worked at a hospice and palliative care organisation (a non-profit agency) there. After retiring, I went back to work as an outpatient palliative care physician for one day a week. I have enjoyed volunteering at the local literacy centre and at plant sales. I love gardening and doing unusual things like growing indigo from seeds, harvesting leaves and extracting dye, and dyeing clothes with indigo and flowers to create different colours. We grow vegetables and flowers. Please visit us!

I am very excited to meet you all soon!



Sanjay Srirampur

The Days that Made Us

The first Encounter: A dream too distant

It was 1975. I still clearly remember that day. My brother, Jayanth, and I were standing outside Osmania Medical College, not as students but as two starry-eyed boys who were there to take the entrance exam. We didn't belong in those corridors yet, but we had dreams, and standing there made them feel both exciting and distant.

Everything overwhelmed us: the size of the building, the white coats, the college's reputation. But the one thing etched in my memory is something small: The elevator. It was our first time using one. We stepped inside hesitantly, unsure whether to trust the machine or ourselves. For two small-town boys, even that short ride felt symbolic, as though the climb had begun.

During our visit, Mr George Pacheco, the Head of Physics and a friend of my father's, agreed to assess us informally. After a brief chat, he remarked bluntly, " 'These boys are too naive for Osmania.' In hindsight, he wasn't wrong. I was shy, soft-spoken and unimpressive. He simply called it as he saw it.

But life isn't always predictable. When the results came out, I had secured a good position. I was in! When Mr Pacheco heard the news, he was genuinely shocked. 'You? Really?'

I had been misjudged — seen as a boy with no spark. But maybe it was quiet determination, raw potential, or just fate. Walking into Osmania again, this time as a bona fide student, was one of the most satisfying moments of my life.

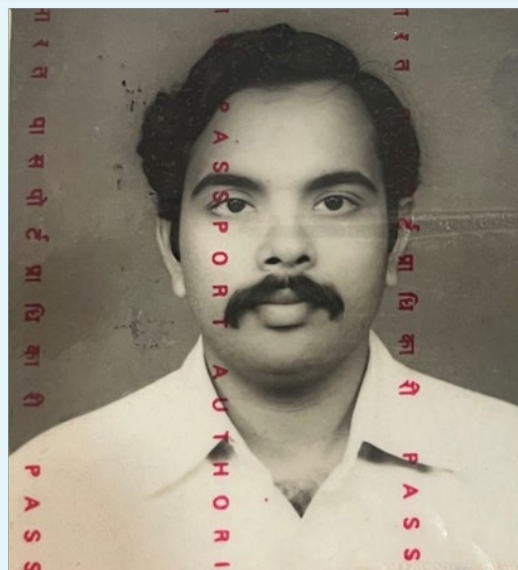
Anatomy, emergency rule and the distractions of youth

Cracking the entrance exam was a victory, but the first year at Osmania felt like a festival. I was still on a high and didn't feel as much pressure to study.

Our journey started with anatomy — a subject that everyone respected and feared. But I was still celebrating. While most were busy with scalpels, I kept my distance from the cadaver. My friends — Sivanand, Somasekhar and Saibaba — did the dissecting. I preferred to offer commentary from the sidelines.

At the same time, India was under emergency rule. We, a group of 17- and 18-year-olds, took our political debates very seriously. We would argue in the corridors for hours, convinced that our views could shape the country. If someone had recorded us, it could have formed the basis of a solid political science thesis — though it would not have been of much use in anatomy.

Our professor, Dr Premdas, rarely spoke. But his disapproving stares needed no subtitles.



Ready to change the world, but too scared to hold the scalpel. (1980)



Freshly ironed, mildly confused, and fully convinced that I had mastered medicine.

Ironically, it was the most sincere among us who didn't pass the year. The rest of us, who were more interested in discussions than dissections, somehow passed. This felt both odd and typical of those times, when luck often trumped logic.

That year, it was more about making memories than getting good grades. We were inexperienced doctors, brimming with confidence and confusion. We wanted to save the country, yet we flinched at the sight of a muscle.

Pathology, pranks, and microscope misadventures

Time touched our faces, not our friendship.

By the time we reached Pathology, we thought we had grown up. A new subject, a new setting and a slightly more serious attitude had emerged. My circle of friends had changed too — now it included Ananth Puranik, Putta, Pramod and Vithaleshwar.

That was when we met the microscope. To experienced eyes, it revealed diseases. To us, however, it looked like a jumble of pink and purple. We squinted at slides, unsure whether we were looking at liver cells or lung tissue.

One day, Puranik looked through a slide and said with full confidence, 'This one is sure to come up in the exam.' I, already stressed and feeling uncertain, picked up the slide and smashed it on the floor.



A moment of stunned silence followed. Then I smiled and said, 'Now it won't be in the exam.' We burst out laughing. It was childish, maybe even foolish, but it was very much us. This small act was our way of pushing back against the pressure and surviving the seriousness by adding a touch of silliness.

And then came another unforgettable gem during our internal practical in Social and Preventive Medicine. One of the spotters was simply an egg placed in a saucer. We diligently wrote everything about the egg—its nutritional value, protein content, even the social determinants of breakfast, perhaps. But one overly pragmatic candidate, likely running on an empty stomach, *pocketed* the egg. The next candidate, unaware of the vanishing act, approached the spot only to find an empty saucer. With utmost sincerity, he wrote a detailed note on the "saucer"—its design, hygiene implications, and maybe even cultural significance. That moment became an epic inside joke, replayed for decades with escalating hilarity every time it was retold.

What Osmania really taught us

These little stories — an elevator ride, a skipped dissection, a broken slide — may seem trivial. But they were milestones.

Osmania didn't just give us a degree. It gave us friendships that outlasted exams, laughter that lightened our stress and the confidence to grow, even when we lacked self-belief.

We learnt that success isn't always about sincerity. Sometimes the boldest lessons come from the most unexpected moments. We also learnt that the friendships forged amid the chaos of assignments, politics and pranks endure forever.

Today, when we return to Osmania, we aren't just visiting a college. It's to reconnect with a time that shaped us — quietly, deeply and joyfully.

May we always carry that spirit with us: the wide-eyed curiosity, the harmless mischief, the deep friendships and the simple joy of growing up together. *Osmania made us doctors, but more importantly, it shaped who we are today.*

Swarna Surasi

A Journey of Dreams, Dedication, and Love

“Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die, life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly.”

— Langston Hughes

From Dreams to Osmania

Hello friends, I'm Swarna.

The path to medical college wasn't easy; age restrictions stood in my way. However, perseverance paid off. After completing my intermediate education, I enrolled at Koti Women's College to study for a Bachelor of Science degree, right next to Osmania Medical College — the campus that had long captured my imagination. With prayer and a little luck, I was finally accepted into my dream college.



Becoming part of Osmania's storied legacy was thrilling, even if the subjects in the first year felt all too familiar: English, Botany, Zoology, Physics and Chemistry. The silver lining? I achieved a distinction, which gave me hope and motivation.

Finding my calling

The turning point came in the Anatomy Dissection Hall. That's when I truly felt called to a career in medicine. To cope with the pressures of medical school, I found an alternative outlet: I started presenting programmes for Yuvavani on All India Radio. I'll never forget the morning of my Anatomy practical exam, when my very first radio programme was broadcast! My thoughtful neighbours recorded it for me — a small gesture that still warms my heart.

Among the unforgettable highlights were the combined study sessions with friends, which were fun, supportive and full of laughter. While waiting for our second-year results, I immersed myself in the world of art, learning Nirmal painting, knitting and crafting flower vases. Many of these handmade treasures now adorn my daughter's living room.



Clinical years and coffee breaks

The clinical years passed quickly, filled with learning and late nights. I especially treasure the evenings spent in the college library until 6 pm and the sweet ritual of drinking sugarcane juice and coffee with friends in the cafeteria.

My first internship was in surgery under the guidance of Dr A. K. Chary. The friendly and inspiring atmosphere there sparked my interest in surgery, ultimately leading me to pursue a Master's degree in Obstetrics and Gynaecology.

A partner in life and medicine

That same year, I met my soulmate, Dr Sudhakar Rao Surasi. We married just a month before completing our internships.

Soon after, I joined him in Iran, where I prepared for the medical school entrance exam while pregnant with our daughter. Fortunately, I was able to sit the exam with the next cohort. My postgraduate years at the Government Maternity Hospital were intense — I welcomed both my daughter and son during this time — but I completed my postgraduation successfully with the support of my family.



From government service to Baalajee Nursing Home

Although I was appointed as a Civil Assistant Surgeon in Nagarkurnool, I was unable to secure a transfer to Hyderabad. With two young children, I made the difficult decision to leave my government job. Instead, my husband and I started our own practice, Baalajee Nursing Home in Santosh Nagar, marking a new beginning close to home.

A global path with deep roots

In 1996, we were granted US green cards, but we chose to stay in India to educate our children, using our visas to travel the world instead. My daughter followed in her father's footsteps by joining Gandhi Medical College and later moving to the US to pursue her residency.

When she was expecting my first grandson, I moved to the US to help, just as my own mother had once helped me. This marked the beginning of my early retirement at the age of 52, a decision which has given me the most fulfilling role of all — that of grandmother.

A grateful heart

Today, my daughter and son-in-law are both radiologists at MD Anderson Cancer Center, the world's number one cancer hospital. My daughter, Shilpa, has excelled in clinical work, research and leadership, earning an early promotion to associate professor.

My son, Rahul, chose his own path and is now a successful entrepreneur.



My two grandsons are in middle school and are full of energy and kindness. They now take care of me, encouraging me to attend exercise classes and enjoy outings with friends.

Forever grateful

Looking back, I feel a sense of pride and gratitude for my education, my family and the extraordinary journey I have had. From Osmania University to motherhood, radio programmes to Nirmal paintings, operating theatres to bedtime stories — it has all been a wonderful adventure.

'I am now a satisfied mother and grandmother.'

Mujtaba Khan

My dear, respected classmates,

Let me begin by greeting each one of you, congratulating you on Osmeco75's amazing achievements, and expressing my sense of loss and sorrow for the many dear friends of ours who could not be here and whom we will miss. My prayers go out to each one of our departed friends.

As I write this letter, many memories have resurfaced — some very vivid, others less so — but they are all important to me. It is incredible to think of how we started, the extraordinary journey we took, and how we have ended up here at the reunion.

It's hard to believe that 50 years have passed since we first walked through the hallowed halls of Osmania Medical College. Some of the friendships we formed then have lasted through the years, and this reunion gives us a chance to reconnect with people we have lost touch with over the years.

Taking part in the group chat for this reunion has rekindled many positive memories.

Here are some thoughts that I would like to share:

The positive relationships I had with all my classmates and colleagues. I don't remember any arguments, fights or negative feelings towards any of them. We had a brotherly relationship. Regardless of status, religion or social background, we were all equals. It was a joy to share a single cup of tea with two or sometimes even four friends!

I enjoyed Asad Ali's and Mir Nizam Ali's jokes, and Surinder's wit. I fondly remember the two gayaks of our class: Telugu songs by Bucchi Reddy and Hindi songs by Mohammad Sarwar.

And the debates between Abu Tahir Siddiqui, Guru and Jaffry.

I cannot forget the decent and compassionate cycle stand caretaker where we used to park our bikes and have lunch. The bike was actually an upgrade. When I first started, I used to take the RTC bus.



I didn't have much money at that time, but I received three scholarships, including a national scholarship, throughout my entire medical education and hardly paid any fees.

The sacrifices that my parents and older siblings made for me at that time contributed greatly to my later success, and I will be forever grateful to them. I am also very grateful to my teachers. Above all, I thank the Creator for His countless blessings. Indeed, He says, 'And if you should count the favours of Allah, you could not enumerate them.'

OMC provided me with the foundation to pursue further academic studies. After graduating from OMC, I went on to complete an MD in Internal Medicine at Gandhi Medical College. I then worked at Nizam's with my esteemed mentor, Dr Soma Raju. It was there, as a senior resident, that I was part of the group that performed the first acute coronary angioplasty in India one early morning. I then moved to the UK, where I completed my MRCP. After a brief period of work in the UK, I continued my training with a residency in Internal Medicine in the US, followed by a fellowship in Cardiology and then a subspecialty in Cardiac Electrophysiology.

I am currently in clinical practice in Ohio.

From a personal perspective, I feel truly blessed by God's grace to have had a fulfilling life. I got married in India before moving west. My wife, Aliya, is a practising rheumatologist and allergist immunologist in Ohio. All three of my children have also chosen to follow us into the medical field. My eldest son, Omar, is an interventional radiologist. My daughter Ayesha will finish her dermatology residency at the University of Cincinnati this summer, and my youngest son Humza is a first-year medical student.

Over the years, I have enjoyed travelling domestically and internationally. I still love swimming, cycling around town, and gardening during the short Midwestern summers.

I am looking forward to our reunion and reconnecting with classmates I have not seen in decades, but who I have often thought of over the years.



Asima Hussain

“The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step”

— Lao Tzu.

These words could not be more fitting for me, a quiet, shy girl who walked into Osmania Medical College in the spring of 1975.

I completed my intermediate education at Reddy College in 1974, having been permitted to skip two years of high school, which surprised many of my former teachers at Stanley High School. I was determined to succeed academically. Honest hard work and discipline rewarded me. As I started applying to medical schools, my ambitions grew. I managed to convince my father to let me pay to apply to Kakatiya Medical College, but unfortunately, I was not accepted. I never gave up, though, and tried harder. I took the Osmania Medical College entrance examination twice, as I was underage and had to go to court to be allowed to take it.

I was proven totally wrong in my expectation that the challenging journey would end once I entered medical college! In fact, it was just the start of a marathon across all floors of the beautiful building, from the classroom to the laboratory to the library to the professor's office. The idea that I was already a doctor when I started medical school was completely misguided. I learned that the 'white lab coat' does not make you a doctor, but a 'running rabbit'.

Year 1, the Pre-Professional Course, PPC, was very exciting but not easy, as I soon realised. It involved overcoming many challenges, such as chasing lecturers, collecting books and completing projects. Eager to constantly improve my grades, I found myself in the library all the time. After all, I had entered medical school with the goal of becoming the best possible doctor.

Over time, I noticed that someone seemed to be competing with me at every turn. I soon realised that, with my classmate Chakrapani as my life partner, we could become the 'best physician couple'. However, this challenge proved to be greater than my struggle to get into medical college.



Our journey continued to be challenging as we moved to other countries, had children and came to the USA on our own merit and money. I took on the responsibilities of a mother as well as those of a physician, with 'no leave or breaks in my career or work'.

We are now blessed with three children: two daughters and a son. Both my daughters live with their families in California. My son lives with me in Michigan. My daughter Farrah and my son Amer fulfilled Chakrapani's dream by becoming surgeons themselves at top universities in the USA. I specialised in Sleep Medicine, though I still practise Primary Care in Michigan.

I am still trying to complete the journey that I started at Osmania Medical College, one step at a time. There are 'many miles ahead and many more to go'.



Chakrapani Ranganathan

My life has always been challenging, as I have dedicated it to serving those who need the most help. Maintaining character and standing up to culture and customs requires courage. Patience, perseverance, hard work, and a willingness to face challenges and setbacks are all necessary. Fortunately, I have been blessed with these qualities and have worked to develop them over the years.

My journey in the medical field began at Osmania Medical College in 1975 with the Pre-Clinical Course. I can't remember the names of all our teachers, though some still ring a bell. The first member of the teaching faculty we met was Mr Pacheko, who was a breath of fresh air and taught us with great enthusiasm. I recall meeting teachers of Zoology and Biology, whom we nicknamed 'Parrot teacher' and 'Camel teacher' respectively due to their eccentric personalities. *I apologise for characterising them in this way, but these were the names that my close friends and I used when dealing with them.*



I remember the large anatomy hall with cadavers lying around in a cloud of formalin. I wasn't afraid of the cadavers, but I was very frightened of the anatomy professor, Dr Premdas (who had no 'prem' in his heart), and his long tissue forceps. I remember dancing around to avoid him as much as possible because he was a strict disciplinarian. However, my worst experience during those years was the record book and the diagrams we had to draw with haematoxylin pencils. I was terrible at drawing, and nobody in the class could help me improve. I was so ashamed of my work that I didn't even take it to the actual examination, but luckily I managed to pass.

For me, the most interesting department in the preclinical years was Biochemistry, headed by Professor Sadasivudu. He introduced me to the fascinating world of the intricate biochemistry of neuron membranes, neurotransmitters, receptors, and everything else that is not yet known about the brain. As far as I know, the brain is the most complex thing in the universe, and this fascination led me to choose neuroscience as my eventual career.

Dr Waghray was a role model for me in terms of being a decent physician and person, and I started to identify with him. Fortunately, I performed well in the practical exams. I recall doing well in my final oral medical examination, but I was pleasantly surprised to learn that I had to share first place with Asima, who was not pleased to share that credit with me. I also distinctly remember our surgery rotations with Dr Walliuddin, who was an incredibly fast and excellent surgeon. His exceptional surgical skills made me realise that *it is through action rather than words that one becomes a great doctor.*

When we graduated from medical school, I realised that if I wanted to pursue my interest in brain science, I would need to leave India. My friends helped to finance my US exams, but we still needed money to travel to the US for placement interviews. Asima and I worked in Iran for a couple of years until we had saved enough to fund our venture. Everyone in Iran laughed at our plans, but we proved them wrong, landing a position in the Pathology Department at Northwestern University in Chicago.

I completed residencies in both psychiatry and neurology. I completed the necessary fellowships and obtained board certifications in neurology, psychiatry, and the subspecialties of stroke, epilepsy, sleep medicine, neurocritical care, and neurophysiology. Since then, I have been working at a very busy practice in Michigan, enjoying the challenge of complex and challenging neurological cases where diagnosis and management are more difficult than usual. Although money never interested me, I recognise that it is required for survival.



I have learnt a great deal from my friends, from high school through to medical college. I admired Ajoy's kindness and sense of humour when dealing with patients, Manohar's humility, patience and perseverance, and Nadeem's bold, adventurous spirit and gracious nature. Tragically, Nadeem passed away while still in medical school. However, no one impressed me more than Dr Soma Raju, a nationally renowned cardiologist from Hyderabad with whom I had the pleasure of working. When Asima and I were trying to travel to Iran, he personally offered us financial assistance, which made a big difference.

Cultural beliefs and religious identities can sometimes make it difficult to interact with people. I respect the goodness in everyone, so I let them express themselves while continuing to befriend them. *However, I strongly oppose the abuse or exploitation of the weak and vulnerable in the name of religion, culture or any other cause.* Some of the best lessons I have learned in life came from my patients. A 99-year-old lady was brought to the emergency room with a sudden inability to speak and a flaccid right upper limb, i.e. she had had a stroke. Given her age, thrombolytic therapy with TPA was not an option because of the high risk of bleeding. However, she clearly communicated to me, non-verbally, that she wanted the treatment no matter what. I explained the 40% risk of bleeding and death, to which she responded that she would take that chance. When I told her that I could not take the risk, she held my hand and said, 'It's not you, it's me who's taking the risk'. I accepted her decision and prescribed thrombolytic therapy, *despite opposition* from the other physicians in the ER. Fortunately, she recovered, regained her speech completely, and lived to the age of 103. She came to see me every six months religiously until the end of her life. *This 99-year-old teacher taught me never to disregard anyone's choices and preferences simply because of their age or fragility, even if their memory is weak.*

Jai Hind.

Subrahmanyam Nukala

Nuclear Medicine

Hi there,

I'm Subrahmanyam Nukala, your classmate from Osmania Medical College. I am enclosing a photo taken in 1981, from our time at OMC.

To be honest, I was a reluctant medico who disliked biological sciences, but like many of us in those days, I ended up at Osmania Medical College under parental guidance and pressure.

I have always been interested in physical sciences and mathematics, which is why I am interested in nuclear medicine. I grew up with my grandfather, a practising gynaecologist, in Madras (Chennai). He was my mentor and I owe him the core values and principles that have guided me throughout life. Despite knowing of my preference, he was unable to influence the decision that propelled me into Osmania Medical College.

I can still recall (with distaste) the anatomy dissection hall, where I would sit as far away from the cadaver as possible, reading from the dissection manuals while my friends and stretcher mates performed the dissection.

Postgraduate years, working life and beyond

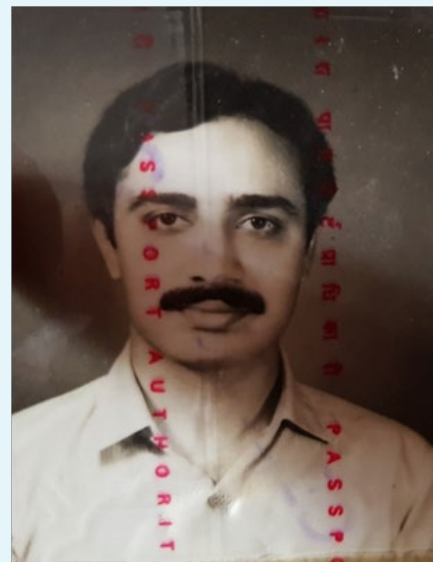
After completing my MBBS, I went to the All India Institute of Medical Sciences (AIIMS) in New Delhi to undertake an MD in Biophysics, with training in Nuclear Medicine. I was awarded the Taliker Medal at AIIMS. Finally, I was doing what I wanted to do. Thus began my career in nuclear medicine, and I never looked back.

Here is a photo of the MD degree and medal award ceremony.

I got married while doing my MD at AIIMS in New Delhi. My wife, NV Bharathy, was doing her Master's in Economics at the time. She subsequently completed an MPhil and a PhD in Economics.

Meanwhile, I completed a Diploma, Radiation Medicine (DRM) with distinction, as well as a Diploma from the national board (DNB) in nuclear medicine, at the radiation medicine centre (RMC) at the Bhabha atomic research centre (BARC), Tata memorial hospital, Mumbai.

I started my working life at NIMS (Nizam's Institute of Medical Sciences) in Hyderabad, in the Nuclear Medicine Department, between 1989 and 1994. I then moved to Abu Dhabi in the UAE, where I worked in the Nuclear Medicine department for eight years (1994–2002), before returning to India.



I completed my board certification in nuclear cardiology in the USA in 1999, and I became a fellow of the European Board of Nuclear Medicine in 2012. As shown in this photo, in 2010, I received the Australian Government Endeavour Executive Award for PET CT and Lutetium therapy training at the University of Sydney and the Melbourne and Sydney hospitals.

Between 2002 and 2007, I worked at the first Fortis Hospital in Chandigarh, where I set up the Nuclear Medicine Department. It was a wonderful time in my life when I watched my daughter Mahima grow up. She has grown up to become a fine engineering graduate with an MBA, working for a US firm in Hyderabad.

I then came to Hyderabad to work at CARE Hospital, alongside Dr Soma Raju. Between 2007 and 2014, I was privileged to be able to serve the teachers who taught me at medical college and in the hospital, as I was involved in managing their medical problems. It was indeed a pleasure and an honour to be of use to the people who had such a profound impact on my life's journey. I remember the strange mixture of awe, reverence, humility and professional pride I felt when they congratulated and thanked me, and expressed their pride in my professionalism and competence.

I then returned to the UAE and worked there from 2014 until the onset of the pandemic in 2020. From 2021 to 2024, I worked at Omega Hospital, contributing to the expansion of their Nuclear Medicine Department with PET/MRI, Lutetium neuroendocrine therapy, and Yttrium TARE (transarterial radioembolisation) for liver lesions — a combined approach with interventional radiologists and nuclear medicine physicians. I have since moved to Kamineni Hospital in LB Nagar, Hyderabad, where I intend to establish a PET CT, SPECT - Gamma and Nuclear Medicine Therapy Department. I will continue to provide care to the community through my passion: Nuclear Medicine.

In the meantime, here is a recent photo of me. I remain active and well, and my main interests are still sporting activities (chess, cricket and table tennis), as well as physics, psychology and philosophy. I wish all my classmates a happy and fruitful life pursuing their passions, and I hope to meet up with you all sometime in the future.



Sayeeda Sultana

Hi everyone, I am Sayeeda Sultana - your classmate. I have decided to start my story after the completion of house surgeonship.

My life's journey started on a roller coaster, so to speak, as my husband-to-be postponed our wedding, just a week before the date. He chose a vascular surgery fellowship under Dr Coolie instead, in the USA. I was devastated, wedding cards were distributed and the groom had disappeared. They say 'when it rains it pours.

Somehow my life took a miraculous turn and I ended up in KSA (Kingdom of Saudi Arabia) instead of the USA as planned. I was recruited by the Ministry of Health, Saudi Arabia though I had 'zero' experience and no MD degree. The fact that I was the only one at that time in the whole of Saudi Arabia with no post-graduate experience and in fact 'no experience' was pointed out by the Saudi Health Minister, who wanted to send me back to India. The recruiter however (with post- MRCP experience), convinced him. This made me feel that I was a 'born natural winner'.

When I reached the Health Centre in Saudi Arabia, which stood in the middle of the desert, I had a keen desire to hop back into the car and leave the country. The driver, however, took off, leaving me stranded in the middle of nowhere i.e. the desert. I still recall that unforgettable night, when I sat in horror on the floor next to bed and wept bitterly. I remember vividly, the screaming and yelling before I eventually fell asleep. I fell asleep on the floor in exhaustion.

The next morning however, I was sent a retainer of Rs.10,000 which changed my mind. Seeing so much money, my tears evaporated and I got working.

I can never forget my first patient. As she entered the room, I saw that she was fully covered up and only her eyes were visible. She whispered her name several times, but I could not understand. I had to call the nurse to check the name. The nurse confirmed that yes, her name is "BUNDERI ". Then came Sita i.e. Sieta.

A few days later, a patient got admitted with a 'brow' presentation. As for me, I only remembered vertex presentation i.e. left occipito-anterior (LOA) from my medical college days. Fortunately for the patient, our health centre had an experienced Tunisian midwife, who had trained in France. She wrote 'brow presentation' on the birth chart. As soon as I read that, I ran upstairs to grab an Obstetrics textbook- read it quickly and came back, pretending as if I knew how to handle the case. This was just one of the many cases that presented with obstetric complications i.e. compound presentation, deep transverse arrest and cord prolapse.



Whenever I happened to see a case with a prolapsed umbilical cord, I was tempted to either push the cord back into the vagina or pull it out fast, as if I were pulling a string with a kite attached. My rationale was that if I pulled on the cord (just like the thread and the kite) the baby too would follow. Fortunately for the patient and me, the midwife saw the patient before me. Before I could say anything, the midwife screamed at the driver "Emergency transfer" and we literally flew in the ambulance, which went like a Turbo F1 car. Thank God the baby was saved with an emergency 'Crash Caesarean section'.

Many such incidents occurred in that posting but miraculously, I managed to dodge the bullet and came through scot free. Of course, I worked hard and learned a lot during that period.

After 4 long years working in the middle of the desert, I applied to move and was successful in being transferred to a big city in Dammam called Hofuf. I recall once being interviewed on a TV Saudi Channel. Our classmate Pari Plavi apparently watched that interview and very kindly sent me a letter of appreciation.

After being haunted by recurring nightmares of the desert, I decided to go to the USA. I appeared and passed the US entry examinations with good scores. During the process of applying for residencies, I have been fortunate to meet many of our classmates who have been incredibly helpful. Saaduddin helped me with my resume and I recall Meherbala, who in the role of an Associate Professor had interviewed me. Matheena Rashid had apparently impressed one of the Professors in one of the hospitals with her outstanding performance, so much so he was left with an excellent impression of OMC. I recall, he wanted to sign me on immediately.

I chose Cook County Hospital, where I understand that Shanthi Rao and her husband had done their residencies. Cook County Hospital with 90% of residents being Indians and Pakistanis, was known for its generosity towards foreign medical graduates (especially from our side of the world). I had heard about grand rounds in Urdu, free dormitory, free food, the icing on the cake being the free international calls.

I then joined neonatology in Los Angeles but circumstances did not allow me to complete fellowship. I started my private practice and have less stress at work with great job satisfaction handling premature babies in level two Neonatal care hospitals and ex-utero transfers to tertiary care hospitals after initial stabilization. I have received training in Cosmetic procedures which is proving to be lucrative.

Personal Life

After being ditched by my fiancé a week before the marriage, I got engaged several times but did not settle down with anyone.

Whilst doing my residency in the USA, I mentioned to my colleague how I wished I could have married the person I was once engaged to. She encouraged me to find out where he was and to contact him. To my surprise, I came to know that my ex-fiancé too, had dated several girls but could not get himself to marry anybody. We got in touch and as soon as he came to know that I was single, we decided to marry. We married after seven long years of no connection whatsoever. After another seven years, we went to India for a belated reception. The number '7' seems to have been a lucky number for me! We don't have any children though - never mind, we are still trying hard with discharged batteries.

Sometimes, when I look back, I often wonder why no one from Osmania Medical College ever approached me or proposed to me? Saaleh - did they think I was that ugly huh?!



Deepika Reddy

Hello!

You may know me as Deepika Reddy, but you might know me better as Indira Reddy's sister.

Although it was quite a grind, my friends N G Geetha, Durga Nagamani and Vasantha made medical college fun. After college, the four of us would go to local restaurants and the cinema together. Somehow, we found time for a few hours of “combined studies”, whatever that meant, and made it through. Those five years flew by quickly. Before I knew it, I had got married in my fourth year and left for the US soon after my final exams.

Moving to the US was exciting, but it also brought some reality checks. As well as taking the ECFMG and FLEX exams, I had an exciting time reuniting with my classmates Meher and Kamini. It was an interesting experience travelling for interviews while pregnant. I soon welcomed my first child, Vaishnavi, and started an Internal Medicine Residency in New York City. I went on to secure a fellowship in Nephrology and had my second child, Srinidhi. Meher and Kamini became like family to us in the US, sharing precious moments and vacations.

I escaped the freezing winters of New York by moving to the warmer city of Memphis in Tennessee. There, I learned a lot about the challenges of clinical practice and switched to running my own private practice, which I have successfully managed for 28 years. During my time in Memphis, I continued to work, got divorced and raised my daughters with the help of my mother. She gave 35 years of her life to my family, supporting us through tough times until her death in 2024 at the age of 96. My two daughters have grown up to be amazing, strong and compassionate human beings. Both are physicians and have brought home husbands who are also physicians! They are fantastic parents to my grandchildren—two boys and one on the way.

Recently, life threw another curveball at me. I was diagnosed with a rare thyroid cancer and given a poor prognosis. I beat the odds though, and three years later I am in remission and back to work, travelling and having fun.



Life has a way of humbling us. I have led a rich and adventurous life of service, and I am proud of the daughters I have raised. I feel blessed to be able to join you all and celebrate the 50th reunion since graduation.



Indira Reddy Samala

Moments to Cherish

My life is well-woven. Recalling our story, memories flash by like periodic trips, and soon it's a lifetime.

As a globe-trotter with a green thumb, I have a deep connection with Mother Nature and Mother Institute.

My medical journey

began in 1975. Our entrance exam was held twice that year. With friends like Mani, Vasantha, Geetha and my sister Deepika around, my days at medical college went by swiftly. We worked hard but also had fun. Those were memorable and happy days — absolutely adorable!

My family

Chandrasekhar proposed to me, and the rest is history. Our marriage transformed our lives, creating a happy family unit.



As with everyone, we have experienced financial difficulties and hardships. Recognising that we needed to find ways to overcome these challenges, we both embarked on our respective journeys, he as an orthopaedic surgeon at Nizam's Institute of Medical Sciences (NIMS) and me as an assistant professor of ear, nose and throat (ENT) at Koti ENT Hospital. We both enjoyed fruitful and satisfying careers.

The new sunrise in our lives came in the form of two lovely children, Niharika and Vikramaditya, who are the best thing in our lives. They have both enjoyed great success in their medical careers and personal lives. They are both high-achieving students and are happily settled.

My daughter, Dr Niharika, is a gastroenterologist and hepatologist and has had the opportunity to work in Dr Alter's team (a Nobel Prize winner in the USA). My son, Dr Vikramaditya, is currently doing a fellowship in cardiology in the USA.

Professional life

My career reached its pinnacle when I retired as Head of Department and Superintendent of the Government ENT Hospital. It was a satisfying journey.

I then joined my current place of work, Bhaskar Medical College, in 2014, where I led from the front and mentored up-and-coming faculty members such as Dr P. Ramakrishna and Dr S.B.V. Chandrasekhar. This helped me to establish a high-standard department. The department continues to flourish, with two of my postgraduate students achieving university gold medals, as well as undergraduate students securing gold medals. We are extremely proud of our students' accomplishments.

Our consultant service at Apollo Hospital in Hyderabad is another accolade to add to our list.

Giving back to society

Our free services at the Saibaba Temple in Panjagutta are the most gratifying, with many patients benefiting from free surgeries and ongoing services.

In summary, a satisfying career alongside a loving family and good friends has meant a meaningful life for which we are both grateful.

Thank you for being part of our journey and helping us create precious memories along the way.

Here's hoping we will all meet again!

Indira



Raghunandan Raj Kasinchetty

College Days: 'Young and carefree'

I entered Osmania Medical College in 1975, with lots of excitement. I recall being very nervous about the ragging for freshers and endured some ragging. The seniors asked me to remove my shirt during the ragging. I was extremely anxious and apprehensive, and I guess it showed, because one of the seniors kindly asked me to leave the stage. I still remember the intense relief I felt.

The part of medical college life that I enjoyed most was third year, when we studied human anatomy. I enjoyed exploring the subject. I remember Raghuram, Ramakrishna and Ramachander as my stretcher mates — I can't remember who else was with us, but I do recall that our teamwork was excellent.

The three of us used to spend most of our time together. Ramakrishna had a scooter, so we would leave Osmania Hospital as soon as our clinical sessions were over. The college bus used to arrive about thirty minutes after we left, so we invariably reached the medical college earlier than our friends travelling by bus. We would sit on the steps at the entrance to the college hallway and greet our classmates as they got off the bus.

I also remember staying in the hostel for a while as a guest. My roommates were Narsimha Goud and Pramod Kumar, who were very welcoming and kind. I was in charge of the hostel mess with another friend for a month, which was quite challenging but fun. Most of medical college life was enjoyable, except during exams when everyone was understandably stressed.

Postgraduate study and beyond

I completed my postgraduate studies in Pathology, acquiring my Master's Degree and Diploma in 1987. I set up a diagnostic centre in the Khammam district, but unfortunately it didn't work out. During that time, I worked as a medical officer for the Andhra Pradesh State Road Transport Corporation.

I soon closed the laboratory and moved to Saudi Arabia in 1992, where I worked as a laboratory in-charge. Life in Saudi Arabia was comfortable and relaxed, and I had no problems at all.

I then immigrated to Canada in 1998. Initially, life was tough, but I eventually settled there as a pathology assistant and continued in this role for the next six years.

In 2006, I immigrated to the US and settled there with my family. We have lived there ever



since. Unfortunately, I developed health issues over the years which prevented me from continuing to work. I finally stopped working during the period of the COVID pandemic.

Post-retirement

I now live with my wife and son in Oklahoma. Both my sons live in the USA, which is very convenient for us. I love listening to music, particularly old songs, and socialising with friends.

I am sorry that my poor health has prevented me from joining the 'OSMECO75 - Senior Batch' reunion celebrations. Unfortunately, I will not be able to join the cruise either, but I wish all my classmates good health and happiness, and I will continue to follow and interact with you all on the 'OSMECO75 Seniors Batch WhatsApp'.



Lakshminarayana Veligati

My name is Lakshminarayana Veligati, but I go by many names, which causes a lot of confusion. My friends in India call me 'Laxman', while at work some call me 'Laxmi' and others call me 'Narayan'. Looking at my picture, I'm sure there's no confusion as to who I am!

Moving from a small village in Warangal to the hustle and bustle of a city like Hyderabad, and being one of the chosen few to study medicine at the prestigious Osmania Medical College, was a surreal experience. I was totally awestruck! Fortunately, I made some wonderful friends who helped me settle into college and the hostel.

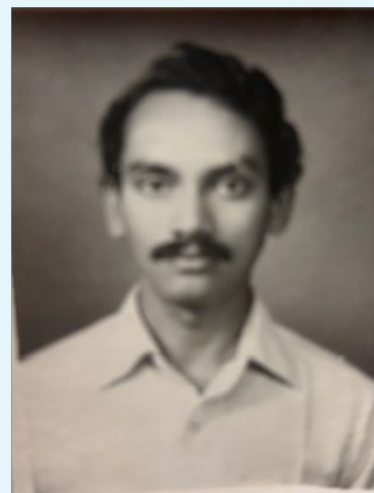
I still fondly recall the lovely times I spent with my roommate Christopher and friends such as Manohar, Satyam, Putta Srinivas, Bapu Rao, Musaddiq, the late Vinay Kumar, Venkatesh, Purushottam and Harish. I also vividly remember anatomy dissections with Keshav Chander, LT Kishore and Jagadish. Those were memorable days indeed!

After completing my MBBS, although my heart was set on Internal Medicine, having secured a high rank, I succumbed to peer pressure and joined the MD Paediatrics course at KMC, Warangal. In hindsight, it was the right decision, as I fell in love with this specialty.

Another fortunate event in my life was getting married to Padma during my PG course. She has been my inspiration in every aspect of my life ever since.

After graduating, I worked briefly at Durga Bai Deshmukh Hospital while we were both uncertain about our careers. In a desperate bid to further our prospects, we then had another brief stint in Iran to earn enough money to reach the UK and pursue our MRCP and MRCOG qualifications, which we succeeded in doing. Still restless in pursuit of opportunities, we moved to the USA in 1991, where we found peace, stability and contentment, albeit after initially moving around a bit. Since 1998, we have settled in a small town called Saint Joseph, north of Kansas City in Missouri, where I work as a general paediatrician. I am now proudly taking care of the second generation of children, who are the offspring of patients I treated as children.

Padma and I enjoy working in this small town. We have been recognised as outstanding physicians a few times, which is rewarding. We have two wonderful sons, Sashank and Sirish. Our older son, Sashank, is now a software engineer working in San Francisco, California. Our younger son, Sirish, is a child psychiatrist at the University of California, Davis, in Sacramento. Neither of them is married yet, as they are still looking for their soulmates and would like to wait as long as it takes.



My life's canvas thus far seemed to be filled with serendipitous strokes. That changed in 1999 when my family went through a difficult time due to an accident I had on holiday in Hawaii. During my first and last surfing lesson, I fell off the board. As my head broke the surface of the water, a treacherous wave brought the board crashing down onto my neck, fracturing my larynx and causing life-threatening surgical emphysema. Although an emergency tracheostomy in the Emergency Room (ER), followed by extensive surgery and a stent at a New York hospital, was lifesaving, it could not save my voice. Voice training over many months helped me to develop a supraglottic voice and return to work. Padma was instrumental in facilitating my surgeries and recovery.

Please excuse me for not keeping in regular contact. I don't use WhatsApp and I don't have a Facebook account. I spend my time here playing cards and having fun with our friends in town. Padma and I played golf for a few years. We both love playing golf whenever we get the chance. It's rewarding to be outside getting some fresh air and walking. Although it's not that much exercise, it's a 'bahana' to go and play golf.

We both enjoy doing yoga and using the gym, and we try to watch what we eat to keep fit. After trying many different methods, I have settled on Kriya Yoga by Yogananda. It gives me peace and solace.

It's great to see everyone getting together, chatting and having fun. Unfortunately, we were unable to come to India for the reunion as we had already planned a tour of Europe at the same time. Hopefully, I will be able to join the Caribbean cruise in October.

Thank you all so much for your efforts in reconnecting with our Osmeco 75 classmates. Good luck to everyone!



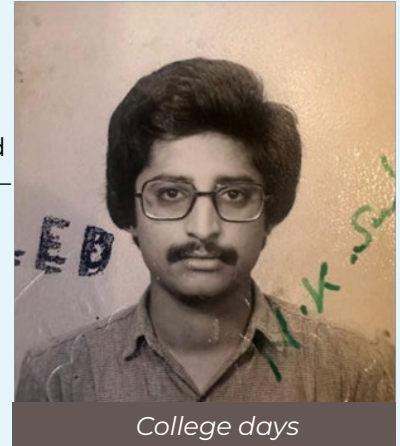
Shekhar Sharma

A Concise Journey of My Life

The beginnings

I emerged into this beautiful world as a bundle of love for my parents in the vibrant city of Pune (formerly Poona), where I attended school for many years. Later, my family moved to New Delhi. Soon after, we moved again, this time to Hyderabad, where I met some of my closest friends — my OSMECO family.

Incidentally, my roots can be traced back to Anamanamuru, a small village near Machilipatnam. During my childhood holidays from Pune, I would often visit my paternal grandfather's home by train. I also fondly recall visiting my maternal grandmother in Vijayawada. As a child, I was captivated by the simple pleasure of eating hot idlis with sambar and chutney served on banana leaves, as well as sweet, seasonal ice apples, or 'munjalu'. Though small in the grand scheme of life, these memories are etched deeply in my heart.



College days

OSMECO days – exhilarating and challenging days!

My years at Osmania Medical College (OMC) were filled with joy and deep camaraderie, mixed with the occasional anxiety that accompanied looming exams. Memories of those dreaded nights of last-minute cramming are still fresh in my mind. I strongly feel that my backbencher status in our OMC class propelled me to do better academically in subsequent years.

Our little gang — Ajoy, Sudesh, Surinder, Sushil, Raj, Krishna, Ramki and Ramesh Kola — were inseparable. Yes, those were carefree days, lived with a sense of 'bindaas' freedom. My friends and I shared countless joyful moments, from sipping chai at Irani cafés to throwing lively parties. The laughter, the cheer and the bonds we built have stayed with me ever since.



With some members of the 'gang' I was part of

My journey to the USA and life after

When I arrived in America, the 'silence' left a lasting first impression. The smooth, quiet flow of traffic on the motorway stood in stark contrast to the vibrant chaos of Indian roads, with their honking cars, bustling buses and buzzing auto-rickshaws. Strangely, even today, I miss that symphony of life.

Let me take you back to the beginning of my journey to the United States — my very first international flight. I travelled via Frankfurt, Germany, where my brother-in-law, who was stationed there with the US Army, met me and treated me to my first German beer and a typical German breakfast. Later, I landed in Washington, D.C. on 24 December 1981. The airport was aglow with the spirit of Christmas, with lights festooned everywhere and a magical atmosphere. I wandered into the airport bar, eager to try American beer, and ordered a draught beer which the bartender described as "something brewed fresh here".



With my dear friend Raj, who we sadly lost last year

Soon after, I moved to Miami and took a small job at a hospital, earning about six dollars an hour — just enough for some pocket money. However, the real work began just three weeks after I arrived in the US, when I took the ECFMG exam. Six months later, I took the FLEX (Federal Licensing Examination)

and passed both on my first attempt. Then came a big break: I was accepted onto a prestigious internal medicine residency programme at Cook County Hospital in Chicago. Somehow, I made it — perhaps through determination, or maybe a little magic.

Personal life and challenges

Around that time, my wife at the time, Sujatha, was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. We had a daughter, Nitya, and suddenly our lives revolved around balancing medication, caregiving and family life. Many years later, my first wife passed away. It was a painful time, but I moved forward.

I remarried and had two more children, Neal Aditya and Mira. Unfortunately, that marriage ended in a difficult divorce due to my wife's infidelity. It was a long and draining period, both emotionally and financially. However, I stayed focused and built my private practice, employing four doctors specialising in internal medicine. I spent years doing hospital work, including time in the ICU, almost functioning as an intensivist.

After my most recent divorce, life surprised me once again. I met someone truly special — an incredible woman named Shae, who came into my life like a blessing. Despite having little experience, she joined my office and helped me rebuild everything from the ground up. She's smart, quick, a fast learner and extremely dedicated. There were moments of frustration along the way, but we got through them together.

Time passed, and recognition came with respect and acknowledgement of competency. I was appointed Chief of Medicine at a local hospital. I was also the only foreigner to be appointed to the hospital's Board of Trustees. I had finally arrived!

I still miss India. In fact, each time I visit, the familiar sounds of my childhood greet me like old friends. As I've grown older, I find myself drawn back to Hyderabad. Driving through the city for an hour, even if it only covers 10 kilometres, has become a joyful experience. Sitting in the back seat and watching life unfold outside the window feels like watching a 360-degree film of India's progress, its people and its soul.

I try to make time for work, my personal life, friends, and hobbies. I love painting, playing tennis and chess, taking long walks, and talking about philosophy and the universe. My wife, Shae, is not just my colleague, but also my closest friend. We work together, walk together, travel together and share a deep bond that brings peace and happiness to my life.

Today, I stand before you feeling content and grateful for life. The journey has not been easy, but with the support of my close friends Raj, Sushil, Krishna, Surinder, Sudesh, Ramki, Kamini and Ajoy, not to mention my wonderful wife Shae, it has been worthwhile. I am very grateful to my siblings and my parents who were there for me through thick and thin.

Last year, we lost Raj Nair, which was a shock that I have not yet gotten over. He was one of my closest friends and a man who lived life to the full.

My journey has just started again. Thank you, dear OSMECO75 friends, for being part of my OMC journey, which marks the beginning of my professional career in this incredible continuum we call life.



With my first wife Sujatha and Krishna



With my wife and my closest friend Shae

Nirmala Reddy

Early Days...

The early years of my childhood were spent in Calcutta, where I did my schooling at Loreto Day School up to the 8th standard.

Later, my dad, who was in the Civil Aviation Department, was transferred to Hyderabad in 1970 and our family too, followed suit.

It was here that I met Kalpana, who became my classmate and close friend over the next two years. We were constantly competing for the 1st rank in the class. Though I managed to secure that position during those two years, Kalpana bagged the 1st position in the SSC Board Exam in Hyderabad District and was awarded a Gold Medal by our school. I secured the 4th position. We were both awarded a special merit scholarship of Rs 2000, which was a big amount in those days.



Medical College Days...

I still recall the joy in our family when I secured admission into OMC - especially my father's happiness. It was a long-cherished dream of his, and mine too. I was set to become the first female doctor in our family.

Medical college life was as exciting as it was challenging. I fondly remember how my friends Jijiya, Jyothi and I would frequent the Kamath Hotel near the Koti bus stand. The Mysore bonda with extra sambar was an absolute treat! Before we knew it, the years flew by, house surgeoncy was complete, and we graduated as fully qualified doctors.

Post-graduation

I was keen to continue my studies and completed an MD in Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Kakatiya Medical College (KMC) in Warangal. I was posted to Chandrakanta Memorial Hospital (CKM) in Warangal, where I thoroughly enjoyed the practical side of obstetrics. I have fond memories of all the exciting experiences I had in the obstetrics department at CKM Hospital.



With my husband Ramesh

Marriage, professional life and family

In 1986, I married Dr Ramesh Reddy, a general surgeon and gold medallist from SV Medical College, Tirupati. Our professional journey began at the district hospital in Hindupur, Anantapur, Andhra Pradesh. For over forty years now, we have dedicated ourselves to serving the community, and today we run our own hospital.

My husband has been the main pillar of strength in our family. He has played an instrumental role in motivating and shaping our family. We are blessed with a son and a daughter who have both achieved great things in life. They have both qualified as doctors and are married to doctors.

Our son, Dr Ajay Varun Reddy, MS,MCh, a robotic surgical oncologist from Tata Memorial, Mumbai, is married to Dr Mounica, an MS OBG specialist in Reproductive Medicine. They are settled in Hyderabad. Our daughter, Dr Shilpa MS OBG, MRCOG (UK), who is also a specialist in Reproductive Medicine, practices in Bangalore with her husband, Dr Tarun Reddy MS MCh Ortho (UK).

Our children are our pride and joy — we are truly proud of them. I believe their achievements are due to my husband, who has always been an excellent role model for them. Whatever they have achieved to date is thanks to him.

We are grateful to God for all His blessings. Life is blissful now with our lovely granddaughters, Raya and Arya. I could not ask for anything more.

Hobbies and friends...

In addition to my family and profession, gardening, music and catching up with old friends give me enjoyment. I have loved gardening since childhood — it has always been my favourite hobby. I find it so relaxing and peaceful. I also love listening to nostalgic old Hindi songs. Our recent Golden Jubilee reunion in India in April 2025 was a memorable and momentous occasion. It was a sheer pleasure to meet so many old friends and colleagues



Our son Varun with his wife Mounica, and our daughter Shilpa with her husband Tarun

Amita Rao Kakarla

Hi friends,

I am Amita – most of you probably know me as Amita Rao Kakarla.

Here's a brief overview of my time at Osmania Medical College (OMC) and beyond.

After graduating from high school, I came to India for a visit during my summer vacation, when my dad suddenly decided that I should either go to medical school or get married (which I thought was extremely uncool, but he was serious). I agreed, so I took the entrance examination and ended up at OMC.

I don't remember many of our classmates, especially since I sat at the front of the class. However, I became friends with a small group of classmates - Aruna Reddy, Aruna Rao, Anuradha Chary and Deepa Khushlani. We are still good friends, and I usually meet them once a year when I visit my mother and brother in Hyderabad, if they are in town.

The rest of my family lives in the US. I have two children. My daughter is an intensivist and my son is a family doctor. I have three grandchildren, and I love visiting them and playing with them.

I remember a few things from medical school, especially hiding from Dr Premdas, who was very strict and had a bad temper. Despite this, we still managed to skip anatomy dissection to go to movie matinees and study at the last minute for exams, which we happily passed.

In one exam, we had to pith a frog, but the darned thing jumped out of my hand and ran around the lab while I chased it, with the examiner looking on. Thankfully, I finally caught the frog with the help of the technician. God bless him.

In the US, I practised Gastroenterology for twenty years before developing severe arthritis, which prevented me from performing endoscopies. I taught medical students for a while but got bored of that and started volunteering on the Navajo reservation, teaching first aid and basic CPR.

I now live in a retirement community, where I still dispense medical advice and occasionally play bingo, listen to music, etc.



Having some fun with Deepa and Anu

I was very happy when Meher called me about OSMECO75 and the cruise. Unfortunately, I won't be able to come as I'm not very mobile, but I know you'll have a fantastic time, especially trying to recognise each other after 50 years!

I hope you'll send lots of pictures, and good luck to you all!

Regards,

Amita



With Aruna Rao and Aruna Reddy on a visit to India

Mohammed Azhar Ali

Hello and greetings to all my colleagues and friends. My name is Mohammed Azhar Ali, and my pursuit of a career in medicine began alongside yours at Osmania Medical College (OMC) in 1975.

When I first entered OMC, I remember feeling a sense of great privilege and awe as I looked up at the magnificent building where we would all be training in the fundamental fields that constitute the core tenets of medicine. Of course, accompanying this was our admiration and fear of our esteemed professors – a fact that I am quite sure we all agree upon, despite our individual differences (a quality that makes us all so special).

I distinctly remember the first medical lecture, where we were introduced to our beloved anatomy professor, Premdas. I still remember listening in awe to his remarkable delivery of content, as was the case with every professor, for whom I am ever grateful.

During our time at medical college, I recall how we all co-existed in mutual cooperation and harmony through academic and social exchanges. These memories are impossible to express through mere words.

One of my best memories is when I achieved a 70% score in my ENT exam. Everyone was overjoyed and insisted that we all go and enjoy some delicious Havmor ice cream together. After enjoying our tasty treats, I was bamboozled by the total on the bill that was given to me to pay on behalf of everyone. The total was 70 rupees. I always find this story cheering and laugh at the thought that the number on the bill, 70, matched my percentage score.

Another memorable occasion I can recall is when we all went on a bus trip to Nizam Sagar to celebrate completing our medical exams. Upon arriving at our destination, we decided to relax and cool off by going for a swim in the lake. In hindsight, it was both hilarious and risky that we had ignored all the warnings and rumours about crocodiles in the lake. Furthermore, I was not the most proficient swimmer back then. These memories of our youthful playfulness and risk-taking behaviour remind me of our younger selves.

After graduating, I was fortunate enough to find a job working as a General Practitioner (GP) in Madinah, Saudi Arabia. I had always wanted to go and work there with other friends as the country contains two of the three holy cities of our Islamic faith: Madinah and Makkah.

I learned a new language, experienced a different climate, and worked with colleagues to provide healthcare to people of different ethnic origins from around the globe. With God's grace, I ended up working in many hospitals and health centres in the city for a whopping 33 years, ranging from those located in airports to those in deserts. I eventually retired in 2020 at the age of 63.



After retiring, I moved to the UK to be with my wife and children. I enjoy relaxing with my family, which now includes two grandchildren. I continue to pursue my hobby of travelling, visiting India and Saudi Arabia (and hopefully more places) and experiencing the joy of making new friends and catching up with old ones.

In conclusion, I would like to say this: for me, my career started with studying alongside you all, and every positive thing that happened was an opportunity to express gratitude, while every challenge was an opportunity for self-growth.

I wish us all harmony, happiness, and lasting love with our families and friends, so that when our time comes, we can agree that the journey we took in life was meaningful and fulfilling to the best of our abilities.

Kind regards,

Azhar Ali



Imtiaz Ahmed

Medical College days...

I remember the intense excitement and curiosity with which I joined Osmania Medical College (OMC) in 1975 after completing my intermediate education at Anwarul Uloom College in Mallepally. As this was the first time I had studied in a co-educational institution, I was initially very inhibited and fearful about interacting with my female classmates. Eventually, however, these classmates became my peers, colleagues and good friends.

The prospect of facing ragging at OMC as a fresher was frightening, and I remember running away and hiding from the seniors. I later realised that our seniors were not as formidable as they seemed, but rather helpful and friendly individuals who often provided guidance when needed. I have great respect for those with whom I am still in touch.

Examination times were fiercely competitive, especially the chase for first place. However, when away from the examination hall, arch rivals became close friends, and we all enjoyed spending time together in the canteen and corridors.

Our batch was multitalented, excelling not only in studies, but also in a range of extracurricular activities such as dramatics, music, painting, singing, sports and poetry.



The postgraduate period...

I completed my MBBS in 1980 and commenced my postgraduate training in General Surgery (MS General Surgery) in Dr Wali Uddin's Surgical Unit at Osmania General Hospital. Apart from Dr Wali Uddin, I had the privilege of learning surgery from legendary figures such as Dr S. S. Reddy, Dr A. K. Chary, Dr Chalapathy Rao, Dr C. B. P. Rao, Dr Krishna Murthy and Dr Azherzuddin. They were great mentors who taught me not only surgery, but also the values and ethics that have guided me throughout my life. With their blessings, I have become the principled surgeon I am today.

My family...

I got married in 1987 and we have four children: two sons and two daughters. Two of my children are doctors and two are engineers.

My younger son has completed an MS in General Surgery. He is currently working in private practice alongside me. I hope that he will continue my legacy and introduce innovative surgical techniques in Hyderabad.

My work, my passion

I am a busy private practitioner, mainly working at Crescent Hospital and other hospitals where my services are required.

I have perfected and introduced innovations in circumcision surgery, an area of particular interest to me. I introduced a device-based circumcision technique (Plastibell from Germany) in Andhra Pradesh and trained my students and other surgeons in the same technique.

I love surgery and am open to learning new, advanced techniques. Over time, I have learnt many innovative techniques, such as the Prepex device (Germany), the UnivCirc device (South Africa) and the ZSR Stapler device (China). So far, I have performed approximately 200,000 procedures.

My other area of special interest is diabetic foot care, with an emphasis on limb salvage and the prevention of amputation. I am grateful to God for the knowledge and surgical skills that enable me to save the legs of diabetic patients who have been advised amputation by other doctors.

To me, my work is my worship. I find spiritual solace in serving people. I love working. To me, it's not just a mundane job, but a passion and a fun activity, like a favourite hobby. The prospect of successfully completing a challenging case gives me a happy buzz. Most surgeons will be familiar with the exhilarating feeling of successfully completing a technically difficult procedure.

Work-life balance and retirement...

I could never master work-life balance. While my patients may be happy, my family are unhappy as I am frequently away attending to them. My wife complains that my profession is actually my first wife, while she is my second. I would be interested to hear from classmates who are still working about their experiences in this matter.

Retirement is definitely not for me. I love my work and plan to continue working for as long as I am physically and mentally fit. I would like to work until the last day of my life.

Furthermore, as Mujtaba Ali, one of our classmates, remarked, *'At this stage of life, we all possess a very high level of knowledge and skills. It is God's gift and is meant to be used for the benefit of mankind. If we stop working, we are depriving society of the excellent work we are capable of. If we step down, someone junior will take our place and do substandard work, which will harm patients.'* I agree with Mujtaba.

Imtiaz Ahmed



P. Jijiya Bai

I started school at Kendriya Vidyalaya Golconda because my father was an army officer. I went on to study at Osmania Medical College, having completed the All India Higher Secondary exam (11th grade), which was considered equivalent to the 10+2 system. I was thrilled to receive my EAMCET results on day after Shivarathri, which secured me a place at OMC. Both my brother and sister were OMC alumni and served as my role models. The PPC (Pre-Professional Course) was a special feature that was not introduced for subsequent cohorts.

During the first year, we often studied together at the houses of Chandra and Hema. After completing my housesurgeonship, I had the opportunity to work at the Army Welfare Centre, Artillery Centre, Golconda for a short period, where I treated the wives and children of army personnel.

In 1984, I joined the civil service as a medical officer at the Podur PHC in Ranga Reddy district. I later married Dr Ashok Kumar, who was an Assistant Professor of Medicine in Lentin Madam's unit.

I pursued my MD in Pathology at OMC, after which worked as an Assistant Professor and later as an Associate Professor at the same institution. I am proud to call myself a true Osmanian, having taught at the same institution where I earned my degree. I was then promoted to Professor and Head of Department at Gandhi Medical College, after which I moved to Kakatiya Medical College in Warangal for a brief period. I was later promoted to Principal at GMC in Nizamabad, where I had completed a three-month rural posting during my residency.

At that time, the undergraduate intake was 100 students and MCI inspections posed a challenge. However, through hard work and dedication, I successfully overcame these challenges. I am proud to say that I secured the following for



During my 1st year MBBS days



A recent photo



My marriage to Ashok



With my mother and Ashok's mother

GMC Nizamabad during a district review meeting with the then chief minister. :

- * 2.3 acres of land adjacent to the college on which to build a Mother and Child Hospital, guest houses, hostels and faculty quarters;
- * ₹93 crores for infrastructure development.
- * ₹93 crores for medical equipment.
- * Recruitment of new professors.
- * Conversion of the District Hospital into a Medical College Hospital.



Army Welfare Center Golconda



Malla Reddy Medical College and Hospital

I had the privilege of serving as an Medical Council of India assessor for both undergraduate and postgraduate courses at various medical colleges across South and North India. This experience greatly contributed to the development and growth of GMC Nizamabad.

I organised two state chapter conferences and eight Continuing Medical Education sessions in my role as Organising Secretary. I also served as a member of the Board of Studies and Senate at NTR and KNR Universities of Health Sciences.

I have two wonderful children: my son Abhishek, who works as a Design Researcher in Virginia, and my daughter Pooja, who is a Business Analyst at Cognizant in India.

Having retired as Principal from GMC Nizamabad, I now serve as Professor and Head of Department at Malla Reddy Medical College for Women, which has become the deemed university Malla Reddy Vishwavidyapeeth in Suraram.

My husband, Dr E A Ashok Kumar, retired as Superintendent of Gandhi Hospital and later worked as Professor and Head of Department of Medicine at MRIMS.



Aruna Lakka

Dear classmates of OSMECO 75,

It is with great joy that I join you for the 50th anniversary of the OMC GOLDEN JUBILEE 75 REUNION.

Firstly, I would like to extend my warmest greetings and best wishes to all our classmates.

I would also like to congratulate the organising committee on making this amazing event possible.

On the 28th of this month, I will be delighted to walk through the gates of Osmania Medical College again, 50 years after I first set foot on its campus as a nervous student. Back then, I was the first girl in my family to dream of becoming a doctor — it was also my father's dream. This reunion feels like a homecoming, a chance to stand again where it all began.

It's an opportunity to see old friends and honour the quiet girl who fought her way through.

For me, getting into OMC was no small feat. My childhood was a patchwork of moves, chasing my father's next job and responsibilities. Each new school came with a fresh hurdle. The future was uncertain and I had plenty of doubts, but my father never wavered. 'Medicine,' he used to say, 'That's your path.'

I had a chance to prove him right. One entrance exam could change everything. When I learned that I had made it into OMC, Hyderabad's crown jewel of medicine, I felt like I had grabbed a star from the sky by fulfilling my family's dreams.

Starting at OMC in 1975, I wasn't quite prepared for how lonely it could feel. Unlike some of my friends who lived in the college hostel, I came home every day, either by bus or on foot. There were no late-night giggles or shared cups of chai.

At first, I was an outsider, tiptoeing through lecture halls filled with loud voices. But slowly, I found my people. A few of my classmates saw past my quiet trips home, and they pulled me into their

world. We used to study together, laugh over silly mistakes in the lab and dream about becoming doctors. That small circle of friends became my anchor.



The quiet and shy girl in the early years at OMC



With my wonderful friends today

However, it seemed like destiny had different plans: as I was about to take my second-year finals, I fell seriously ill and was forced to skip the exams. I eventually missed my cohort, even though I passed the following year. Those years at OMC shaped me a lot.

The college was grand yet down-to-earth, with old stone buildings humming with ambition. We poured over textbooks, dissected our fears as much as our specimens and learned to have hope for our future patients.

Later, during my internship, I met Prabhakar, which led to a friendship. Eventually, he became my life partner, and together we have shared some wonderful times and memories.

We are blessed with two boys. The elder one is an IITian who completed his master's in the USA. He returned to India and is now working as a consultant civil engineer in Hyderabad. He and his wife have a daughter. Our younger son is a doctor. After completing his master's degree in cardiology, he is currently working as a consultant interventional cardiologist in Apollo Hospital in Bengaluru.

After quitting our government jobs, we established our own small startup: an independent nursing home in our own town (Korutla) in the Jagtial district.

The intention behind such an initiative was to provide quality medical care and assistance to those who could not afford to seek help from corporate setups. It brings me great joy to tell you that we have successfully managed the hospital to the best of our abilities for nearly 40 years, and the people here and in the surrounding areas are vocal about how grateful they feel. Sometimes, their gratitude is the only thing that keeps us going, even after all this time.

When I think about reunions, I imagine walking through the lecture halls again, full of memories, and swapping stories about sneaking snacks into the library or panicking before a practical. Maybe we'll stand outside the lecture hall where we whispered secrets between lessons and laugh at how young we were, smiling as we relive those days.

OMC will feel different now — new buildings and new students — but I still feel it's ours, the place where we became more than we thought we could.

This reunion isn't just about looking back; it's about celebrating what came afterwards. The patients we helped, the families we raised and the lives we built because I took that exam. My father has passed away, but I know he would be there in spirit, proud of the doctor I became. As I prepare to return to OMC, I will carry him with me, along with my friends and my spouse who made my journey brighter.

Finally, I would like to say... wishing you all a very happy Golden Jubilee reunion, and I'm looking forward to seeing you all once again!

Thank you!

Aruna Lakka



A Ramana Devi

Hi there! I'm Ramana Devi, one of your classmates.

Medical college and beyond...

Fifty years ago, I walked into Osmania Medical College (OMC) filled with excitement at the prospect of realising my dream of becoming a doctor.

About eight to ten students from my old school, Madapati Hanumantha Rao Girls' High School, were also admitted to OMC, so it was wonderful to see a few familiar faces.

We formed a close-knit group of eight friends: Rajashree, Vishwa Bharathi, Sarala, Usha Rani, Sandhya, Parijatha and Swarna. We often gathered at Vishwa Bharathi's house to study together and chat. The subjects were so interesting that studying felt more like fun than work. I still vividly remember those college days; they were filled with joy. We truly had a blast.

After completing my medical studies, I spent a couple of years caring for patients in a rural area. I also worked in a nursing home for a few months. In 1988, I joined the government service.

Following the death of my husband, I completed a Diploma in Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the Government Maternity Hospital, Hyderabad. Obstetrics and gynaecology were two of my favourite subjects, and I am happy that I had the privilege of working in this area in various hospitals across Hyderabad in my field until my retirement.



Personal life



With my classmates - friends for life

I got married in August 1978, shortly after completing my anatomy, physiology and biochemistry exams at medical college.

I am blessed with a son and a daughter, both of whom are happily married with two adorable children each.

My son and daughter-in-law are software engineers who live in Australia. For the past ten years, I have been visiting Australia every year to stay with my son's family for three-six months.

My daughter and son-in-law, who work in the same field, have settled in the USA. My daughter is currently taking a well-deserved break from work. Once every two-three years, I visit the USA to spend time with my daughter's family.

I enjoy spending time with my children and their families. My four grandchildren are absolutely adorable; they bring so much joy to my life!

Life has certainly been a journey, and I cherish all the amazing experiences I've had along the way!



Ramgopal Sarabu

Hello friends,

I am Ramgopal Sarabu, your classmate from the senior 1975 Osmania Medical College (OMC) group.

I come from a modest background in a small town, and although I couldn't speak English, I secured a place at OMC as I had scored highly in the entrance examination. I find it amusing, as I had previously failed my intermediate exams.

I enjoyed our first-year physics class, which was taught by Mr Pacheco. It was a great learning experience. Failing the anatomy exam helped me develop the presentation skills required to impress the examiner. I remember being taught Anatomy by Dr Padma and Dr Gulab Rani.

When clinical placements began, I was fortunate to work with Dr SS Reddy, Dr AK Chary and Dr Waghay respectively. Their assistant professors were good teachers, too.

Life has taught me many lessons over the years. There have been insults and compliments, failures and successes. I consider entering the OMC to be my 'purva janma sukutam'. Interacting with my classmates, either directly or indirectly, shaped me into who I am today.

I changed my area of specialisation many times during my career. I worked in ophthalmology, anaesthesia, general medicine and urology, before ultimately settling in andrology — the male equivalent of gynaecology — dealing with male reproductive health and urological conditions. I am now an andrologist and penile implant surgeon.

Reflecting on my life, I remain thankful to God and to all of you, my classmates.



I am standing to the right of my father, dressed in white

Ahmed Malik Arif

Hi, I'm Ahmed Malik Arif, your classmate from the class of '75! It's wonderful to look back on 50 years of life and achievements with you all.

Reading the brilliant stories in the yearbook has inspired me to write mine too.

My journey in brief

From the dinghy, dusty streets of the old city, with their incessant, quintessential clamour of crowds, the tap-tap of numerous silver-foil artisans, and the welcome respite of the periodic azaan (all of which have become etched in my memory like musical notes), to my present busy but calm and quiet life amidst the natural environs of the USA, it has been a truly remarkable journey.

Of the myriad fond memories from our OMC days, my association with Nizam and Harish at Intermediate College, when we studied together for the medical entrance exam, and the addition of JP Agarwal to our group at OMC, shall forever be cherished.

The parallel tracks of family life and career

After graduating from medical school, I married my childhood sweetheart, Husna, in August 1982. Together, with the grace and blessings of Almighty God, we built a life of purpose and community across continents.

I began practising medicine at home while interning at Osmania General Hospital. Shortly afterwards, I was selected by the Saudi Arabian Ministry of Health and worked as a general practitioner there from 1982 to 1992. During this time, three of my children — Lubna, Salma and Atif — were born.



While in Saudi Arabia, I passed the ECFMG certification exams and moved to the United States in 1992. I completed a combined internal medicine and paediatrics residency at Michigan State University's Hurley Medical Center in Flint, Michigan (1993–1997).

In July 1997, I joined a hospital-owned medical practice in Flint, Michigan, which I later acquired. This has since grown into a thriving network of four clinics and two successful urgent care centres in the greater Flint area. I enjoy taking care of patients of all ages, from newborns to the elderly. Many of my patients are from the same family, representing four generations.

Flint has become my home, and my three youngest children, Uzma, Rehma and Muhammad, were born here.

My interest in medical research began in 2001, leading to the establishment of the Ahmed Arif Medical Research Center (AAMRC) in Flint, where I am Principal Investigator and Director. The AAMRC conducts clinical trials that bring innovative treatments for chronic conditions such as diabetes, cardiovascular disease and renal disorders. Notable studies (phases 2–4) have involved GLP-1 and SGLT2 inhibitors, as well as biologics for asthma and COPD.

Alongside my clinical work, I have mentored several medical graduates from India, helping them secure residency positions at Hurley and McLaren Medical Centres.

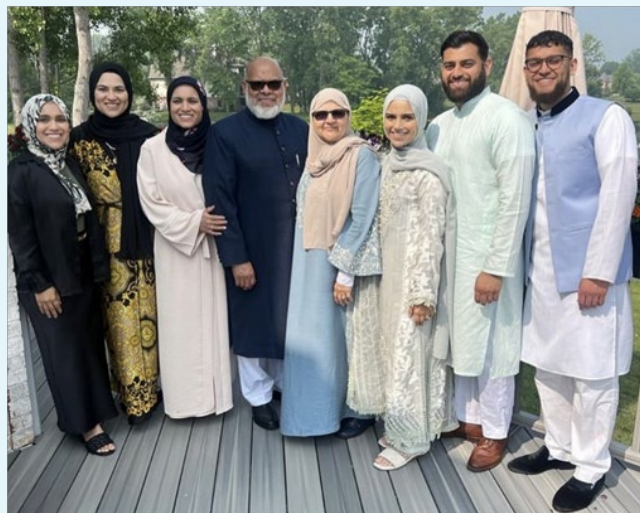
My charities

With humility and gratitude to God for granting me the capability, I wish to share with you my charitable work.

In 2007, I established a free clinic in Flint with the help of my colleagues to serve the most marginalised and uninsured patients.

In 2016, I founded the Sitara Medical Centre, also a charity, in my ancestral home in Shalibanda, Hyderabad. The centre now treats over 500 patients daily, performs over 600 dialysis sessions and 100 cataract surgeries per month, and provides primary care and limited specialist services free of charge. Operating costs exceed 20 lakh Indian Rupees per month and are largely supported by family, friends and well-wishers from the USA and India.

It is an honour to be part of this alumni yearbook and to reconnect with you while learning about the incredible work you are all doing. I would personally like to invite you all to visit the Sitara Medical Centre in Hyderabad and share your valuable insights.



Anita Kaveri née Mitra

50 years of life, past, present and future

I am Anita Mitra (my original maiden name). I was very surprised this morning when Nirmala Mary (a dear friend and classmate from OMC) called me and asked if I would contribute to the 50-year Golden Jubilee Yearbook and share my life story with you all. What a privilege indeed!

Wow! Fifty years ago, joining Osmania Medical College (OMC) was one of the proudest days of my life. Taking the first steps towards a career in medicine, motivated by my father, was an honour. I was enthusiastic and determined that this was the right path for me, particularly in helping people in need and those who were suffering. As a medical practitioner, I was certain that I had the opportunity to serve.

After completing my SSC from St Ann's Bolarum with the highest percentage marks in my class, I was surprised to be granted a scholarship to pursue my studies. I completed my intermediate college education at St Francis College in Secunderabad, before continuing my pursuit to study medicine.

Joining OMC meant working hard, being competitive and striving to do one's best — not to mention reading 'volumes of books'. For dissection and class activities, I was in a group with Aruna Rao, Aruna Reddy, Amita, Bapu Rao and others. My best friends, Nirmala, Girija, Kala, Gowri and Jhansi, and I had lots of fun together. I still have such vivid memories of our carefree medical college days.

After completing my MBBS, I undertook a senior house officer post in obstetrics and gynaecology at Sultan Bazaar Hospital.

The next phase of my life began when I married Morris, who was also a doctor. Together, we worked as medical officers at Kolar Methodist Mission Hospital for three years, during which time we were totally dedicated to our work and to providing care.

Later, under the NTR government, I worked as a family medical officer in Khammam (my first posting) for a year. After that, I came to Australia for a family reunion in 1988 following the birth of my son, David. We settled in Australia, and I gave birth to my daughter Suzanne here in Brisbane, where I now live. Although I had successfully passed my ECFMG exams (qualifying exams for the USA), I chose to stay in Australia. After working in many Brisbane hospitals, I completed my fellowship in general practice (family medicine in the US) and continued in private practice until I recently retired. After retiring, I wanted to travel and pursue my hobbies. I am pleased to say that I have managed to do both.



Anita and Morris –In the past



Anita today



Wedding photo

My son, David, is an aeronautical engineer and my daughter, Suzanne, is a science graduate who specialised in international relations. Morris is the love of my life. David and Suzanne are the most truthful people I have ever known. Thank God for His mercies; I am blessed with a very good family and an extended family too.



Family visit to Israel in 2015 and to North Queensland in June 2025

My hobbies include reading Biblical notes and texts for my own understanding, and participating in meetings, group discussions and studies that give me calmness and contentment. This helps me not only to accept the temporary nature of our existence in this world, but also to look into the permanent presence of God beyond our present life — in God's grace, as a devout Christian. My other hobbies include travelling abroad and interstate, gardening — I love nature — and exercising whenever I can. My primary passion and priority is dedication to my family.

My only regret is not keeping up with my friends from medical college! I regret missing the reunions and 'friends catching up' meetings in Hyderabad. Nirmala Mary, thank you for encouraging me to be part of the OSMECO75 Golden Jubilee Yearbook. What a privilege indeed! May God bless all our classmates. Best wishes to you all in all areas of life.



Photos from a magic visit to five cities in Italy, in 2023

Sriraman Chandrashekar

After an eventful journey through Osmania Medical College (OMC), filled with beautiful memories of countless unforgettable moments, I remain grateful to OMC for shaping me as a doctor.

After leaving OMC, I spent four years in Iran, experiencing the life and culture of a foreign country interspersed with challenging tasks. I was posted to rural areas to avoid any risk from war, as I had requested, but I still experienced two aerial bombings while visiting close friends at weekends. I recall joining the rescue efforts and trying to help the war casualties who kept arriving at the hospital. I never dreamt that I would experience aerial bombings in my lifetime.

On one occasion, when we were snowbound for ten days in mountainous terrain, a breech presentation was brought to my health centre. I immediately recommended that she be rushed to a higher centre, but the family members refused and insisted that I intervene, saying that they were willing to take the risk. Thankfully, the delivery was uneventful — breech and all. Both mother and baby were safe and unscathed (though I was sweating throughout the ordeal). I became a hero overnight. Being considered a hero there meant being the chief guest at winter dinner parties in the villages for days on end — a very convenient prospect for a single doctor.

Another challenging task I undertook was a two-week stint at a tribal treatment camp for people living in the mountains and valleys. After being airlifted by helicopter, we had to trek and ride horses for the rest of the journey. I will never forget meeting a two-year-old girl who had been lost in the mountains for two days and had survived.

After returning from Iran, I completed my DCH at Gandhi Medical College, later retiring as deputy civil surgeon at Chanchalguda Central Prison. Working in the prison was a major challenge in my career. It was full of drama, tense moments and high-voltage



With friends during the college years and beyond



Bearded and on horseback during my years in Iran

confrontations with criminals and politicians. Nevertheless, I played my part in tormenting the Nigerian drug peddlers, whom I disliked very much.

During my time working in Mahbubnagar, Medak and Ranga Reddy districts, I was saddened by the poverty and hardship experienced by the Telangana people in rural areas. I did my best to implement all the health schemes and financial benefits, and I performed more than fifty thousand tubectomy operations.

It is sad to see the vast difference in dedication between our generation of doctors and the present one.

I am currently practising as a paediatrician in the Saidabad area of Hyderabad. I am happily leading a semi-retired life with my spouse and two children, a son and a daughter, who live in America.

I can proudly say that I practised my profession on my terms, with dedication and sincerity, and in an ethical manner, without compromising my principles.

In short, I would like to thank my teachers, my college, my friends and my patients for helping me make a difference to the lives of those I have met on my life's journey.

Thanks and regards,

Sriraman Chandrashekar



Dr Prabhakar Chiluveru

A Life of Purpose and Legacy

(Written in fond memory by his daughter Dr Shweta and son Dr Prawahar Chiluveru.)

Born and raised in Tammadapally, Dr Prabhakar Chiluveru moved to Warangal to attend high school and went on to secure a place at the highly regarded Osmania Medical College. As the first in his family to pursue higher education, he became a trailblazer, opening doors for his younger brothers to follow in his footsteps.

After completing his undergraduate medical training, he chose to specialise in Obstetrics and Gynaecology. Wanting to remain close to his parents, he transferred to Kakatiya Medical College to undertake his residency. It was there that he found his professional calling and built a meaningful life, marrying Dr Kowsalya Chiluveru from Gandhi Medical College, establishing a nursing home and raising a family grounded in purpose and service.

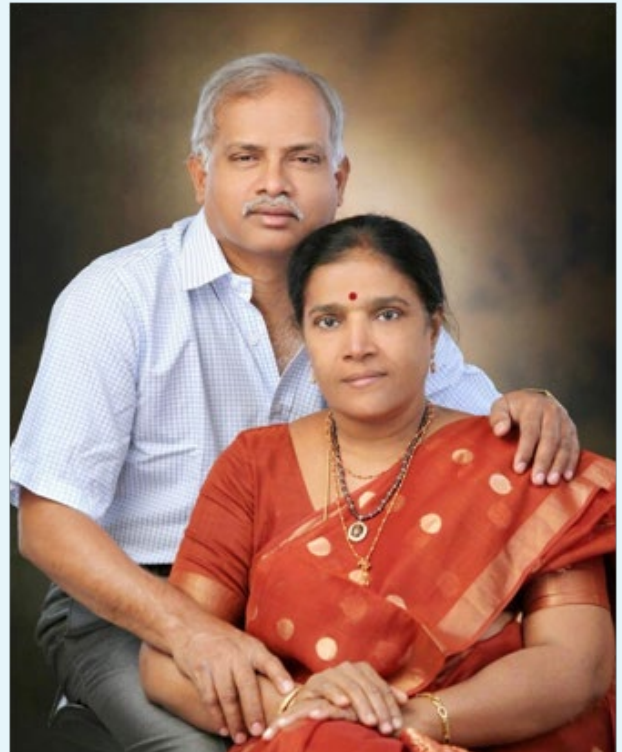
Together, he and my mother raised three children. I, Shwetha, followed in his footsteps by becoming a doctor. I completed my USMLEs and now work in drug development at Genentech in South San Francisco. I live with my family in Dublin, California. My brother Jawahar pursued dual master's degrees in marketing and engineering management, and now lives in Justin, Texas. The youngest, Dr Prawahar, inspired by our father's devotion to surgery, is an ENT surgeon practising in Hyderabad.

Until his final breath, Dr Prabhakar Chiluveru did what he loved most: performing surgery. He was a man of quiet strength, unwavering dedication and deeply held values. To the world he built — his patients, his peers and his family — he remains a beacon of inspiration. He lived with clarity and compassion, leaving behind a legacy that we carry forward with pride and gratitude.



His favourite things were

- ✿ He was very fond of laparoscopic surgery, and his passion for learning never stopped him from seeking new adventures; he would probably have taken his best shot at learning robotics.
- ✿ He loved his friends and would do anything to bring them together and organise things to keep them entertained.
- ✿ He loved children.
- ✿ He loved to travel and was so obsessed with photography that he introduced us to the selfie using a conventional camera back in the early '90s.
- ✿ He was very interested in technology and always wanted the best gadgets for work and personal use.



His loving family



Durga Nagamani Peesapati

Hello everyone,

My name is P. Durga Nagamani, but friends call me Mani.

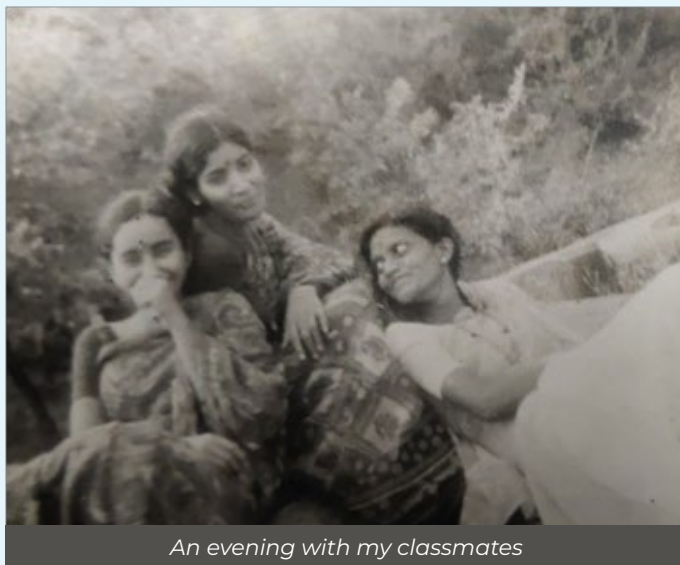
Firstly, I would like to take this wonderful opportunity to thank the person who has played a key role in my success, my father, Professor Bhujanga Rao, retired professor from National Institute of Technology, NIT Warangal. It is thanks to my father's unwavering support that I have been able to achieve what I have.

As my father was a professor at NIT (previously called Regional Engineering College, REC Warangal), we lived on the REC campus in Kazipet. I attended school and intermediate school in Warangal.

After joining Osmania Medical College (OMC), I stayed in the women's college hostel, where Vasantha was my roommate. I was very homesick and frequently travelled to Warangal. On one occasion, when I returned from Warangal, Indira told me that groups had been formed for Anatomy dissection and that she had included my name in her group. From then on, we used to study together at her house.

I spent more time at her house than at the hostel. Indira, Vasantha, Deepika, Geetha and I have fond memories of our time together at college. We enjoyed going to the cinema and shopping in Sultan Bazaar. After completing Anatomy and Physiology, I was transferred to Kakatiya Medical College, KMC Warangal in a mutual transfer with the late Dr Vinay Kumar.

In February 1982, I started my MD in Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the Government Maternity Hospital completing it in 1985. From 1986 to 1990, I worked in a few hospitals. I was torn between joining an institution or starting my own practice. In 1990, I finally decided to start a nursing home, Sudarshan Hospital, in Musheerabad, Hyderabad.



An evening with my classmates



A joint study session with my friends



Wedding photo with my cousins and friends

My husband, Dr Vijaya Gopal, a physician, has always supported me in running the nursing home. He worked at the ESI Hospital for twenty years before taking voluntary retirement. He has a very good practice and a good reputation. I am very thankful to Dr G Uma Devi, who helped me whenever I encountered difficulties at the nursing home. After running the hospital for 30 years, I retired in 2020. I am now enjoying retirement.

I got married in 1982. It was an arranged marriage. That same year, I started my MD at GMH and returned to Hyderabad. Our first child, Ajay, was born in 1983. My second son, Tejaswi, was born in 1986. Both of them studied Computer Science Engineering and later completed an MBA. They are now happily settled in their jobs and married. I have four grandchildren: three granddaughters and one grandson.

I wish all my friends good luck. May God shower us all with his choicest blessings.



A recent picture with my family (April 2025)

BT Seeta

I spent my childhood and schooling moving from one place to another in Andhra Pradesh due to my engineer father's frequent job transfers. Attending seven different schools was not very difficult thanks to my parents' casual and friendly attitude. I had no goals or dreams. I was good at mathematics, so I decided to take Maths, Physics and Chemistry at the Intermediate level.

If I had not listened to my father and insisted on taking M.P.C in Intermediate, I would not have been part of 'OSEMCO 75'. Most probably, I would have retired by now as a chief engineer, like my father.

Had I been thrown into the Anatomy dissection hall directly upon joining the M.B.B.S course, without the PPC that our cohort underwent for the first six months, I would have quit the course. I was terrified of touching anything and reluctant to perform dissections. My best friends, Sayeeda Sultana and Santosh, would lovingly threaten and urge me to dissect, but I always found a way to avoid it — until one day when they made me dissect the structures under the Trapezius muscle by force. Surprisingly, that's what I had to do in the exam, and I passed. From then on, I started to study well.

I have vivid memories of our lecture theatres and how quickly I would take notes (sometimes using carbon paper between two sheets). I don't think the words ever entered my brain.

We were a very small group of friends, but even now, our bond is very strong. Chatting and singing in the classroom during free time helped to alleviate the boredom of reading and re-reading.

Studying in the library every now and again, usually with Swarna and Shanti, made things easier for me. However, I must admit that I loved taking a refreshing break in the tiny underground canteen much more than studying in the library.

What I cherish the most are the days I spent working as house surgeon at Osmania General Hospital. There was so much to learn in order to build a strong foundation for the future.



With my husband Dr Radhakrishnan



a

I completed my M.D. in Obstetrics and Gynaecology at GMH (Government Maternity Hospital), after which I undertook three years of mandatory rural service, then I joined Kurnool Medical College as an Assistant Professor. After voluntarily retiring from government service, I moved into the field of infertility and IVF. I continue to work as an infertility specialist in our hospital.

I got married in 1985 to a man from a big, close-knit, supportive family. My husband, Dr Radhakrishnan, is a retired surgeon and anaesthetist. Together, we run our hospital. He is also our full-time in-house embryologist.

I am now part of an active, enthusiastic and lively group of young IVF specialists in Kurnool. We often meet for academic and cultural activities.

My daughter Veena is a neurologist, and my son-in-law Amitej is the director of Stader Labs. My grandson Ishan is in third grade. They live in Bangalore, and spending time with them is my greatest joy.

Life has had many ups and downs. I faced personal problems, health issues, and a court case against me for a failed tubectomy at the government hospital. The loss of our parents and other loved ones is one of life's inevitabilities.

Plans for the future: I wish to continue working while still finding time to visit family and friends. I would love to spend time with my brother, Sai, and my sister, Sujatha. I would also like to travel and visit different places in India and abroad, but what I want to do most is spend time with Ishan.



My daughter Veena, her husband Amitej, and their son Ishan

Satyanarayana Gundlapalli

Dear friends,

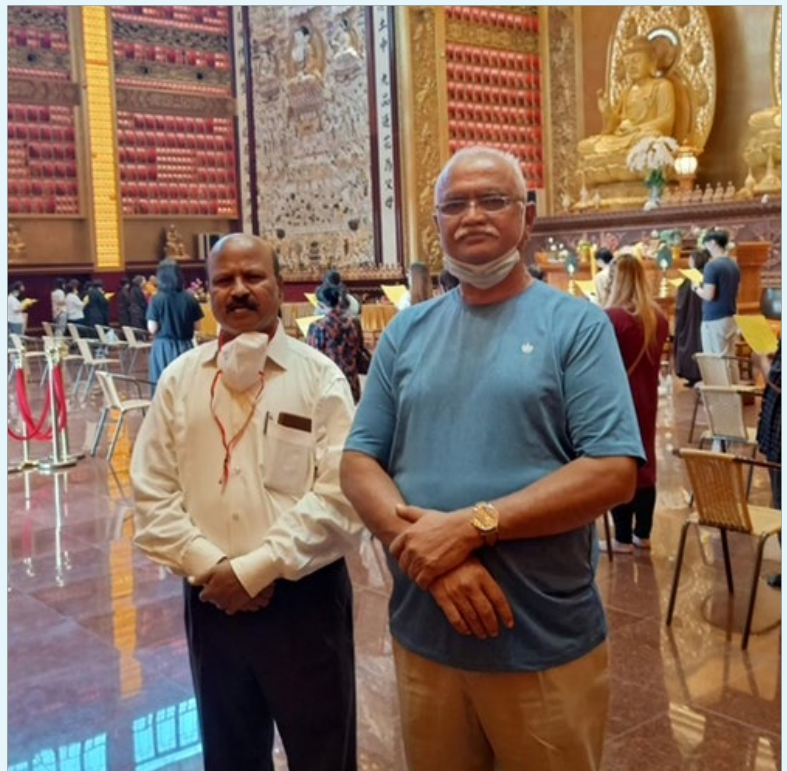
I am Dr G. Satyanarayana. I grew up in a simple, middle-class agricultural family.

One of the happiest moments of my life was being selected for an MBBS place at Osmania Medical College (OMC). However, securing a place in the hostel turned out to be even harder than getting the medical place itself — I only got a room in my third year.

Around that time, the college authorities were planning to build a Golden Jubilee Guest House for alumni. Some of us felt that a student hostel was a more pressing requirement. During the foundation stone ceremony, which was attended by the then Chief Minister, Dr Marri Chenna Reddy, we raised our voices alongside some hostel mates and classmates. To our surprise, he listened to us and agreed to initiate the construction of a new hostel. That hostel eventually became a reality, and it is a moment we all remember with pride.

During my time at college, I developed close friendships with Dr Balu, who is now a talented paediatric surgeon, and Dr Naveen, who is now a psychiatrist. The three of us have stayed in touch for over five decades. Balu introduced me to Buddhism, and we have travelled together to various monasteries. With his guidance, I have been trying to follow the principles of Buddhist living, which is something I am still learning from.

After completing my Master's degree in ENT, I returned to Khammam and set up my own ENT hospital. This was a fulfilling professional journey, giving me the opportunity to serve people and find meaning in my work. I married Sashi Devi, who has supported me throughout and managed our extended family with strength and grace. We have two children, Jyothi and Pradeep, who both pursued engineering and have since built careers in software.



With Balu Saiva who introduced me to Buddhism

As our family grew, we were delighted to welcome our son-in-law, Dheeraj, and our daughter-in-law, Anitha. They have become an integral part of our lives, each bringing their own warmth and strength to the family. My wife and I feel fortunate to be surrounded by children and in-laws who care for one another and for us, especially as we move into this next phase of life.

These days, we find great joy in the company of our four grandchildren, two boys and two girls, who fill our lives with laughter and energy. Watching them grow brings a different kind of happiness, connecting the past and the future in unexpected ways.

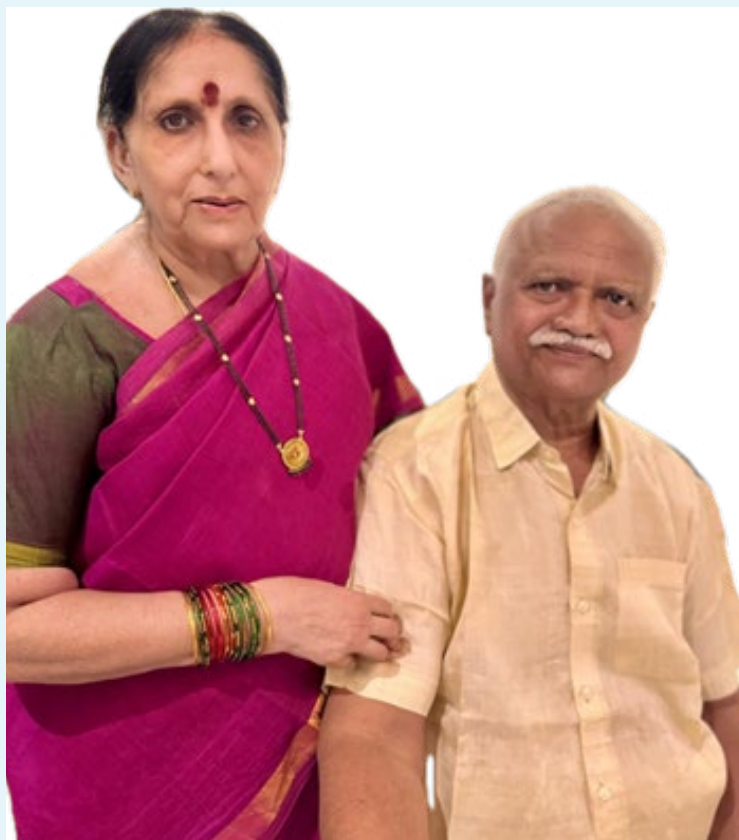
Looking back, I feel fortunate to have lived through such a remarkable time. From the simplicity of our own childhoods to the extraordinary scientific and technological advances we see today, we have witnessed a profound shift in how life is lived and experienced. I'm deeply grateful to our parents and teachers, and for the opportunities that came our way.

I believe the journey of human progress will continue. Who knows — perhaps we'll meet again as classmates in the form of our grandchildren in some next life.

I wish each of you good health, peace of mind and many more years together.

Warm regards,

Dr. G. Satyanarayana



My journey

I come from humble beginnings in Sadashivpet, Sangareddy District.

As I passed the imposing Osmania Medical College (OMC) building, I dreamed of studying there. Despite being from a Telugu-medium background with no guidance whatsoever from kith or kin, and despite coming from a newly opened junior college where a single teacher taught all the science subjects, it was divine Grace that enabled me to succeed in realising my dream. I remember the encouragement of one of my Year 7 teachers and my junior college principal, as mentioned in the short story I wrote for our college magazine, titled Baamma Korika (Grandma's Wish).



College memories

I have to thank Manohar, Sathyam Reddy, Vinay, Vijay Kumar, Christopher, Buchi Reddy, Surinder Singh, Srinivas Prasad, Sri Rama Chandra Murthy, DV Prasad and Hubert Gomes, among others, for the wonderful memories of my time at medical college.

I have fond memories of our Anatomy dissection team: Vinay, Vijay, Vijay Aggarwal, Vishnu, Vasantha, Vidya, Vijayamma, Upendra, Usha Rani, and Usha Mary George. We were all together again as a team for clinical placements.

I played several sports. I remember playing table tennis with Manohar, Satyam and Laxman, football with Surinder — I even scored in the inter-class competition while playing in the left-forward position — and tennis with Rajendran Nair, Surinder Singh and Sushil Chander. I occasionally played basketball with Surinder, Madan and Vivek Kaul.

Gurunath and his friends at the Rotaract Club of Hyderabad helped me with my networking and public speaking skills (in English), which were a tremendous help to me in Australia.

My most unforgettable college memory is the terrifying incident when a bomb was thrown at the President of the Medical Students' Union just outside the students' mess while we were having breakfast. I also remember our various class picnics, Sarwar's songs and the spiritual discussions that Srinivasa Prasad and I used to have.

My spiritual pursuits

I have been deeply attracted to Swami Vivekananda since high school and I am still greatly inspired and motivated by his teachings. This helped me navigate my formative years at OMC, giving me strength, happiness and peace. I used to visit the Ramakrishna Mutt with friends. Sometimes I went alone, but I never felt lonely.



My association with the Mutt also led to interactions with Swami Ranganathananda, Chinmayananda, Prabhupada of ISCKON and Vidya Prakashananda. Even now, my family and I engage in spiritual activities such as the monthly Satsangam on Saturdays organised by the SDSS (Sanatana Dharma Satsanga Samithi) for families from India, Sri Lanka, England and the USA, for the last 18 years. My wife runs weekly online 'Balavikaasa' classes for children. We hold annual spiritual retreats. We regularly assist with 'Annadana' and cataract surgery for patients, as well as services for those who are homeless and blood donations in Srikalahasti. We also provide financial assistance to students and poor patients in various states of India.

Graduation and beyond

After graduating, I pursued a postgraduate degree in ENT and worked at Viveka Sai Polyclinic in Amberpet for a while, initially with Gopinath, before moving to Collem Rural Medical Centre in Goa through the UPSC. There, I met Hubert Gomes again after many years.

Unexpectedly, I then migrated to Australia, where I found academic, financial and spiritual growth and contentment. I worked in fourteen different hospitals across Australia for thirty years, and I have been settled in Melbourne for the past twenty-four years.

Unfortunately, in April 2015, I suffered trauma to my C2 and C3 vertebrae and developed Central Spinal Cord Syndrome, requiring a mechanical cervical fusion. Thankfully, there was no residual neurological deficit. After this, I stopped performing operations, but continued with clinical consultations for several years until I retired from medical practice five years ago.

Family life

My wife, Malini, has a Master's in Education from Mangalore, but decided to become a housewife and devote herself to the academic, social, cultural and spiritual wellbeing of our children.

We are blessed with two daughters: Deepika, an aspiring ENT surgeon, and Radhika, an aspiring paediatrician. They are both qualified Bharatanatyam dancers, having completed their degree and performed Ranga Pravesham. My son-in-law is an interventional radiologist from Mumbai who is currently based in Melbourne.

I continue my life with the aim of harmonizing science and spirituality, and living a fulfilling life with SDSS, spiritual and social service activities.

I would like to end by sending lots of love to all my classmates.

G Venkateshwarlu



We are proud of our daughters Deepika and Radhika who are accomplished doctors as well as dancers.



Maria Kala

Who I am and where I am going

My name is Maria Kala and I am from Secunderabad. My friends at Osmania **Medical College** were Anita, Girija, Gowri and Nirmala Mary. My friends in the practicals class were Kalpana, Meera, Meher and Madhubala. Akber, Md. Sarvar, Mussadiq and Mujtaba.

The OSMECO 75 Golden Reunion has rekindled my old college memories. Going down memory lane has brought back some pleasant memories of the splendid times I spent not only with my friends, but also with the other girls' groups of our batch and various other classmates. I recall that during lunch hours, I used to find it difficult to keep up with my friends' pace as I was a slow eater. However, eating slowly helped me to get to know many of the other girls' groups, which would otherwise have been impossible as I was naturally very reserved. Similarly, it was travelling by bus that led me to meet and get to know Pariplavi. I am glad I had the chance to interact with my classmates.

After my MBBS, I was busy running my own private clinic, Asa, for several years. Though slow in the beginning, I remained consistent and, as the years went by, I was able to establish myself.

In 1987, I got married and moved to Warangal. In 1991, I completed my Diploma in Gynecology and Obstetrics, DGO at Gandhi

Medical College in Secunderabad, after which I practised at Mission Hospital in Hanamkonda and St. Ann's Hospital in Kazipet for a few years. I joined the AP Government Service in 1997. Driven by a desire to learn other subjects, I completed a Bachelor of Law, LLB and a Master of Law, LL.M., and was thrilled to secure 8th place in the LL.M. programme. This experience taught me that combining passion with determination can lead to effortless success.

I then worked as a Casualty Medical Officer at MGM Hospital, Warangal for a few years. I then shifted from practice to academia, completing my MD in Anatomy before starting to teach as an



At the grand inauguration of my clinic Asa. From left to right, Kalpana Devi (then MP from Warangal constituency), Dr J Prasangi (my husband) me and family friends



MD ANATOMY DAYS - From left to right: DR Ranadheer Reddy, me, Dr Neelee Jayasree (HOD Anatomy Dept), Dr Rajender Nair (Director - Kamineni Institute of Medical Science), Dr Raghukula Kiran and Dr Gangulappa

Assistant Professor at KMC in 2007. Currently, I am working as Head of Department in a private medical college.

The world at large and society itself has taught me many valuable lessons, and I feel blessed and grateful to have had the opportunity to learn from them. Through the various experiences of my life's journey, I have come to believe that the purpose of life is fulfilled when we learn to be content and happy with ourselves, thereby helping to improve universal brotherhood.

I would like to end by wishing my classmates and friends all the best. As I finish writing, I would like to share a poem I wrote some time ago called 'Time'.

Maria Kala



Time

You can catch butterflies and dragon flies,
But, you can't catch the time bird.
You can hold a rod or a twig,
But you can't hold time.

You can get back into your childhood
life, through sweet memories.
But, you can't get back the time,
That passed away.

You can fly into your future,
through sweet dreams.
But you can't go,
ahead of time.

Make, it the best, Lest, it will be a waste,
Mourning will not get it back.
Hence, the time at Present,
Is the precious gem of our life.

– Dr. Smt. Maria Kala

Girija Menon

The Journey of Life: OMC 1975 to the Present Day

That March morning's newspaper carried the MBBS entrance exam results.

It was 7 am and I was still asleep when Mum woke me up to tell me that I hadn't got a place. Suddenly, Dad rushed in, announcing that I had been successful after finding my name on the Osmania Medical College (OMC) list. Mum had only checked the Gandhi Medical College (GMC) list.



During the first few days at OMC, I felt both excited and apprehensive sitting amongst new faces and listening to stern-looking professors. The only consolation was finding Pariplavi, my school classmate, in the same year. I soon made friends. Anita, Maria, Kala and I were inseparable. Gowri was another good friend. We sat next to each other in class and moved around together outside class. I remember the excitement of volunteering in the Chemistry Department during the medical exhibition, sneaking away to see a film during our RHC Patencheru placement, and going on trips to Shameerpet and Srisailam. We studied hard, but we also enjoyed ourselves.

The years rolled on.

After passing MBBS in 1980 and completing my internship, I joined a private hospital, where I continued to work until I secured a government job. Somewhere along the way, I completed my postgraduate studies, earning an MD in Biochemistry (a subject I enjoyed) at GMC. Coincidentally, I also worked at GMC and OMC until my retirement.

I then decided to return to Medical College life for second innings, mainly because of my love and passion for teaching. I joined a private medical college. I am currently a professor and head of the Department of Biochemistry at RVM Medical College in Hyderabad.

While working in government service at a primary health centre, words of appreciation from satisfied patients and the local community kept me motivated to work harder and successfully complete that phase of my career. Similarly, working in medical colleges following postgraduate study has been, and still is, a fulfilling



experience. Looking back now, I realise that life has been a very satisfying journey, whether I was treating patients, managing laboratories or teaching. I owe thanks to OMC and all my teachers who taught and guided me well.

There are two special moments in my life that I will always cherish: receiving the 'Best Teacher Award' at GMC Hyderabad, and being the Organising Secretary for a state-level CME in biochemistry at RVM Medical College.

On a personal level, life has been kind to me. I have a very affectionate and supportive family. In my spare time, I enjoy reading and listening to music. I also enjoy the chatter on our OSMECO75 WhatsApp group.

OSMECO 75 is a lively, cheerful and close-knit group. Let it remain so forever.



Ajoy Kumar

A dream come true

My earliest reminiscences start at Nandi Kandi, Sanga Reddy District- my native village where at the annual Dusshera celebration, the entire family had to be in attendance to my paternal great-grandmother Chennamma who lived for a ripe age of a hundred and some. I am the second of four children - a little shy and helpful by nature.



I always wanted to become a doctor. Not only were my mum, maternal aunt and uncle all Osmania Medical College (OMC) alumni; but my cousins (paternal and maternal) were doctors too. It was my cherished dream to gain admission to that hallowed place, where my mum and extended family members had studied. But before OMC, my story as a medico began at KMC, Warangal.

KAKATIYA MEDICAL COLLEGE (KMC)

In 1973 -74, I joined KMC with a good rank, whilst I waited for the second OMC entrance exam to be conducted. My stay in KMC could be described as my 'first time away-from-home, exhilarating, independent, Cloud-9 experience'. I recall visits to various famous temples in Warangal and our first-year class picnic at Pakal Forest lake. Just before our Pre-Professional Course, PPC exams at KMC, my dad called with the good news that I was successful in the entrance examination. I was jubilant. As I left KMC, I was returned Rs.5000 of the donation amount which I proudly returned to my mother.

'OSMANIA MERI JAAN' 1974-1984

I was overjoyed when I was told I had secured a seat in OMC. Whilst all my classmates were petrified of ragging, I strutted around as if I were a senior. However, I was soon to be deflated as our immediate seniors - Pradeep Ramayya's gang caught me and we (Pramod and I) found ourselves reluctantly treating them to a lavish meal. A plus point, however, was that this 'hep & cool' gang of seniors became my friends and protected me from ragging by the more senior mercurial Uday Dixit and company.

PPC at Osmania seemed drab compared to posh KMC initially. However, Pacheco Sir, in his starched all-white attire with an English gentleman-like demeanour was a memorable character.

The Zoology dissection hall of frogs with tobacco-filled mouth-cavity (to numb pain) was a memory best forgotten. I cannot ever forget the day, when a frog with dismembered entrails jumped out of the tray in the midst of dissection and ran across the hall, with students and staff chasing after it. Though it appears humorous, it was a very disturbing and sad event.



What was a memorable event however was our 'Devil's Den' stall run by a few of us at the Medical Exhibition. My role was to record the introduction, accompanied by an instrumental music background and synchronised with blood-curdling, terrified shrieks of our classmates. It was an instant success. The dark, smoky, spooky stall with dangling skeletons, their red-flickering lights in empty eye-sockets was scary enough and made spookier by my introduction, the solemn grave music and blood curdling shrieks. It was the most popular stall and attracted lots of young female visitors, which of course made us boys very happy.

POST PPC YEARS

From the second year onwards, my life became more adventurous albeit a little serious as we embarked on studying Anatomy, Biochemistry and Physiology. I recall making loads of friends. Through friends like Raj, Sushil, Surinder, Shekhar and Sudesh, I developed an interest in Pop Music. We had two class picnics. I loved organising and participating in cultural events as it was an opportunity to interact with other medicos and showcase talents. AP State Triangular and Octangular Inter-Medical College meets and the All-India Medical College meet in Madras were fun-breaks in tough and busy study schedules.

Lunch time in college was a great time for connecting with classmates. My hot and fresh 5-decker lunch in a steel-tiffin box sent by my mom, was an eagerly awaited time on the fourth-floor dining hall for years. Holi festivals became a splash of exuberance every year with close friends, though our 3-month rural postings in Patancheru and Nalgonda District Hospital were a sobering eye-opener to rural challenges.

POST-GRADUATION AND BEYOND

I completed my postgraduate training (DCH) at Niloufer Hospital between 1982 - 1984 and started my first job as Civil Assistant Surgeon at the Government District Headquarters Hospital, Sanga Reddy. I performed eleven post-mortems in my short stint there and recall that my first monthly salary was only Rs1640.

So, I moved on to Iran, as even a war-torn country like Iran was ready to offer me a better salary. I worked for 7 years in Iran, 4 years in a 200-bed modern multi-speciality hospital at Khomein (Ayatollah Khomeini's birthplace) and the next 3 years at a scenic, hilly historical town called Mahallat (Agha Khan's birthplace). Unbelievably, during air raids, we worked in bunkers, with no electricity and in ice-cold, knee-deep, stagnant water at temperatures of <-20 degrees.

I returned to India in 1991 and joined Mahavir Hospital and Research Centre. I completed National

Boards Paediatrics Training and was appointed as Head of the Department of Neonatology. I re-established private clinical practice in 1992 and have set up a second clinic in 2018, which I still maintain.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, FAMILY AND TRAGEDY

I met my life partner and soulmate Indira in 1977 for the first time at a dinner party at Gurucharan Singh Saluja's residence. It was love at first sight. Indira completed MD, DGO from Niloufer Hospital. We were married in 1982 and were overjoyed when our son Akshay was born in 1985. Fate however intervened and we lost Akshay in a car accident on 11th April 2004. He was in his first year of Medicine in Guntur Medical College.



Our daughter Anisha was born in 1992. She is a certified Public Accountant (CPA) in California and is married to Sunil Bodapati – Founder CEO of Medical Tech Co. and a Venture Capital Fund. We are proud of both of them.

EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES: I have varied interests. I was a Production Executive and Radio Announcer in Yuva-Vani programmes of All India Radio with my hallmark being the production of a program along with Indira, based on 'inter-caste' marriages titled: 'Man Proposes - God Disposes': "Marriages are not made in Heaven". I was active in the student's union and was elected as Student's Union Vice-President in 1978, President in 1979 and later was elected as the Chairman of All-India Medical Students Association Charity wing. I am currently very active in the Indian Academy of Paediatrics and National Neonatology Forum of India where I am an office bearer, a speaker and part of the teaching faculty. I have also diversified into the field of Personal Finance Management Academics (duly certified). I conduct seminars for doctors and have a free YouTube channel <http://www.youtube.com/@drajay56>

TRAGEDY STRIKES: We lost our son Akshay and several close members of my family over a very short period. We often tell ourselves that probably God was testing us or maybe it was our fate and karma. We faced the tragedies head on, stoically and did not crumble. I thank God for my inner strength that allowed me to navigate those horrific times and emerge stronger. My personal feeling is that no matter what life throws at us, we always have the option of choosing how to respond.

Om Shanti Shanthi !

Meherbala Medavaram

My Journey Through OMC and Beyond

I was filled with excitement the day I entered Osmania Medical College (OMC). What made it even more special was that I wasn't stepping into it alone — my close friends Meera and Kalpana, with whom I had already spent six wonderful months at Kakatiya Medical College, were by my side. The familiar faces made the transition comfortable. A few days into OMC, Kamini joined us, and the four of us instantly clicked. Later in our fourth year, Rama joined our group. I was also fortunate to have several schoolmates with me — Anuradha, D Uma, Usha Mary, Matheena, Chandra, Jhansi, and Deepika from college — making it feel like home.

The first six months at OMC felt like a breeze — pre-medical courses, getting to know our classmates, and settling in. But everything changed once we started anatomy and physiology. It hit me like a ton of bricks — the sheer vastness of the syllabus, the memorization needed for anatomy, the depth of physiology, and the complexities of biochemistry. I still vividly remember the dissection tables, the pungent stench of formaldehyde, dissecting cadavers without gloves, the ever-stinking aprons, and of course, the terror of every student — Dr. Premdas.

My first clinical posting was with Dr. Lentin's Medical unit. Some of the patient cases from those early days have stayed with me for life. Meera and I would often return after rounds just to sit with patients and their families, offering words of comfort and compassion. It was a formative experience in becoming not just a doctor, but a healer.

To this day, I revere many of our teachers who left a lasting impression — Dr. K.K. Murthy, Dr. A.K. Chari, Dr. C.B.P. Rao, and of course, Dr. Soma Raju, who insisted I get the Washington Manual — a guide that later became my lifeline during residency training.

Looking back, OMC days were the best days of my life. I never felt stressed — even amidst the workload, the vibrant, romantic atmosphere of our batch made it all feel like a grand drama. While I may have missed that particular boat, I have no regrets. I married Ram — a man with an unassuming personality, who has always been encouraging and deeply supportive.

I also treasure the friendships I built with our juniors. Shanthi, from the batch six months behind us, has been my friend since fifth grade, and we still talk almost every day. That kind of friendship is rare and precious.

After graduation in December 1981, I moved to the United States — a move that marked one of the hardest transitions in my life. I arrived in Chicago during the bitter cold of winter. Ram was always at the hospital, and I felt isolated in our home. Communication was limited — mostly



by letters — and even television was minimal. Despite the circumstances, I took the ECFMG exam just three weeks after arriving in the U.S. and passed. But getting into residency was a real struggle.

The first year of residency was the hardest in my career — working every third night, 36-hour shifts, juggling exhaustion and expectations. But that period of resilience paid off — I excelled among my peers and eventually became Chief Resident. I went on to become a faculty member and was later appointed Assistant Director of the Residency Program.

In the midst of this professional journey, Ram and I welcomed our two sons — Harsha and Atul. After seven years in academics, I made the difficult decision to leave, seeking more time for my growing children. I transitioned into the private sector, first as a Medical Director for Federally Qualified Health Centers, then managing hospital clinics, and finally establishing my own private practice close to home in 1993 — where I continue to serve patients today.

Teaching remains a passion. I serve as a clinical preceptor for third-year medical students from the University of Illinois College of Medicine, training them at my office.

Once the kids were older, I dove into community service and charitable work — passions that were always close to my heart. I've served as a Board Trustee for American Telugu Association (ATA) and our Osmania-Gandhi-Kakatiya Alumni Association. Currently, I'm honoured to serve as President-Elect for both the Indian American Medical Association of Illinois and the national American Association of Physicians of Indian Origin (AAPI).

Ram and I love to travel. One of our most memorable adventures was visiting Antarctica — where I even braved the Polar Plunge into the icy ocean!

Today, Harsha runs his own radio station and is thriving in business, while Atul follows in our footsteps as an internist and hospitalist. I feel deeply blessed that my parents and my mother-in-law lived with us, and that my sister, brother, and extended family continue to make life a joyous ride.

Through it all — the highs and the lows — one truth stands out to me: **"The greatest gift of life is friendship."** And I found that gift in abundance at OMC.



Sandhya Sanda

A Life of Purpose: My Memoirs

My parents, Sri Shanth Raj and Smt Savitri, welcomed me into the world as the second youngest of five children — four sisters and one brother. Despite many hardships and sacrifices, my parents made sure that all four of us sisters attended our alma mater, Osmania Medical College (OMC), while my brother went on to become a scientist at DRDL.

I remember the sheer joy and pride I felt the day the four of us stepped into OMC together. It was a moment of shared triumph that still brings a smile to my face. On that first day, I met many of you, but my first friend was Viswabharathi. That bond, forged in the corridors of OMC, has only grown stronger over the years. I was also fortunate enough to forge lifelong friendships with Usha Rani, Rajashree, Sarala, Ramana, Swarnalatha and Parijatha, to name a few. You all added colour to my medical journey.



I vividly remember how, during our anatomy practical exam, Dr Jaya asked me to explain the pouch of Douglas. I smile at the irony today—there isn't a day in my practice when I don't palpate that very pouch. Dr Premdas did his utmost to help me with the external examiner that day, and I will never forget his support.

I always aimed to be outgoing and outspoken, whether in sports, academics or cultural events such as Atakshari. I had the privilege of serving as Ladies' Representative in our third year. The medical exhibition we took part in remains a cherished memory.

However, life brought with it a wave of pain. I lost my younger sister in our third year, which was a devastating blow to our family. The grief lingered, but thanks to the unwavering support of my family and friends, I found the strength to complete my MBBS.



During my internship in a rural area of Nalgonda, keen to show off my swimming skills, I jumped into a well. But I began to drown, and reality struck. It was my classmate Dr Ajoy who didn't hesitate to jump in and save me. Ajoy, I owe you. Thank you.

The Making of an Obstetrician and Gynaecologist

My passion for obstetrics began with my diploma in Obstetrics and Gynaecology (DGO) at Niloufer Hospital (1982–1984), followed by an MD in Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Gandhi Medical College (GMC) (1985–1987).

I began my career in 1989 as a medical officer at the PHC in Singarayakonda. In April 1991, I joined Niloufer Hospital as an assistant professor. From there, I continued my teaching and clinical journey through various esteemed institutions: GMH Sultan Bazar, GMC, Kakatiya Medical College and Petlaburz. Over the years, I have had the privilege of serving in several leadership roles, including: Vice Principal at OMC, Medical Superintendent at GMH Sultan Bazar, and Head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at OMC. I am currently a professor at ESICMCH in Sanathnagar and I am proud to have dedicated over 21 years to OMC, serving the public and nurturing students.

Achievements and recognition

These include the Best Medical Officer Award in 1991, a Gold Medal for performing the maximum DPLs and the Vaidya Ratna Award in 2017. I have had the honour of conducting and attending numerous medical exams across India for state boards and the DNB, and have served as a National Medical Council (NMC) assessor.

Family and legacy

I married Dr Babu Rao, an ophthalmologist, in 1986. He shares my passion for teaching. He worked at the SD Eye Hospital, GMC, and RIMS in Ongole. We are blessed with a son, Dr Lalith, who has an MS. in General Surgery and is currently an Assistant Professor at GMC in Nagarkurnool. His wife, Dr Akhila, is committed to public health. And then there's the light of my life: my grandson, Arihanth Rudra.

A note of gratitude

Life's journey brings many people into our path. Some become permanent fixtures in our hearts. I am deeply grateful to have spent my formative years with all of you. I would like to express my heartfelt thanks to my parents, family, friends, colleagues, students and patients, each of whom has played a part in shaping who I am today.

As I continue this journey, my passion for surgery and teaching is stronger than ever. With each passing day, I strive to give my best every day, just as I always have.



Kiran Vaswani née Chandra Hassanand

Preamble to My Life as a Doctor: Entrance Examinations and Beyond

It was a dream come true for my father, as it was his dream that I would become a doctor, specifically a paediatrician. I was to be the first doctor in the family, including the male members. However, I was extremely concerned for him. What if I failed my undergraduate and postgraduate entrance exams, not to mention the two exams we had to take for our undergraduate course? How would that affect him?

When I got my results, he was thrilled and took me on a flight to Tirupati, which was beyond his means at the time, as an expression of his joy and gratitude.

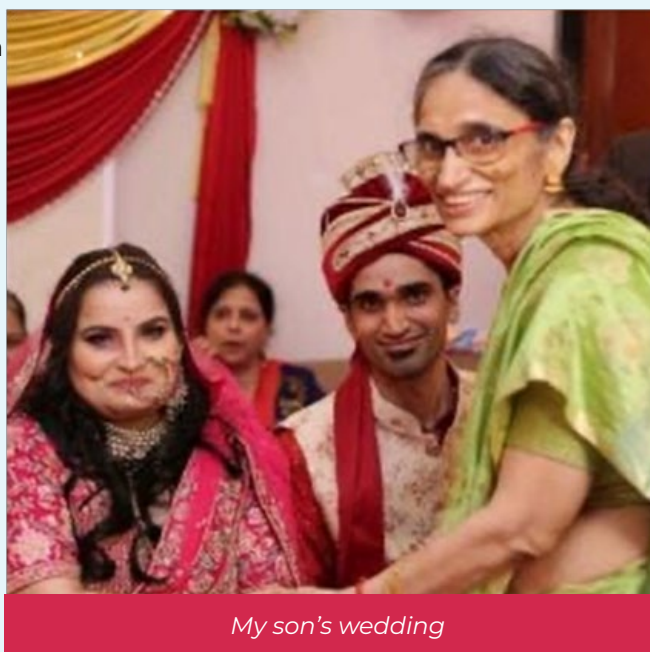


During my medical college days and now

The situations surrounding my entrance exams were challenging

On the day of the MBBS entrance test, I had diarrhoea (in retrospect, it was a malfunction of the gut-brain axis), but I was given a Chlorostrep capsule. I had a severe anaphylactic reaction and collapsed. The first time, I was given Decadron, recovered, and took the entrance exam.

But on the second occasion, the doctor refused to administer the injection, saying, 'Aap ke kehne se treatment hoga kya?' (despite the previous reference). He gave me something else, which I don't recall, and it did not improve the anaphylaxis, but I proceeded to the examination hall in that state of peripheral collapse. In a dazed state, I recall climbing up three floors and just managing to arrive in time. I rested my head on the table, which made me feel better, and started answering the paper. The invigilator saw me and asked if I had painted my nails blue. When I said 'no', he realised that I was not well enough to be taking the exam. I was terrified that I would be sent home or to hospital. I explained the situation and begged to be allowed to finish the test, as it was the second time we had been made to take the entrance examination. Fortunately, time and destiny were kind. I was given intravenous fluids and some injections in an adjoining room, and once I had recovered, I was allowed to complete the first three papers. I was granted a few extra minutes, of course (about 15 minutes or so), as there was a second session due to start after a break.



My son's wedding

When I received the results, I was convinced that I was destined to be a doctor, and that my father had been the divine instrument guiding me towards my destiny.

A few weeks before our Postgraduate Entrance Examination, my mother had a calcaneal fracture and was advised 'full bed rest'. I remember that we were still in the midst of our housemanship posts at the time. With hospital duties, looking after my mother and helping out at my father's medical shop, I had no time to practise test papers or prepare for the PG entrance exam.

After finishing all these tasks, I would sit down with the practice sheets, feeling naturally apprehensive about being in the top 5 ranks. I had to prepare my father for the fact that there were only five places available to open candidates (actually fewer than five). I told him, 'Dada, there are many seats for obstetrics and gynaecology (actually many more if we include DGO), and I will manage somehow. So please don't just look at paediatrics.' I don't recall his response, but he seemed confident that it would happen. And, by God's grace, I had a positive outcome and managed to secure a place for the MD Paediatrics course at Niloufer Hospital. At the time, I didn't realise that this education and achievement would give me the strength and resilience to live my life with dignity on my terms.

As time went by, I continued to upgrade my skills and knowledge in 'Caring for Adolescents' and 'Lifestyle Medicine'. Working in these two fields has been gratifying. Transforming the lives of people with diabetes by freeing them from oral medication or insulin was intensely satisfying. Helping these people achieve a clear GTT result was like receiving a dose of 'DOSE' - dopamine, oxytocin, serotonin and epinephrine.

A major turning point in my life came when I realised that 'exercise is a medicine' and started running marathons myself. For someone like me, who wasn't even allowed to participate in school sports because I was considered 'very slow and not energetic enough', taking part in and winning one of these events was a huge achievement. I participated in several such events, including hill marathons, Tata marathons and even a dream run in the Leh-Ladakh marathon.

Life has been a rollercoaster, but looking back, I am happy to see only blessings. Everyone has peaks and troughs in their life. Everyone does, but what is important is how we view our life when we look back.

The turn of events has made me live my life with appreciation and gratitude. In every precarious situation or challenge, there have been people or events to guide, support or help me, as if they were already there for me.

I feel blessed and privileged to have many good friends from all walks of life, many of whom I met at OMC. God bless you all!

Chandra-Kiran



Marathon running - A real passion



E Shashikala

Hello! I am Shashikala - your classmate of the 1975 MBBS Batch. I would like to share my little story with you.

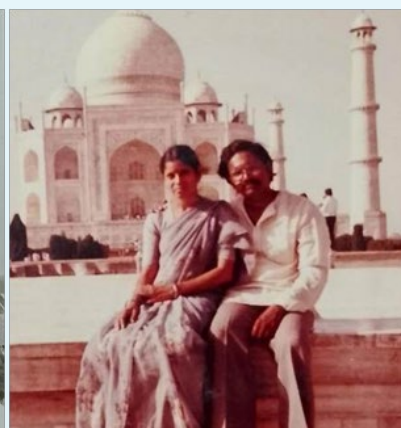
A cute little girl was born to a beautiful housewife and a railway official on 15th November. She was the second child of the couple - they christened her as Sasikala. She had a beautiful and happy childhood; enjoyed her schooling at St. Francis School and College, where she was very popular. She participated in extracurricular activities like games, debating, dramas and singing. The teachers in her school kept calling her 'Shashikala' instead of 'Sasikala'; the same was entered in her school records and with time 'Sasikala' came to be known as Shashikala forever. That was me.



Entry into OMC

Following my father's sudden demise, I assumed responsibility for the family and joined the Railway Service.

My mother however was insistent that I pursue my education. Hence my entry into the 1975 MBBS batch at Osmania Medical College (OMC). It was the first time in my life, to be exposed to life in a coeducational institution and it was initially very awkward. However, with time, I adjusted and could thereafter, enjoy my colleagues' pranks.



I have pleasant memories of OMC and remember that Sudha and I used to go to college together by the same bus, setting off early in the morning. I also remember how my close friends Seeta, Santosh, Savita and I used to meet and occasionally go to movies. I recall that I had narrowly missed distinction in Anatomy as, according to Dr Jaya (who was the external examiner), I apparently had not answered one question.

Marriage and beyond

I successfully completed MBBS in 1980 and internship in 1981. I got married two days before the completion of my internship to Dr.B.N. Vijay Raghawa Rao who was Assistant Professor in Medicine at Gandhi Medical College (GMC), after completing his MD from AIIMS, Delhi University. My friends including Meera, Kalpana, Meher, Syeda Mariam, Sudha, Swarna, Santosh, Mariakala's mother, Dr.CPD Chowdhurani, the entire faculty of GMC, Gandhi Hospital Superintendent - Dr. Hyder Khan, Gandhi hospital staff and the final year MBBS Students of GMC attended my marriage at Kanyaka Parmeshwari Temple at Secunderabad and the reception at Exhibition Grounds, Nampally. It was quite a huge turnout from both the medical colleges in the city. I was so happy and I remain thankful to all of them for making my day a little more joyful.

I enjoyed my married life and have two beautiful daughters who have completed their MBBS at SVS and GMC respectively

I completed my Diploma in Obstetrics and Gynecology (DGO) from Kaktiya Medical College (KMC), Warangal and Diplomate National Boards (DNB) examination with my husband's motivation and encouragement. I secured the third rank in the DGO examination. I then joined AP Government Service and worked at Primary Health Centers (PHCs) at Raikal, Kandukur and 8th battalion Kondapur. I was awarded "the Best Doctor Award" at Kandukur PHC.

My husband and I, both later went to Iran where I successfully worked as an Obstetrician and Gynecologist in that country for four years and enjoyed both our day-to-day life and our professional work.

After returning to India from Iran, I have worked in the Cardiology Dept, OGH for two years and after obtaining a promotion, I worked in the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department at Gandhi Hospital as a Deputy Civil Surgeon.

I then studied MD Pharmacology, which I completed in 2010 at GMC. After being promoted to the cadre of Civil Surgeon, I was posted first as DM & HO, Nizamabad but soon got transferred as Civil Surgeon RMO to the Area Hospital, Nampally.

Life after retirement - A passion for teaching

After retirement in 2013, I joined the Pharmacology Dept at Mallareddy Institute of Medical Sciences, as I enjoy teaching. I am presently working as Professor in Pharmacology and have been examiner to various medical colleges in Telangana and Andhra Pradesh.

During this period my husband, Dr.B.N. Vijay Raghawa Rao completed DM in Cardiology at the prestigious Shri Jayadeva Institute of Cardiology and Research, Bangalore. He eventually became the Senior Interventional Cardiologist and Examiner for DM and DNB, -Cardiology and also authored two popular Cardiology text books -Clinical Examination in Cardiology and Clinical Electrocardiography - for DM, DNB, MD students; published by Elsevier, India Ltd. He worked in ESIC and other medical colleges where he established a Cardiology Department and Cath labs. Presently he is working as Senior Interventional Cardiologist at Renova hospitals, Banjara hills, Hyderabad. I too, am considering starting my private practice in Obstetrics and Gynecology at my husbands' clinic - Heart Care Clinic, Road No: 12, Banjara Hills.

My life has been a mixture of sweet and sour. Over the years, I lost my beloved mother and more recently, my elder brother, a physician, in the COVID 19 epidemic.

I send my greetings and best wishes to all my '1975 MBBS' batchmates. I wish all of them a happy, prosperous, healthy and satisfied life

E.Shashikala



My lovely daughters Visha Rao and Vishala Rao



Award presentation at Malla Reddy Institute of Medical Sciences

Nagender Devulapally

Fifty-Year Journey: From Dreams to Dedication

Entering Medical College

In the third week of June 1974, a group of five students from Suryapet in the Nalgonda district arrived at the Gowliguda bus depot in Hyderabad late one night. Our shared goal was simple yet ambitious: to prepare for and take the medical school entrance exam in the hope of securing a place at medical college.

On the day of the exam, when we saw the huge crowd at Osmania Medical College (OMC), none of us thought we stood a chance. The competition seemed overwhelming. However, destiny had other plans. When the results of the second round of entrance exams was announced, I secured a place at OMC, while the other four were admitted to Gandhi Medical College (GMC) – a record that remains unbroken at our junior college even after fifty years.



Professional Journey

My time at medical college was filled with rich experiences and lifelong memories. Interacting with students from both urban and rural backgrounds alike offered a unique cultural blend, and the academic environment was truly outstanding. The dedication of both students and teachers was inspiring and unmatched. Although there were some initial ideological differences among the student groups, these never escalated into conflict. Once clinical rotations began, any initial discomfort faded and our camaraderie deepened.

After graduating, I started postgraduate studies in Dermatology, but left partway through to pursue an opportunity in West Africa. Upon returning to India, I took the PG entrance exam again and earned a Diploma in Ophthalmology (D.O.) from OMC (Sarojini Devi Eye Hospital). I then joined government service. Dissatisfied with holding only a diploma, I took the exam again and completed an MD in General Medicine. My career in government service included roles at Osmania and Gandhi hospitals, where I served in various capacities before retiring from Gandhi Hospital.

Beyond Academics

Throughout my educational and professional life, I have remained actively involved in extra-curricular initiatives.

- * President of the Students' Union in junior college
- * Secretary of the OMC Hostel
- * Secretary of the APGDA, Gandhi Unit
- * Secretary of TGDA, Gandhi Unit
- * Founder Secretary and later Chairman of API Telangana State (served for eight years post state formation).
- * I was honoured with the Best Teacher Award by API South Zone, which was presented during a South Zone conference – a deeply humbling recognition.



Family Life

I am married to Sharada Devi, a postgraduate in Biological Sciences, who has stood by me unwaveringly throughout this eventful and often challenging journey. We are blessed with two daughters, both of whom are software engineers and have settled in the United States.



Post-Retirement

Upon retiring, I joined the Apollo Institute of Medical Sciences as a Professor of Medicine. I have worked at the institution for the past decade and am now Head of Department. I continue to lead an active and fulfilling professional life.

Looking ahead

I look forward to reconnecting with all of you at our Platinum Jubilee Reunion. It will be a celebration not just of the years gone by, but of the friendships, journeys, and memories we continue to cherish.



Perumalla Devadass

The Last-Bench Dream – Fifty Years of Healing

In 1975, I joined Osmania Medical College, fulfilling a dream born from humble beginnings and nurtured by the hope of my parents, Sudharshan and Devanamma. It was also shaped by the values I learned during my simple upbringing in Sadashivapet.

I was the only son, blessed with one elder sister and two younger ones. Although we were raised in a financially modest household, it was filled with love and resilience. While my father worked in Mumbai to support the family, my mother held the fort with strength, grace and prayer. Despite life's struggles, they never stopped believing in me — their dream was for me to become the first doctor in our family.

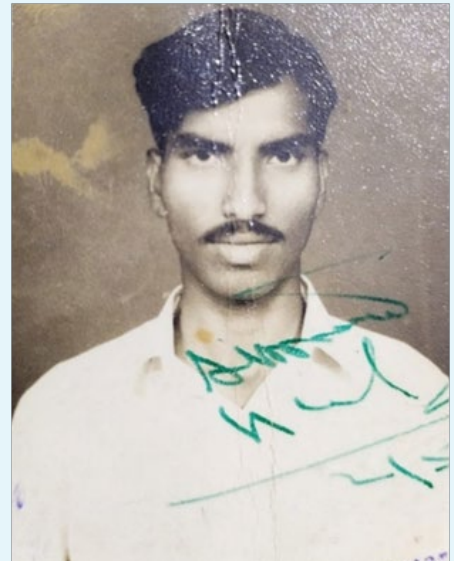
The first person to receive the news that I had passed the medicine entrance exam was John Wesley, an agriculture officer and a close family friend. He didn't just deliver the good news — he also paid my entrance fee, giving me the opportunity to study at Osmania Medical College. I will never forget his timely help.

Stepping into Osmania was overwhelming. I came from a Telugu-speaking background and found English very challenging. I used to sit at the back of the class, feeling confused and afraid, and often on the verge of giving up. But I held on. Gradually, I taught myself to understand the language, grasp the concepts, and dream again.

I was never alone. At every turn, I found friends who became family: The late Dr Yesender, Dr Kotayya, Dr Balu, Dr David, Dr Bapu Rao and Dr P Y Prakash. They stood by me through my toughest times. I remember Dr Bapu Rao taking care of me when I fell ill — it was his compassion that carried me through.

Life at Osmania wasn't just about academia. It was filled with vibrant memories: the grilled chicken at the hostel; our midnight walks to Koti for chai; group study sessions; silly jokes; shared victories; and the bond of survival. Those were golden days, etched into my heart.

After completing my MBBS, I worked in government institutions and later pursued an MD in Anatomy at Gandhi Medical College. Through persistence and under the mentorship of Dr Ravinder Reddy, I climbed the academic ladder, progressing from lecturer to professor and head of department in leading medical colleges across Telangana and Chhattisgarh, including KIMS Nagole and the Late Baliram Kashyap Memorial Government Medical College in Bastar.



Throughout this entire journey, my wife, Mrs Perumalla Madhulatha Das, was my greatest source of support. She raised our children with patience and stood by me with unwavering strength and prayer through all my highs and lows.

Today, after 50 years of service in the medical field, I continue to serve the community as a general physician in Safilguda. I have been blessed with wonderful children and grandchildren, who are my pride and legacy.

My journey from the back row to heading departments is a testament to God's grace, parental sacrifice, friendship and the unwavering support of my family. This golden milestone is not mine alone; it belongs to everyone who walked with me.



Gowri Gajendran

50th anniversary memoirs

I would like to take this opportunity to greet you all! I am one of your old classmates from the OSMECO 1975 cohort. Here is a brief synopsis of my life.

My Passion

I have always been passionate about becoming a doctor, a dream supported by my siblings and parents, and nurtured through my studies at Osmania Medical College (OMC) alongside you, the vibrant class of 1975!

My School Days

I did my SSLC and PUC at Wesley Girls' High School and Intermediate College in Secunderabad. During the 1969–70 academic year, I received a memento from the Education Minister, P. V. Narasimha Rao, and his wife, Mrs Narasimha Rao, as I was a rank holder. I recall being presented with an English dictionary.

First Day and Days at OMC

My first day at OMC was exciting as I had reached the hallowed grounds where I could fulfil my goal. To me, OMC and OGH (Osmania General Hospital) were temples of medical knowledge and teaching, where knowledge was imparted by our dedicated teachers, or gurus.

My best friends at college were Anita, Sarala, Kalpana, Girija, Nirmala and Jhansi. In fact, all of our classmates were very friendly and cordial towards me.

Life after MBBS

I got married in 1983 to Dr Gajendran, an ENT surgeon in the Karnataka state government service in Bengaluru. I completed my DGO course at Bangalore Medical College (BMC) in 1987 and worked at St Philomena's Hospital in Bengaluru for two years.



This photo was taken on 18-10-1976



Once I had decided to proceed with private practice, I set up a clinic and day care centre attached to the Chinmaya Mission, BEL Medical Panel Service and other hospitals in Udayanagar, an area near the Hanging Bridge in KR Puram. I focused on treating infertility cases with good outcomes.

Family: We have a son, Guru Prasad, who has a Master's degree from the Indian Institute of Science (IISc) and works as a design faculty member at Dayananda Sagar University. He is also pursuing an LLB in advocacy. I have a grandson named Hemmith G.

Hobbies: I keep fit by walking, gardening and attending programmes and classes conducted by the Senior Citizens Forum and the Brahma Kumaris Ishwariya Vishwavidyalaya (Spiritual University), which are open to all free of charge, regardless of caste, creed or religion.

The way forward: Life has sped by, but as I reflect, I realise how fortunate I am to have experienced more good days than bad. God has been kind to us. I wish all our classmates and friends a blessed and happy life.



With our beloved grandson Hemmith

Santosh Reddy Munugula

BEGINNINGS

I come from a small village near Shamshabad in Telangana and am currently working at Malla Reddy College as Professor and Head of Department(HOD).

The land on which the current Hyderabad International Airport stands used to belong to our village. Our community was displaced and resettled elsewhere. Although our village was close to the city, it retained a rural character, with farming as the primary occupation. I still remember every inch of our land, our farmhouse, the two large wells where I learnt to swim, the surrounding hillocks, the lake and the sprawling fields. The government's acquisition of our land and disappearance of our village has been deeply traumatic for me.

EDUCATION

I completed my schooling at Shamshabad Zilla Parishad High School (ZPHS) and attended junior college in the city. During my intermediate years, I studied alongside Dr. Raghunandhan Raj and Dr Diwaker from Gandhi Medical College(GMC). Raghu and I prepared together for the medical entrance exam and I vividly recall the joy I felt when he shared the news that we both had passed.

Gaining admission to the prestigious Osmania Medical College(OMC), after all the hard work, was a proud moment after all the hard work. Preparing for the entrance exam - both the undergraduate and post-graduate - was intense and mentally exhausting. I had set my heart on a seat in General Surgery, which only added to the pressure.

Initially, I declined seats in MS Ophthalmology at Kakatiya Medical College(KMC) Warangal and MS ENT at GMC, opting instead to pursue a DLO (Diploma in Laryngology and Otology) as a temporary stepping stone towards my goal of General Surgery. However, sustaining that momentum proved challenging. And eventually, I accepted an MS ENT seat at GMC.

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY

I got married in the second year of my postgraduate studies. My wife Radha and I have two wonderful daughters. My elder daughter Manusha has done Fashion Designing at NIFT Hyderabad and later specialised in Women's Wear Design at the London College of Fashion. My younger daughter, Mounika has completed her Pharmacy degree at Shadan College before going on to earn her MBA at the University of Manchester. They are both now married and settled in the United States- Manusha lives in California and Mounika in Texas. Manusha has a son and a daughter. My grandchildren are the center of my world.



With my family - Radha, Manusha, Mounika and my grandkids.



With my family - Radha, Manusha, Mounika and my grandkids.

CAREER ABROAD

In 1991, like many of my classmates, I moved to Iran after completing my postgraduation. I worked at the same hospital where Christopher and Rajashree had previously worked. My time there was rewarding, particularly in surgical experience - I performed many rhinoplasties, in addition to routine ENT procedures.

After more than two years in Iran, I relocated to Northern Ireland in the United Kingdom. It was a scenic and peaceful place though too cold for swimming. I reconnected with Dr. Vijay Babu, a PG colleague from GMC, who was working in the Republic of Ireland at that time.

My career then took me to England, where I worked in Eastbourne and Maidstone. While there I briefly met Ananth Puranik on a New Year's Eve event. I earned my FRCS while working in Maidstone and had brief stints at Gillingham and Cork(Ireland), before returning to work in Norwich, England.

Life in England was hectic. The on-call shifts were intense - we had to be ready to handle emergencies at any time. But I also cherished the multicultural environment, working with colleagues from across Africa, the Middle East, the Caribbean, Greece, Spain, Germany, and Eastern Europe.



Radha with Abhinav and Mounika

TRAVELS

During those years, I travelled across Europe and visited the USA during the millennium year. Of all the countries I visited, Switzerland stood out for its sheer beauty. One of our most memorable family trips was to Disneyland, Paris, when the kids were young. In India I have a soft spot for Kumbakonam in Tamil Nadu - it's truly a beautiful and spiritual place.

Although I worked in England for several years, I never felt settled there. A persistent nostalgia tugged at me - one that disappeared only after I returned to India in 2001.

RETURN TO INDIA

Upon returning to India after a decade abroad, I joined government service as an Assistant Professor at Osmania General Hospital (OGH). I have had a fulfilling experience here, especially with Dr. Hari Shankar, a longtime colleague from both OGH and Malla Reddy Hospital. His sudden passing was deeply unsettling.

Another dear friend was Dr Vishnu Vardhan Reddy, a urologist. I still remember his persistent cough before his condition was properly diagnosed. Today, I remain close with Dr Satyam, an ophthalmologist, who lives nearby. We often attend classmate reunions together.

OSMECO 75 CELEBRATIONS: I have fond memories of attending OSMECO75 reunions - at Ramoji Film City, Pragati Resorts and most recently, the Golden Jubilee reunion in 2025. These gatherings have left me with countless cherished memories. I look forward to the next one. Until then, I wish you all good health and happiness.



With Chris, Raghu and Satyam

Guru Nath Reddy

Early days and Medical School

My interest in biology and the daily sight of droves of doctors in white coats walking between Osmania General Hospital and Government Maternity hospital, as I crossed the Musi bridge en route to Little Flower High School, inspired me to pursue the medical profession.

Entrance into a medical school via an examination seemed like a gamble. I had sleepless nights as to 'What if I do not get into medical school?' With my love for

debates, becoming a lawyer was an option as was the Indian Administrative Services (IAS). So had I failed to get into medical school, I had my options ready.

As it is said 'God acts in mysterious ways'. Despite the abrupt cancellation of our medical entrance exam, I made it through the repeat exam six months later. Thoughts of IAS persisted though and I bought books of Geography and History to prepare for the examination. The mental burden was enormous. During this period, I was invited to teach biology at an institution that prepared candidates for IAS. This resolved the issue. I became a doctor and the rest is history.

Medical School

I have many fond memories of my medical college days i.e. academics, leadership, debating and the intriguing awkwardness of conversing with women. I loved my friends and entertained them often in my home. Not wanting to be painted as studious, I hip-hopped with friends of diverse interests. I learnt that life is about experiences and the need for open-mindedness.

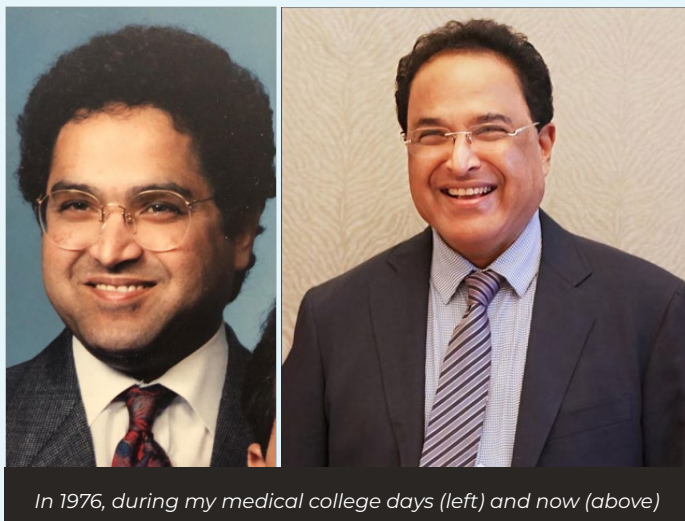
Life overseas

I migrated to the USA in 1983 and began my residency in Internal Medicine, after which I completed super specialization in Gastroenterology, Liver Diseases, Transplant Hepatology and Nutrition at the prestigious Baylor College of Medicine. In 1988, I started my private group practice in Gastroenterology and Liver Diseases. After receiving several accolades, serving as President of Houston Academy of Medicine and as member of other prestigious societies and boards, I decided to return to India to set up an International Standard Multispecialty Hospital in parity with the Health Care Systems of the west.

Back to my roots - my vision

I established Continental Hospitals (CH) in Hyderabad with a view to create an institution on par with Mayo Hospital 'The Mayo of the East'. The journey was arduous, challenging, at times insurmountable but I withstood the rigor as failure was not an option.

CH was thus set up to redefine HealthCare in India, to provide high quality patient care with integrity and transparency within a framework of innovation, collaborative multidisciplinary and



In 1976, during my medical college days (left) and now (above)

evidence-based approach. I wanted to usher in the 'Best Practice approach' to practicing medicine from across the world in providing 'high quality care at affordable prices'.

Acquiring Global Healthcare Accreditation with JCI validates our commitment to high quality care and patient safety as evident from patient outcomes like the Zero % surgical site infection rate and a negligible Hospital Acquired Infection rate. Our "Vitanova Rehabilitation Center" provides comprehensive inpatient and outpatient rehab services to patients with various debilitating conditions. CH also provides post graduate residency and fellowship programs in 14 specialties.

My family

I am very proud of our children who have done exceptionally well. Rishi, my older son graduated from Babson and Wharton, is President of Equity and Venture. Reva, my younger son, a double graduate of Wharton, an MBA, is the CEO and founder of his startup. Our daughter Anju completed her training in Beauty Care in the USA and recently returned to India.

The way forward

The awards I have received in India i.e., three Lifetime achievement awards, Udyoga Ratna award, Health Care Entrepreneur of the Year, Asia Entrepreneur and Health care Oscar and many many others are mere awards that flag my journey towards a greater achievement i.e. the provision of affordable and safe, high-quality care in my country of birth. This is the dream I fervently hope and pray materializes.

Dr. Guru N Reddy, MD, FACP, FACC, FASGE, AGAF



With my family (above) and with my daughter Anju (right)

Krishna Tripuraneni

My life started as the first born of a prominent ENT Professor and our teacher known to all of you as Dr T V Krishna Rao. I enjoyed schooling at (HPS) Hyderabad Public School, particularly excelling in sports. I recall winning multiple events in swimming, track and field.

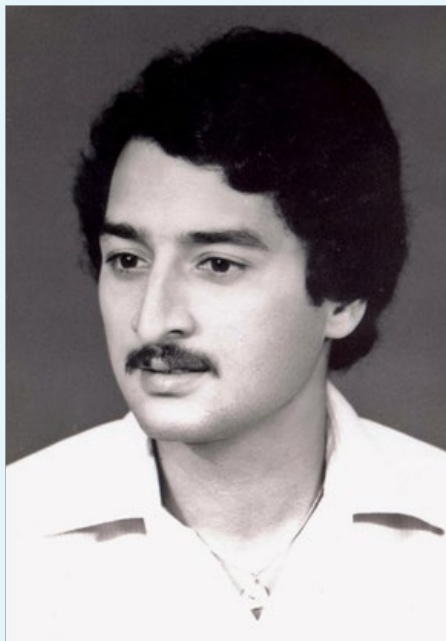
My medical school life began in Rangaraya Medical College (RMC) in 1975. I transferred to Osmania Medical College (OMC) in September 1977 along with Ramki and Rama. Much to

the disquiet of my parents, I goofed off most of my OMC days spending all my wakeful hours in sports and car rallies; studies did not really feature in my agenda.

The highlight of my youth was the award I received from Prime Minister Indira Gandhi at the 1st Himalayan Car rally in 1980.

Following graduation, I used Jamaica as a stepping stone and arrived in the USA in September 1982. It took me four long years to obtain a residency slot after clearing the ECFMG and FLEX examinations. It was a difficult time with a large number of foreign medical graduates- all vying for limited vacancies. Those were one of most depressing periods of my life - living a single life with my aunt and sleeping on the carpet in a corner of my aunt's dining room. Fortunately, I met my wife Nirmala, who is my lucky charm and soon after, I got a residency in Internal Medicine. We got married in Pittsburgh in August 1984.

I was busy with residency from 1986-1989 at Veteran's Army Medical Centre (VAMC) in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. I joined and completed an unfunded Fellowship in GI/Hepatology in 1989-91. It was the very first program in the country dealing comprehensively with 'liver, pancreas and small bowel transplant.' After a full day's work in my field of interest, I often had to moonlight at a psychiatry hospital at nights to support my young family. Again, it was another difficult time in my life as I tried balancing work and family. I eventually moved to Palm Beach, Florida in 1997 and started a highly successful private practice (solo).





I am proud of my philanthropic work. I was instrumental in setting up a 'Boys & Girls Club' in Wellington, Florida for after-school activities for under-privileged kids of working parents. The donation that kick-started this project was just my way of giving back to the community, which has made me what I am today.

Similarly, I feel great pride and immense satisfaction that the financial aid for higher education that I had provided for the only son of a poor Indian family has resulted in that boy now becoming a successful doctor who is now supporting his elderly parents.

I worked in Belle-Glade, a rural underserved community where no gastroenterology services were available until I started working there. Belle- Glade's claim to fame was that the very first HIV patient in the USA was diagnosed here and over time it was known to be the 'HIV capital'. It is very sad that since my retirement there are been no further gastroenterology services in this community.

On the social side, I am a member of Mar-a-Lago, where I had the honor of meeting both Presidents Trump and Clinton at various events. I have also had the great fortune of meeting Mikhail Gorbachev (ex- president of USSR) in 2006 when I was spearheading the Boys & Girls Club.

My passion is Impressionist art, antiques, tennis, travel to exotic places and wildlife.

On the family front, Nirmala and I have two kids - my son who does business lives close to us, and my daughter, a dermatologist lives in Los Angeles. We are also blessed with three beautiful granddaughters.



A day to remember - The launch of the Krishna and Nirmala Tripuraneni Family Foundation Gymnasium.



A privilege to meet President Mikael Gorbachev, ex-president of the USSR, when I was spearheading the Boys and Girls Club

Pari Plavi Mokapati

STOPPING TO PEER

A warm hello to all my dear classmates, my friends who have been an integral part of my journey! Now begins a journey down memory lane peering through doors and windows long closed and forgotten.

BEFORE 1975

One of my most distant memories is of me at two years of age, singing to myself and wondering at the grass, the insects and the animals, the sky and the clouds-- they all had something in common. But

where did they each come from? And where did they all go to after some time? What were their individual stories, and where and how did these intersect? I was filled with wonder and a huge, overpowering need to find the answers. This has been the driving *undercurrent of my life: to know, to understand.*



With my parents and my siblings in my teen years

1975-1981

I hope I am not hurting anyone's sensibilities when I say that Osmania Medical College, was for me, initially, a bit of a letdown. Coming from the 'best' Central School in the country and having played the role of School Captain, OMC was bland. The MBBS course itself was deeply interesting. Everything was good, but somehow not "good enough" for me. Voracious reading and an array of extracurricular activities not only took me across the country, but also brought me in contact with people from diverse professional, social, and cultural backgrounds. Most of my friendships and interactions were with people far senior to me.

From the first year of MBBS until internship, I worked at All India Radio Yuva Vani. It was thrilling, a special privilege. Apart from compering and radio jockeying, I presented and hosted many programs, including interviews. One of the persons I interviewed was Prof Joseph Gummadi. So, my viva in Physiology was as much about my radio station and other activities as it was about human body function and regulation.

The first two years were about finding my feet and searching for pathways. It was also a time of friendships, fun and mischief. I have always loved people - talking to them, listening to them. Transitioning from school uniforms to saris was a transformation — not traumatic, but certainly memorable.

Our 'gang' — Sudha, Radha, Shanti, and I — came from widely differing backgrounds yet bonded beautifully. Like some of our classmates, I used to rush from ward to ward trying to attend as many bedside classes as possible. There was so much to learn, and learning was such joy! Exams, however, were not! Even with all my outside activities, I barely missed any classes or clinical postings. Picket to Koti was a tedious commute of over 4 hours a day and in the final year I stayed in hostel at the Koti Women's College campus I could now spend longer hours in college, and I have fond memories of long discussions, learnings and fun with both juniors and seniors. Global,

national and college issues were a favorite subject for long discussions with some seniors especially with Patanjali Dev Nayar.

Somewhere in the first year or early second, I received a rare offer of a job as an announcer at the Hyderabad Race Course. It was indeed a special privilege -weekends were spent sitting in a glass cabin all to myself, in the stewards' enclosure, enjoying the highly formal yet electrifying atmosphere. Another source of joy and creativity was my work as a master of ceremonies at Ravindra Bharathi — what we today call “anchoring.”



With Shanti, Sudha and Radha - sisters for life

LIFE AFTER 1981

I left Hyderabad for Adilabad district in 1981 immediately after my marriage with Dr Sarat Yenigalla. We worked in Saudi Arabia from late 1983 until 1990; from 1991 to 1994 I completed my postgraduation in Anatomy working for my dissertation on the Imaging Anatomy of the Subarachnoid Cisterns and Spaces. Joining the State Government Service soon after, from 1998 to 2006 I worked part time on my PhD project in Genetics funded by the Department of Biotechnology.

MY WORK OVER THE PAST FEW DECADES



With my husband and my two sons - All smiles

I retired as Professor and HOD (Head of Department) Anatomy, OMC. I feel extremely grateful to have had the opportunity to work for a number of premier national bodies. I also feel honoured and humbled to have received the Best Teacher in Medical Education, Telangana State Award by the Telangana State Government, the “Vidya Shiromani” Title, and the ‘Women Leaders in Society’ Award, among other felicitations

OSMECON

I was the founder and convenor of “OSMECON” (2000+ delegates annually from over 90 medical colleges). Ancient Indian wisdom tells us that when we initiate an event it takes on a life of its own. OSMECON, initiated in 2010 in the confines of a small room at OMC, as an alternate / accessory platform for learning, has taken on a life, form and personality of its own, exerting influence on young minds all across the country and beyond. Medical education has to move from a static learning field to dynamic, innovative, integrative learning with vast increases in the technology-human interface. To consider all this on a backdrop where half the population still lives below the poverty line raises serious social, cultural, political, management, ethical and even existential issues in young minds. This is a small step taken towards educating, inspiring and guiding research and various other critically essential skills required for effective patient care in the long run. I feel extremely grateful that I had the opportunity to work for a number of premier national bodies”.

MY FAMILY

I have lived in a joint family spanning four generations until a few years ago. My husband is now retired and has a relaxed practice near Mancherla; he is an avid organic farmer. I have two sons: Anshuman is a tech entrepreneur and daughter-in-law Neelima is a senior HR manager in a large MNC in Hyderabad; my other son Dr. Vardhaman worked for the NHS in London for some years but has now totally moved away from healthcare into aggrotech. All three children lead hectic lives and I cherish the time I get to spend with them.

AND NOW

I have been very fortunate and feel extremely blessed, to have been able to do all that I have and for all the learnings along the way. I credit my personal habit of meditation for all this. My work with students has been a labour of love and prayers - a mother's offering to her children with no boundaries. It began by aiming to fill gaps in formal medical education and evolved to add more texture, body and quality to it at different levels. In it I have found a purpose and fulfillment of my own existence. Life has been a roller coaster ride, the lessons bringing in peace, joy, gratitude and a sense of Oneness.



My son Anshuman and his lovely wife Neelima.

AND THE COUNTDOWN BEGINS.....

As our OSMECO-75 senior batch yearbook starts winding down, let us close with a colourful burst of paintings, verse and memories captured in print.....

Let's start with Shekhar Sharma's **beautiful painting which hints at a glimpse of the beyond....**

GATEWAY TO HEAVEN



By Shekhar Sharma

DAWN'S PROMISE

Rosy pink hues
Across the blues
Billowing clouds
Sail the skies so proud
Hark - the orange flush
Of the Sun-God's blush.

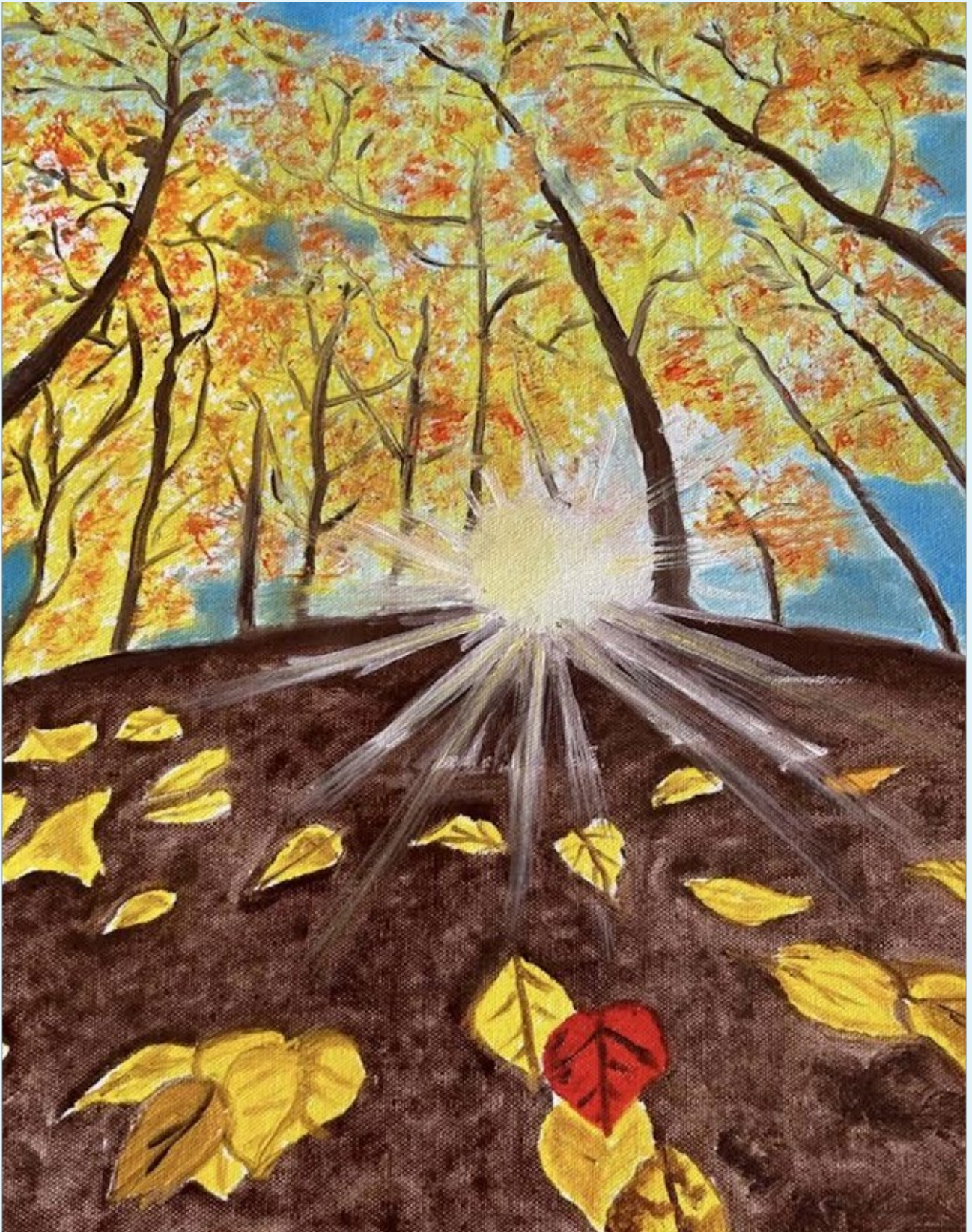
Softly, the blues and pinks
Melt into the purple hues
The world's aglow
Bathed in a golden glow
Shimmering bright in morning's light
The Sun God's shrine, a glorious sight.

Dawn is here
No more fear
The sun stands tall
As if a sentry for all
New dreams and hopes arise
Setting alight the boundless skies.

Believe in yourself - no more stalling
For only self- belief will help you find your calling.
Self-confidence and conviction will foster resilience
Obstacles will disappear with your brilliance
Press on - each day brings in a brand new dawn
And with every dawn, a new dream is born.

By Kalpana Rao

THE RADIANCE OF THE SUN



By Srikanti Raghuram

THE LEAF

The leaf tumbles to the ground
Lays there, forlorn and browned
Looking up at the mother tree,
Longing for the happy glorious spree

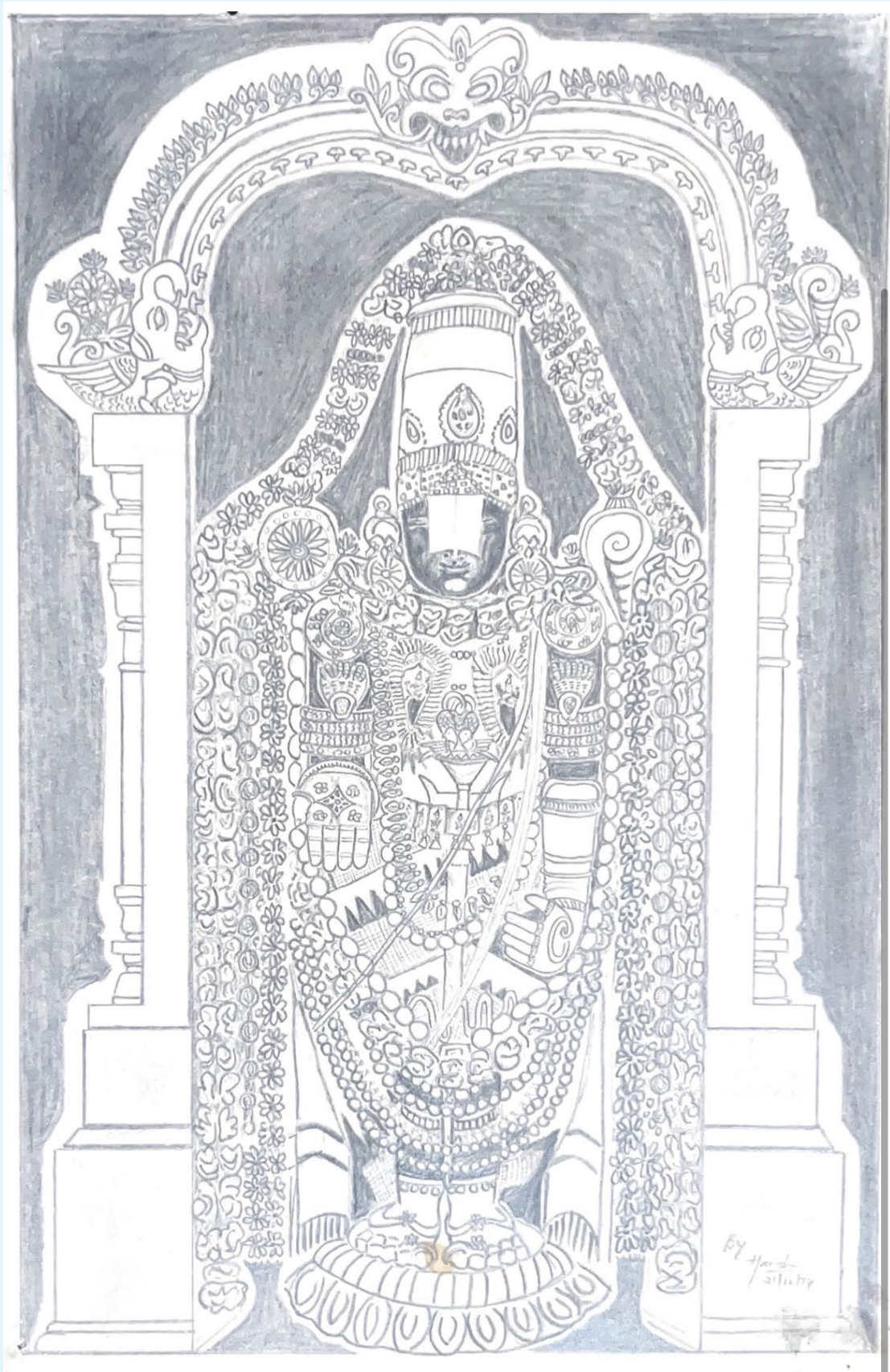
Yellowed, shriveled, dry and pale
Buffeted by the winds, trampled by hail
Life ebbing out of a frame so frail
Letting out a helpless plaintive wail

The sun shines through fruit laden boughs
Drenching the leaf in colourful dancing hues
A happy gleam brightens its grey sinews
Lighting up its insides, filling it with smiles

What does the leaf stand to gain?
Neither flower nor fruit are its own
But the struggle was worth every minute
A job well done before merging with the infinite

By Aruna Giridhar

THE ABSOLUTE



– By *Harish Kidambi*

WHISPERS OF A WOUNDED EARTH

Beautiful hills and gentle slopes,
Beneath the sky where daylight hopes.
Lush green meadows, soft and wide,
With blooming flowers side by side.

The air was sweet with scented grace,
Birds sang hymns in quiet place.
A honeycomb swayed in golden light,
While rivers danced in calm delight.

But peace, so pure, began to sway—
The sky grew dark, then turned to grey.
A sudden roar, the thunder cried,
The valley shook, the rivers swelled wide.

No songs of birds, no fragrant breeze,
Just silence draped on dying trees.
The flower, once kissed by morning dew,
Now torn before its journey through.

"Why so silent?" I dared to say,
"Why this fury cast my way?"
Then nature spoke with heavy breath,
"You sowed my sorrow, reaped my death."

"You plucked my life mid-blooming hours,
Crushed my bees and burned my flowers.
You scarred the soil with greedy hands,
You drained the rivers, seized my lands."

"You bled me for your selfishness,
Now I will repay you, returning back your
karma—

Not out of hate, but ancient law,
The balance tips, and I must draw."

"One careless act, one selfish deed,
Unleashed the storm, ignored my plead.
Now feel the weight of what you break,
The balance lost for ego's sake."

Tears welled up as I stood still,
Amid the wrath, atop the hill.
I saw the truth—too late, too clear,
The cost of what I held too dear.

But still a whisper in the breeze,
A gentle sigh among the trees:
"Respect the life in every form,
In silence, storm, in cold, in warm.

This earth is not yours to consume,
But share its light, not seal its doom.
Let every creature live and be—
A part of one vast symphony."

So now I walk with humble tread,
With nature's voice inside my head.
To heal, to guard, to make amends,
Before her patience finds its end.

By B. Gopinath

PROUD PEACOCK - KEEP SHINING



By Sameena Humayun

HARMONY FOR SYMPHONY

Compromise I promise,
At least, at sometime, everyone had,
To say otherwise, I do believe,
Is a compromise with truth.

It may prick or pain,
To accept as compromised
But call yourself adjusting or accommodating
Feel you will, elated and inclusive.

Try refusing to be accommodating,
You find yourself squarely isolated and avoided.
Then compromise one has to,
With seclusion in deprivation.

So, come, promise to compromise,
To bridge a bond of bondage,
It gives a joy of brotherhood,
And semblance of womanhood.

By Sivanand Veluri

TRANQUILITY



By Kalpana Rao

“FALL AND THE IRONY”

Dead appendages
But nothing ashen or sombre
Red and yellow , maroon and orange
Carpeting the cold earth beneath
In all their splendor, glory and pride
Like fallen soldiers fighting with valor and honor

It is not just flowers
In various fragrances, hues and styles
That embellish orchards and avenues
Lo and behold these adorable leaves
Even merrily as they dance breathing their last
Take the breath away of travellers streaming past

But alas they only flattered to deceive
Soon their parents high and dry they did leave
Shivering in the cold, bared to the bone
Dark and desperate, gloomy and forlorn
Gathering snow caps, a replacement so ironic and pale
To the colorful foliage flaunting not long ere

That's life for you
From black and white to colors gay
Through pastures green and some grey
Umbrella season after summers bright
And from behind the dreary autumn
peeps a spring so blithe
Despair not for after every fall
There's always a bright ray of hope

THE IRONY

Swathes of Colours swishing past
As we drove endlessly towards the horizon
Peeping leaves, dropping in heaps
Red and oranges, green and yellows
But lo and behold
We hit a patch of evergreens
standing mockingly as they braved the blistering cold
So strange, yet so true
Never before had life seemed so dead boring and dull
And dying so colorful & so full of life

By Harish Kidambi

SAFE TRAVELS WITH SERENITY



By Sameena Humayun

AN ODE TO LIFE

I cared for the sick,
and pondered I on what makes us click
The heart is only a fist
but it can give your life many a nasty twist
The cone shaped liver
an organ that is very clever
The kidney shaped like a bean,
the work it does is no mean
The pancreas looks like a fish,
may it be good forever you wish,
The spleen looks like a mitt,
only when good it makes you fit
Strong and supple the spine
lets you stand straight and fine.
Eyes the organs of heavenly sights
make us enjoy the wondrous light
Nose the organ of smell
let's you sift the scents of heaven from the hell
Lest you forget the ears,
a dutiful messenger of sounds you hear
The tongue only when you are given
transports you into the seventh heaven,
as supple and soft as butter
but its words can cut through like a sharp rapier.
Snugly in the skull sits the pineal
but the work it does is no menial
Softly stretched and yet at rest,
lending a glow the skin does best
Last but not the least
the walnut shaped brain
how it shapes our thoughts' train!
don't mess with the mysterious brain
the one which dictates us, the main.

By Srikanti Raghuram

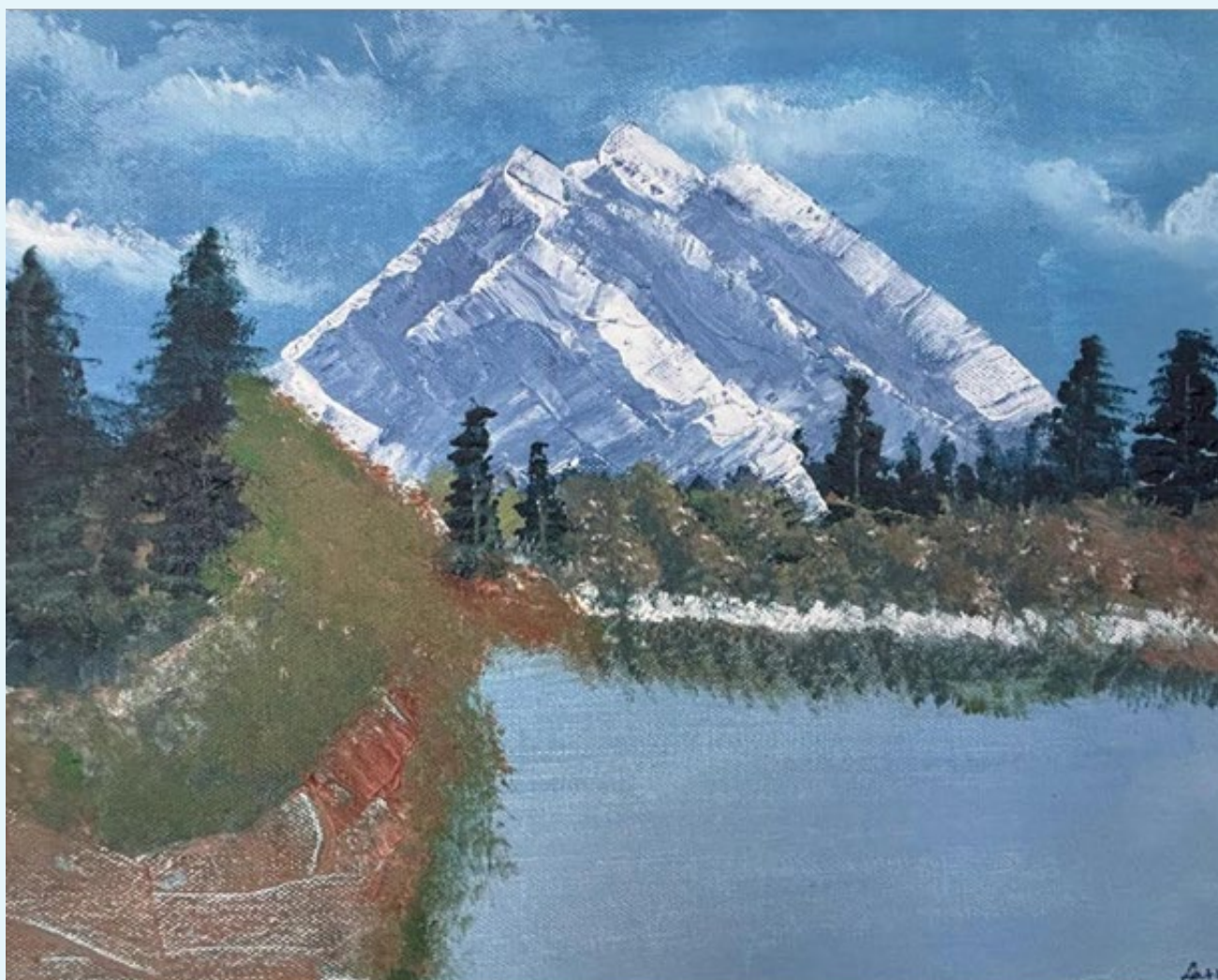
“WHO AM I?”

“ You look horrible in this dress”, I was told,
Disowningly laughed it off with scorn,
With detachment and authority, I thundered,
“It is the dress that covers, and not me within.”

“You are kindhearted and benevolent”, I was told,
Apparently modest, but feeling deservedly
With attachment and usurping the spirit inside
Though I am just the dress for the spirit and
real”I” inside.

By Sivanand Veluri

FROM MY WINDOW: HEAVEN'S GIFT



By Laxminarayana Veligati

TITLE: SHE SAT BESIDE HIM

(A tribute to the silenced, and a call to the living)
She sat beside him, not a word, not a tear—
Too shattered for sorrow, too numb for fear.
The sindoor still marked where love had begun,
Now a cruel red line beneath a dying sun.

Her bangles didn't break, but her world did—
Hearts don't shatter with sound, they skid
Into silence—deep, hollow and wide—
Where the living feel more dead inside.

She didn't scream. She didn't fight.
But her stillness cursed the world that night.
Because if this is life, if this is fate,
Why pretend love can overpower hate?

**She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry,
All her maidens watching said,
'She must weep or she will die.'**

But not a tear. Just silence spread.
Where were we—this world so proud?
Where were the voices, the angry crowd?

Why does justice wait till blood is spilled?
Why are young dreams so easily killed?

God, if you're watching, don't look away.
If you breathe in us, act today.
Your silence now wounds more than any sword—
Your absence felt more than any spoken word.

And we, the world, must rise from our sleep,
For if we don't move, we're complicit, knee-deep
In every cry that goes unheard,
In every woman silenced without a word.

So let her stillness shake our ground,
Let guilt and grief resound and pound.
We must not rest, nor turn our face—
Until no girl suffers in this place.
(With tribute lines from Lord Alfred Tennyson poem.)

By B. Gopinath

THE IMAGINARY



By Perumalla Devadass

“QUEST”

I opened my eyes to a vision
Embracing my little body with passion
Soothing me in my pain and desolation
Serving me with utmost care and compassion
Love touched me in its most pristine expression

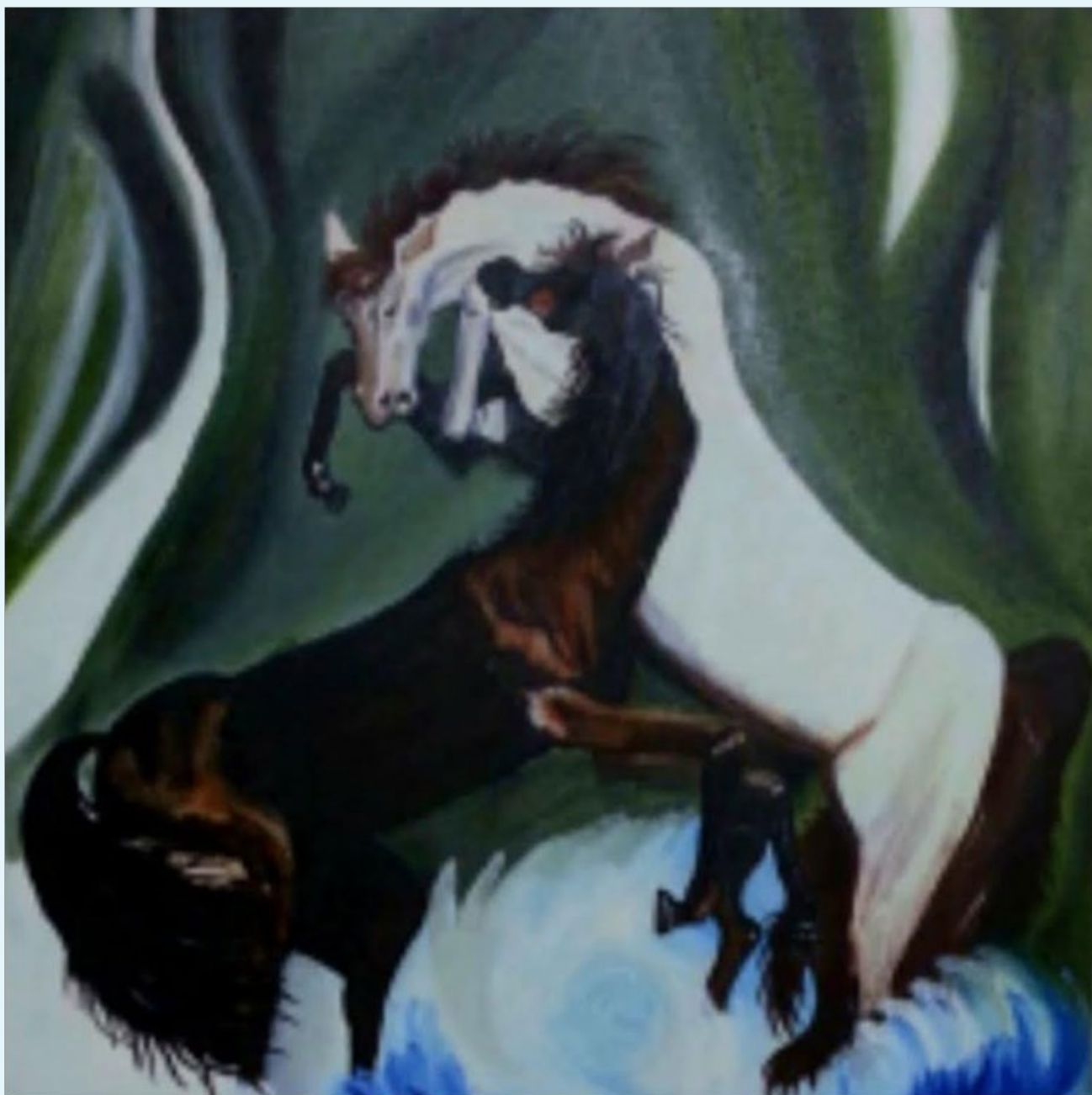
Heart racing with feverish adoration
Touch sending shivers of anticipation
Eagerness ,excitement,zeal and fascination
Ruled my life,to everything else's exclusion
Love touched me in its most pristine expression

The bundle of joy in my arms cuddling
Brought with it a sense of wonder and yearning
In your smile I saw the whole universe singing
In your care I realised love's true meaning
Love touched me in its most pristine expression

I struggle like a person drowning at sea
Braving the waves to reunite with you in glee
I know now that you were always within me
Holding my hand,leading the way,heeding my plea
Love touched me in its most pristine expression

By Aruna Giridhar

OPPOSITES ATTRACT



By Sameena Humayun

MEMORIES, REUNION AND REALITY

Balding pates
Stented hearts
Large prostates
And limping gaits
But
The childish pranks
The youthful shrieks
The hearty laughs
And the genuine hugs

For a moment did mask
A 45 year journey of the past
The highs ,lows and the plateaus
Through summers bright and
some clouds very dark

No Hindu no Muslim no Sikh or Isayi
Hum zaroor hain Hindustani bhai
No white no dark or any shade of gray
No matter from north south
Not even if bitter cousins of a fragmented state (*reference to AP/ Telangana)
No matter even if from various corners of a city so metamorphosed
What if even if all were from Osmania so hallowed
All that mattered and bound them all
Amid countless anecdotes and recounted escapades
Amid exchanges of a few tearful tales and cheers galore
Was this moment of truth so vibrant , boisterous yet so still
Oblivious of the future and enveloped in fragrant wafts of the past
This huge bubble of bubbling friends and.....
Bound like multiplets in a cosy womb
This heavenly place virtual yet true
This moment called reunion Osmeco 75.

By Harish Kidambi

SHADOW AND GRACE



By Harish Kidambi

Bringing the threads of our stories together

Fifty Years On -The Senior batch of 1975!"

Whoever knew....

When we first entered med. school as innocent teens in '75

That we would reunite, 50 years on ~ from across the world?

A reunion of seasoned experienced clinicians and academicians

Whoever knew we would meet again

Fifty years on.... the batch of 1975!

Time took wings -days, months, years and decades

Students became teachers, mentors, principals, leaders and directors

Pre-clinical, Para-clinical and Clinical Fields

Eminent professors, specialists and more

Our batch had them all, but

Whoever knew we would meet again

Fifty years on... the batch of '75!

We lost some along the way -to life and brain -drain

That's life - win some, lose some

Some left through brain drain, yet brought us fame

They shaped research, clinical care and publications galore

Served as pillars in voluntary work at home and beyond

Whoever knew, we would meet again

Fifty years on ..the batch of '75!

It little matters if the contribution was local, national or beyond

In voluntary sector or private sector or public bond

Wherever we worked, we spread our wings and touched the

skies Diligent, driven, striving to be

Masters of our fate, Captains of our souls

Whoever knew, we would meet again

Fifty years on.... the batch of '75!

Life has a strange way of moving on

Never to pause, never to turn back

We all began this journey side by side

Then scattered-entwined in life's chaotic maze

Now we meet -to renew and forge friendships anew

At last, we meet....

Fifty years on ~ the batch of '75!

Fifty years on, we meet again

Not as students but kindred souls

Gone may be the looks, sagging, the waistlines

Gray, white, gone may be the hair, wrinkled the faces

The eyes still sparkle, the hearts still alive

Linked by Time, tempered by Life

Forever, the senior batch of '75!

Kalpana Rao

Note: For those of the chance readers who have read the OSMECO75 juniors' reunion magazine, this poem may seem familiar because it was unfortunately picked up from our WhatsApp posts and published there without my knowledge or consent. So, I edited it again to post it in the senior batch for whom I had actually dedicated this poem.

Closing reflections

At the first meeting about the OSMECO75 YEARBOOK, when Chandra Mouli had outlined how he wanted it to be presented and so on, I had argued that our aim should be to make it photo-rich rather than text-rich, as I was convinced that people would not have the time, inclination or even attention span to read what the other 99 odd people had written.

After reading the first batch of ten stories, that included mine, and the ones that kept coming in, I was flabbergasted to say the least. Stories of struggle, stories of tears, the courage and determination of our friends, it was all so overwhelming and utterly humbling. I felt like I had been crying all the time that I had no shoes, and I just realised that some of them had no legs. But these are tales of succor because they are all success stories. At least the ones we are privy to here. Yes, there are some tear-jerkers and heartbreakers, but they all have a happy or victorious ending. My emotional state after reading these biographies was like coming out of a moving film or finishing an intense novel. Each autobiographical piece here is a story of personal achievement and experience. In the grand scheme of things, their contribution may seem minuscule. But collectively, the medical professionals here have done a yeoman's service to humanity, not only in our own country but across the globe.

Our YEARBOOK is not a collection of success stories, but an inspirational reference book for future generations, showing them the price tag of all those things they may take for granted today. It has introduced me to 99 new fantastic people that I have not known for five decades, even though I knew their names.

To sum up, I was wrong, Chandra Mouli, in my initial assessment and I commend your conviction and thank you profusely for shaping the Yearbook into its present form.

Harish Kidambi

Acknowledgements

The production of the OSMECO75 YEARBOOK was a team effort. Firstly, everyone who contributed their story was part of the team effort. Second, a small group worked as a team to put the document together - Kalpana Rao, Harish Kidambi, Bhaskar Gopinath, Aruna Giridhar, Samuel Christopher, D Rajashree and Venkatraman Chandra-Mouli. Thirdly, it was designed by Shabnam Qureshi.

